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in memory of
C. B. N. CAMA, Esq., B.A., LL.M. (Cantab.) Bar-at-Law, I.C.S.
by his wife.

THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF THE PERSIANS,

BY

MEHERJIBHAI NOSHERWANJI KUKA, M.A.



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یکی گلشنِ نغز آراستم	..	ز گلهای اشعار پیراستم
نه گلهای که آنرا ز بادِ خزان	..	رسد هیچ آسیب و نقص و زیان
درین گلشنِ خوش نقرچ بکن	..	دماغت بکن تو ز بوی سخن
چو ترکیب گلشن نیاید پسند	..	خیال بد از بهر گلهای مبیند
ازین مسیر گونی شوی شادمان	..	تو آنرا بخوان خامیِ باغبان
* * *		* * *
ایا تیز فهمِ سعادت مآب	..	که درده داری همی این کتاب
ترا در نظر گر بیاید خطا	..	تو آنرا بپوشان ز راهِ عطا
نر بی عیب کس را تو بینی همی	..	که خامیست در طینت آدمی
چه خوش گفت سعدئی شیرین کلام	..	(هزاران بروخش درود و سلام)
<u>قبا گر حریز است و گر پرنیان</u>	..	<u>بناچار حشوش بود در میان</u>
<u>تو گر پرنیانی نیابی مچوش</u>	..	کرم کار فرما و حشوم بپوش
چو سعدی که گوی بلاغت ربود	..	بر انشای خود هیچ واثق نبود
عجب پس نباشد گر این خاکسار	..	بفرسد که دارد خطا بی شمار

م-ن-کوکا

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To

MY BEST FRIEND,

MR. HYDER CUMRUDDIN TYABJI,

TO WHOSE GUIDANCE I OWE MY TASTE

FOR PERSIAN LITERATURE, AND WHO HAS

ENCOURAGED ME ALL ALONG IN MY WORK,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED BY ME

AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTION AND REGARD.

PREFACE.

THERE is a deal of Wit and Humour lying scattered here and there in various Persian books, but, so far as I know, it has not been collected and brought together in a single work. This want I have tried to supply in this volume. As the book is in English, even those who are unacquainted with the Persian tongue, will be able to appreciate and enjoy the pleasantry of the Persians. The only sections which will not interest them in this book are those treating of play on words and the variety of the Riddle known as *معما*, for a right appreciation of which a fair knowledge of Persian is essential.

The book is divided into two parts, of which the first principally consists of wit and humour embodied *in verse*. As the verses lose much of their charm and elegance in translation, and I do not want to deprive the Persian-knowing reader of the pleasures of enjoying the sweet cadence of that language, I have given the original Persian verses along with the translation, which I have carefully avoided making too literal.

The charming stories, known as *Hokáyáte-Lateef*, have not been included in this collection, for a translation of them can be obtained from all booksellers at a trifling cost.

Some of the longer pieces have been abridged to suit the requirements of this book, and, for a similar purpose, in the chapters on *معما* and *چستان*, only those enigmas and riddles have been inserted that struck me as best.

From want of leisure I have not been able to make this collection as complete as I could have wished. The mine of Persian Humour is not yet exhausted, and other workers may be able to bring to light other gems. It is, however, a pity that Persian writers seem to have no idea of decency, for much that is indelicate and much that is absolutely indecent are to be found mixed up in the writings of even the most serious and pious authors. I need not assure the reader that such passages have been carefully excluded from this book.

I have to apologise to the reader for inflicting on him some of my own Persian verses, which will be found in their proper places in this volume; but the opportunity was convenient and the temptation strong.

My best thanks are due to Mr. J. N. TATA for the very kind and valuable support he has given me in the publication of this book.

M. N. KUKA.

Bombay, May 1894.

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 کلیات سعدی
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 چمن بی نظیر
 مثنوی مولانا رومی
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 کتاب خزاین
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 خارستان خواجہ محمدالدین خوافی
 مجموعه ابیات و غیره بخط محمد عالم
 لطایف و غرایف حسین واعظ کاشفی
 (Manuscripts in Mulla Firoz Library.)
 کتاب ملا نصرالدین
 منمکده چین
 لطایف و غرایف الاکبر
 ملا دوپیاره ناعم

Beale's Oriental Biographical Dictionary.

Ouseley's Persian Poets.

Fraser's Persia and Afghanistan.

Malcolm's Sketches of Persia.

Scrap-books of my friends, Mr. Hyder C. Tyabji, Mr. Shahrarji Dadabhai Bharucha, and the late Mr. Burjorji Pallonji Deshai.

PART I.

ANECDOTES OF PRINCES AND POETS.

1. When Firdousi, on the invitation of Sultan Melnood, reached the capital of Ghizni, he happened to pass a public garden where the three royal poets, Unsari, Asjadi, and Farrukhi were enjoying themselves. The poets observed him approach, and at once agreed that if the stranger chanced to have any taste for poetry, which they intended to put to test, he should be admitted to their friendship, and in order to decide as to his merits they settled among themselves to repeat each in his turn a hemistich, and leave to Firdousi to complete the fourth, but at the same time satisfied in their own minds, that there was no other word in the Persian language that would rhyme with the three, which they had taken care to pre-occupy.

Firdousi joining them and hearing the proposal, promised to exert his powers. They then commenced each with an extemporaneous hemistich :

Unsari	چون عارضی تو ماه نباشد روشن
Asjadi	مانند رخت گل نبود در گلشن
Farrukhi	مژگانیت گذر کند همی از جوشن
Firdousi	مانند سنان گیودر جنگ پشن

Unsari—The light of the moon to thy splendour is weak,

Asjadi—The rose is eclipsed by the bloom of thy cheek;

Farrukhi—Thy eyelashes dart through the folds of the
Joushan. (a)

Firdousi—Like the Javelin of Geev in the battle of Pushan. (b)

(a) Joushan is armour.

(b) Pushan is the name of a place where a very tough battle was fought between the Persian army, of Kaikhosru, under the command of Toos, and the Tuganian army of Afrasiyah under the command of Peeran.

The above extract, with the English verses, is from Beale's Oriental Biography.

The poets were astonished at the readiness of the stranger, and ashamed at being totally ignorant of the story of Geev, which Firdousi related as described in the *Bástán Nama*. They immediately treated him with the greatest kindness and respect, and afterwards introduced him to Mehmood, as a poet capable of undertaking the *Sháh Náme*h.

2. In the time of Sultan Sanjar Seljooki, the rulership of the province of Khwárezm was entrusted to Sultan Atsiz. The latter, however, tried to become an independent prince, and in order to punish him, Sultan Sanjar came down with a large army. Atsiz hereupon took to flight, and fortified himself in the stronghold of Hazár Asp, sending at the same time the following lines to Sultan Sanjar, in order to give a graceful appearance to his flight:—

مرا با ملک طاقِ جنگ نیست .: بصلحش مرا نیز آهنگ نیست
 ملک شهریارست، و شاه جهان .: گریز از چنین پادشاه ننگ نیست
 اگر باد پایست یکران شاه .: کمیت مرا نیز پالنگ نیست
 خوارزم آید بسیستان روم .: خدای جهان را جهان ننگ نیست

"I have not the strength to fight with the king; nor have I the inclination to make peace with him. The king is a powerful sovereign and the ruler of the world; and in flying from such a king there is no disgrace. Although the horse which the king bestrides is very fleet, surely, my horse is not lame. The king comes to Khwárezm—well, I go to Seistan; verily the world is wide enough for both of us."

Sultan Sanjar followed him to Hazár Asp, and laid siege to that fortress. In the Camp of Sanjar was the poet (انوری) Anwari, who, writing on a piece of paper the following lines in praise of Sanjar, sent the paper, on the point of an arrow, to the fortress of the enemy.

ای شاه همه ملک جهان حسب تراست .: وز دولت و اقبال شهی کسب تراست
 امروز بیک حمله هزار اسپ بگیر .: فردا خوارزم و صد هزار اسپ تراست

"O king, the kingdom of the world belongs to thee; and fortune has given thee Royalty for thy occupation. In but a single

assault capture then the fortress of Hazár-Asp to-day, and the whole of Khwárezm with a hundred thousand horses* will be thine to-morrow." It happened that in the fortress was the poet Rasheed-ud-din Watwát, a follower of Atsiz. He, in reply, sent back the following lines in praise of his master Sultan Atsiz:—

شاه که بچامت مئی صافست نه دُرد .: اعدای تو از فقه خون باید خورد
گر خصم تو ای شاه بود رستم گردد .: یک خر ز هزار اسپ نتواند بود

"O king, in thy cup is pure wine and not dregs, while thine enemies have to drink blood, through mortification. Even if the warrior Rustom were to come as thy foe, he would not be able to take away a single ass from Hazár-Asp."

These lines enraged Shah Sanjar very much, and he swore that, if ever Rasheed fell into his hands, he would have him chopped into seven pieces. After a time the fortress was conquered, and Atsiz fled; and Rasheed-ud-din Watwát concealed himself. He had, however, a friend in Najeeb-ud-din Muunshi, the secretary of the king, whom he induced to intercede for him with the king. Accordingly, one day when the Shah was rather in good humour, the Secretary observed, that 'Watwát' (which literally means 'a sparrow') was but a very small bird, whom it was hardly possible to cut into two pieces, much less into seven. The Shah hereupon laughed and forgave the poet Watwát.

3. Nasruddin, a chieftain of the tribe of "Kabood-Jámah," fell under the displeasure of Sultan Takash (سلطان تكش), who sent some one to kill him and bring him his head. Nasruddin, however, prevailed upon the messenger to take him alive to the court of the Shah. When the Shah saw him brought *alive*, he was going to vent his anger on the messenger, but Nasruddin immediately addressed the king with the following verses, which so much pleased the monarch that he not only gave him his life, but embraced him and made him a high officer:—

من خای تو در چشم خرد می آرم .: عذرت نه یکی نه ده نه صد می آرم
سر خواسته بدست کسی نگران داد .: می آرم و برگردن خود می آرم

* A play on the word Hazár-Asp, which also means "a thousand horses."

"I apply the dust trodden by thee as a collyrium to the eyes of my wisdom. I come, bringing with me apologies innumerable. The head that thou didst require I could not entrust to any one; so I bring it myself, but I bring it on my shoulders."

4. Khwajeh Ameer Beg, the poet, falling under the displeasure of Shah Tehmasp Safavi, was imprisoned in one of the fortresses of Khorasan. When Abdullah Khan Uzbek temporarily occupied Khorasan, he sent to the Khwajeh a note containing only this verse:—

ای خواجه بعد ازین طمع از زندگی بتر. زانرو که گشته مسند خانی مقام ما

"O Khwajeh, henceforth give up all hopes of life; for the throne of royalty has become our seat."

The Khwajeh, in reply, sent the following lines, at the end of which he has skilfully incorporated a couplet of the celebrated poet Háfiz:—

ای باد اگر بابل خراسان گذر کنی. ز نهار عرضه ده بر ایشان پیام ما
وانکه بگو براه وفا آن گروه را. کای گشته کینه خواجه شما خاص و عام ما
کای غرور و جیل شائبه کرده بود. در رقعه که بود در آن رقعه نام ما
کای خواجه بعد ازین طمع از زندگی بتر. زانرو که گشته مسند خانی مقام ما
ای مدعی مگر نه شنیدی که می رسد. شاه ستاره خیل و سپهر احتشام ما
باشد جواب دعوتی خانی که کرده. بیتی که گفته حافظ شیرین کلام ما
چندان بود کبر و غار سی قنار. کاید بجلوه سرو صنوبر خرام ما

"O breeze, if thou goest towards Khorasan, convey to the people a message from me. These people, who are the object of hatred of all of us, have amongst them one, who, in his pride and ignorance, has had the assurance to write to me a note containing these lines."

O Khwajeh, henceforth give up all hopes of life, for the throne of royalty is our seat.

I would say in reply, 'Vain pretender' hast thou not heard that our king is coming with a force innumerable as the stars, and with

a splendour like that of the heavens? Thy pretensions to royalty can best be answered by quoting the verse of our sweet Háfiz—

‘The coquetry and blandishments of the straight-statured damsels will only last till the arrival of our walking cypress in all her gracefulness.’

5. The poet Haidary (حیدری) of Tabreez wrote an eulogy in praise of one of the Mogul emperors of India, but got no opportunity of reciting it in his presence. He therefore wrote the following verses and sent them to the king, incorporating at the end a couplet of Háfiz:—

در مدح پادشاه سخن منج ملک هند .: گفتم قصیده که پسندید هر که دید
اما چو روزگار عددگار من نبود .: زان شاخ گل بیای دلم خار فم خلید
نشنید شاه عقده کشا مصرعی ز من .: نکشوده قفل آرزوی من ازان کلید
بودم ز آب دید خود فرق بهر خون .: کز عیب این ترانه بگوش دلم رسید
حافظ وظیفه نودعا گفتن است و بس .: در بند آن مباش که نشنید یا شنید

“In the praise of the Emperor of India I wrote an eulogy that was approved of by every one; but as Fortune did not favour me, instead of culling a flower from the rose-bush I obtained only a pricking thorn. The Emperor heard not a single line, and so the padlock of my lopes was not opened by this key. I was in great grief owing to this misfortune, when I heard a celestial voice singing this verse:—‘Háfiz, thy duty is to sing praises, that is all; do not worry thyself as to whether thy words are heard or not.’”

The Emperor was pleased with the verses, and ordered that money and a robe of honour should be given to the poet. But the poet had to wait for many days owing to the dilatoriness of the treasurer, whereupon he again sent these lines to the Emperor:—

مشکلی دارم شها خواهم کنم پیش تو عرض .:
زانکه زین مشکل مرا صد داغ حسرت بر دل است .:
سیم و زر انعام کردی لیک از خازن مرا .:
هم گرفتم مشکل و هم نا گرفتن مشکل است .:

"O King, I am under a difficulty, and I want to apprise thee of it; for, it has been to me the cause of infinite sorrow. Thou hast ordered that I should be given gold and silver as a reward, but it is very hard to obtain the amount from the treasurer, and it is equally hard for me to do without it."

It is needless to add that this time the poet received the reward promptly.

6. Abdulla Khan Uzbek once visited the tomb of Rustom, and, while there, gave utterance to these verses:—

سر از خاک بردار و ایران ببین . بکام دلیران توران زمین

"Raise thy head from the dust, and look at Persia; it is now in the hands of the brave warriors of Turan."

A bold and witty wazier of his, who was present, said, "I know what Rustom would reply could he speak." "And what would the reply be?" asked Abdulla Khan; "speak out without fear." Thus urged, the wazier replied, "Rustom's answer would be this—

چو پیشتر تپی ماند از نرّه شیر . شغالان ببیشتر در آید دلیر

'When the brave lions have left the forest, the jackals come in with a bold face.'

7. The Sheikh-ul-Islam of Tabreez presented to the poet Mulla Mehommmed Assâr, one of his old and cast-off garments. Such a present from a religious man, being considered a token of high esteem, is generally worn for some days, in public, by the man presented with it. But as the poet did not like to make an appearance in the dirty, worn out garment, he sent the following lines to the Shiek as an excuse for not putting it on:—

جامه بخشید شیخ اسلام اعظم بنده را .

وه مبادی جامه سال فراوان یافتم .

رشته حوا از برای آدمش در بدو حال .

مرویش در کارگاه از بهر عیسی یافتم .

وانکه از مقنولِ پشـمِ نافهٔ پیغمبرش .
 فاطمه گشـتر رفوگرِ هر کجا بشـگافتم .
 من چه حد دارم که پوشم جامهٔ را کاندراو .
 آفتاب طلعتِ چـذدینِ پیمبرِ نافهٔ .

“The Sheikh-ul-Islam has presented me with a garment—a blessed garment that has seen many years. In the beginning of Creation, its warp was prepared by Eve, for Adam; and Mary wove it in the loom for the sake of Jesus. Afterwards, the torn places were patched up by Fátmah with the thread made from wool taken from the Camel of the Prophet. Who am I, that I should put on the garment that has been illumined with the light of so many prophets?”

8. Once in the Court of Shah Sanjar, the poet Rasheed-ud-deen Watwat was given a less honoured seat than was given to many others of less renown. This was the occasion of the poet's writing the following verses:—

دانی شهاکه دورِ فاک را هزار سال . چون من یگانهٔ نمایم بصدِ هزار
 گوزینِ دستِ هر کس و ناکس نشانیم . آنجا لطیفهٔ ایست بدانم من این قدر
 بهر است مجلسِ نو و در بحرِ بخلاف . لولو بزیر باشد و خاشاک بر زبر

“O king, you know that the heavens in their revolutions will not see for a thousand years a clever man like myself. Well, then, if you give me a lower seat than what you give to mere nobodies, I know there is a bright conceit involved in this. Your Court is like an ocean wherein, of course, the pearls are at the bottom, and the weeds at the top.”

9. Once Sultan Tughán Shah Siljooki was playing backgammon with one of his courtiers, and he wanted to throw two sixes, but the throw of the dice turned out to be two aces, the sixes being at the bottom.

The monarch lost his temper, and the courtiers began to tremble for their lives. Hereupon, Hakeem Arzaki, who was present, immediately went to the court musician, and told him to sing there and

then the following quatrain, which the Hakeem had composed extempore:—

گر شاه دوشش خواست و دو یک زخم افتاد .
 بان ظنّ نبری که کمترین داد . نداد .
 آن نقش که کرده بود شاهنشاه یاد .
 در خدمت شاه روی بر خاک نه داد .

“The king wanted two sixes, but the throw was two aces; don’t think that the dice did not obey his wishes. The points which the king desired came with their face on the ground in token of humility, and out of respect for the king.”

The verses pleased the monarch so very much, that he ordered the Hakeem’s mouth to be filled with jewels.

10. The poet Dáwary of Káshán wrote an ode in praise of some one who was a native of Kherásán. But the party praised said that the poem had no sense in it, whereupon the poet sent him the following epigram:—

در خراسان مدحی گفتم نه از روی طمع .
 او غلط فهمیده گفتا مدح ما معنی نداشت .
 گفتمش بسیار نیکو گفتی این انصاف بود .
 بنده هم دانستم ام مدح شما معنی نداشت .

“I praised some one in Khorásán, but not with the object of getting any reward from him. But he misunderstanding me, said that the eulogy written by me had no sense in it. I told him, ‘You are right; I know, too, that there was no *sense* in praising you.’”

11. Sultan Mahmood Ghaznawi had a favourite slave named Ayáz. One evening when the king had indulged rather freely in the wine cup, he cut off the long tresses of Ayáz. Next morning, on seeing his favorite slave shorn of his beautiful ringlets, the king recollected the incidents of the last evening, and was very much

vexed with himself. He sat moody and pensive for the greater part of the day, and none of the courtiers had the courage to go to him, till at last the poet laureate Unsari dared to do so. As the poet was another favourite of the King, the latter on seeing him said—“Come, I wanted to see *you*. Have you seen what misery I have brought on myself with my own hands? Have you any way of consoling me?” The poet in reply recited the following extemporaneous verses.

کی عیبِ سر زلفِ بت از کاستن است .: چو جای بغم نشستن و خامتن است
روز طرب و نشاط و می خواستن است .: کاراستن مرو ز پیراستن است

“How can shearing the locks of the beloved be considered a defect? And why should there be any worrying about it? On the contrary this is a day for song, and mirth, and wine; for you know that pruning but increases the beauty of the cypress.”

The Sultan was delighted, and he ordered that the poet's mouth should be thrice filled with jewels.

12. One day Sultan Mahmood was preparing to go a riding, but the horse on which he was mounted stumbled, and the king had a slight fall. The poet Unsari, who was present, hereupon addressed the king in these verses:—

شاهِ ادبی کن فک بدخورا .: کافت برساند رخ نیکـورا
گرگوی غلط رفت بچوگانش زن .: وراسپ خطا کرد بمن بخش اورا

“O king, admonish thou the perverse sky that has allowed this mischance to occur. If a ball goes astray, strike it with the bat, but when a horse stumbles give him to me.”

The king presented him with the horse; and after some days, in the course of conversation, asked him what he had done with the animal. The poet replied:—

رفتم بپراسپ تا بچرمش بکشم .: گفتا بشنو نخست این پند خوشم
نه گاو زمینم که جهان بر گیرم .: نه چرخ چهارم ام که خورشید کشم

“I went to the horse to kill him for that fault of his; but the animal begged me to listen to a point that he had to say. Said he,

‘I am not the earth-supporting bull that I should uphold a *world*, nor am I the fourth sky that I should support the *Sun*.’”

This double praise of the Sultan, who in one verse was compared to a world, and in the other to a Sun, earned for the poet another substantial reward.

13. Sultan Baikera, the grandson of Tamerlane, once ordered that 500 gold pieces (in Turkish یوزالتون *Yuzaltun*) should be given to the poet برندق *Barandak*. But the Court Secretary wrote out a cheque for only 200 coins, whereupon the poet next day presented the following lines* to the Sultan :—

شاه دشمن گذار دوست نواز .: آن جهانگیر کو جهاندار است
 بیش یوزالتون نمود انعام .: لطف سلطان ببنده بسیار است
 سی صد از جمله غایب است کنون .: در بواتم دو صد پدیدار است
 یا مگر من غلط شنیدمستم .: یا که پروانه چی غلط کار است
 یا که در عبارت ترکی .: بیش یوزالتون دوپست دینار است

“The king who is the slayer of enemies, the protector of friends, and the conqueror and ruler of the world, ordered that 500 gold

* In the oriental Biography, I find the following admirable translation of the Persian verses :—

The Shah, the terror of his foes,
 Who well the sound of flattery knows,
 The conqueror of the world, the lord
 Of nations vanquished by his sword,
 Gave, while he praised my verse, to me
 Five hundred ducats as a fee.
 Great was the Sultan's generous mood
 Great is his servant's gratitude,
 And great the sum ; but strange to say,
 Three hundred melted by the way !
 Perhaps the word in Turkish tongue
 Convenient meaning may contrive ;
 Or else, my greedy ear was wrong
 That turned two hundred into five.

pieces should be given me as a reward ; for, the favour of the Sultan on his slave is boundless. But out of the amount 300 coins have disappeared, and only 200 are to be seen in the cheque given to me. It may be that I have heard imperfectly, or it may be that the Secretary is a blundering fellow ; or perhaps in the Turkish tongue, the expression *بیش یوز التون* means only 200 dinars."

The Sultan laughed and said: "In the Turkish tongue the expression is equivalent to 1,000 dinars ;" and he ordered 1,000 dinars to be paid to the poet there and then.

14. Rasheedy and 'Ama-'ak Bokhari were both poets, belonging to the Court of Sultan Sanjar and were both rivals of each other.

Once the Sultan asked the latter what was his opinion of Rasheedy as a poet, to which he replied, "He is a good poet, but his verses have no *salt* in them" (*i.e.*, elegance and wit).

The Sultan turned to Rasheedy and said, "What say you to this criticism ?" Rasheedy turned towards his rival and immediately replied in the following verses :—

شعـرهای مرا بی نمکی .: عیب کردی روا بود شاید
شعر من همچو شکر و شهد است .: اندرین دو نمک نکوناید
شلجم و با قلاست گفته تو .: نمک ای قلیبان ترا باید

"Thou hast found fault with my verses saying that they have no salt in them. Thou art right. My verses are like sugar and honey ; and salt will but spoil the taste of these two. But thy verses are like turnips and boiled beans ; and thou, O villain, canst not do without salt."

15. In the time of Sultan Mahmood Sabaktegen, one Beghoo-bin-Tughan Shah was the ruler of the province of Kabá in Turkestan.

At his death his kingdom was portioned out to his five sons. When Sultan Mahmood conquered Samarkand and Transoxiana provinces, he required tribute from these brothers. This they refused to give, and sent the following insolent reply to the Sultan :—

ما پنج بوادر از قبا ئیم .: دریا دل و آفتاب رائیم

ما ملک زمین ہمہ گرفتیم .: اکون بلغکر شہ—مائیم
گر چرخ بکام ما نگرده .: چنبر ز ہمش فروکشائیم

“We are five brothers from Kabá, with hearts large as the ocean, and intellects bright as the sun. We have conquered most of the kingdoms of the world, and are now contriving to conquer yours. If the heavens do not revolve in accordance with our desires, we shall throw their wheels out of order.”

The Sultan, in order to punish them, sent a large army, and at the same time told the poet Unsari to reply to their letter, which the poet did in the following manner:—

نمرود بعہد پورِ آذر .: می گفت خدای خالق مائیم
جبار بنیم پشہ اورا .: خوش داد سزا و ما گوائیم

“Nimrod, in the time of the *son of Azar* (i.e., Abraham), said, ‘I am the creator of the world.’ The Almighty punished him through the instrumentality of a very small guat, to which circumstance we bear testimony.”

The brothers now came to their senses, and sent the following lines in quite a different tone, asking for mercy and forgiveness:—

ما پنج برادر از قبائیم .: در قحط و نیاز مہلالتیم
شاہا تو عزیز مصرِ جودی .: و اخوانِ گناہگار مائیم
مارا کہ بضاعتی است مزجات .: شرمندہ حضرتِ شمائیم
بر حالتِ زارِ ما ببخشای .: از فضل و کرم کہ بی نوائیم

“We are five brothers from Kabá, grovelling in misery and humility. O king thou art the Joseph in the Egyptian land of generosity, and we are like his guilty brothers. We have a mere nothing for our capital stock, and we stand ashamed in thy presence. Exercise thy generosity and have mercy on our wretched condition, for we are possessed of nothing.”

The Sultan hereupon withdrew his army, and was content with receiving the tribute.

16. One of the wives of Sultan Sanjar was named مهسلی Mohis-tee, and she was a poetess. One day the Sultan asked her about the condition of the weather. She went to the window and saw that it had snowed. On returning, she gave the desired information in these extemporaneous verses:—

شاه فلک اسب سعادت زین کرد . . وز جمله خسروان ترا تسخیر کرد
 لا در حرکت مرکب زرین نعلت . . برگل نه نهد پای زمین سیمین کرد

"The sky has saddled the horse of thy fortune, O king, and has done thee special honour. In order that thy horse who is shod with gold may not have to tread on the mud, the sky has covered the ground with silver."

17. Among Persian ladies it is considered an ornament to paint a small mole on the lips. One day Shah Jehan on kissing one of the ladies of his harem found that the mole got rubbed off in the act; whereupon he merrily observed "زاغ از دهان پرید" "The crow has flown out of the mouth." Next day, when he was in the midst of his Courtiers, he uttered the very words of the previous day, and asked his waziers to compose couplets wherein these words should occur.

After a while, one of the waziers got up and recited these lines:—
 نیاو فری چو دوش دهن گرد آورد . . زنبور مست بود که آمد در آن خالید
 چون آفتاب دید دهن خنده بر کشاد . . در عین خنده بود که زاغ از دهان پرید

"Last evening when the water-lily was about to close its mouth, a wild wasp came and entered therein. When the flower saw the sun in the morning, it opened its lips in laughter, and while it was still laughing, the crow flew out of the mouth."

[The allusion is to the circumstance that the water-lily closes its petals in the evening and re-opens them in the morning.]

The second wazier spoke these lines:—

گریه گرسنه بود و بصرای بی دیده . .
 زافی ششمه بوینکی بی خبر بدید . .

چون زاغ را گرفت نظر موشکي فساد .:

خواهد که موش گیرد و زاغ از دهان پرید .:

"A cat was hungry and was running about in the forest, when she saw a crow sitting on a branch, unaware of her presence. When she caught the crow her eyes fell on a mouse; she tried to catch the mouse, and the crow flew out of the mouth."

The lines of the third wazier were these:—

شایین گرفتار زاغ بهنگال می پرید .: بحری چو دید مید بدنبال او دوید

ناگر رسید باز قضای خدا نگر .: این بوسه در تحقیر و زاغ از دهان پرید

"A hawk, capturing a crow in its talons, was flying with it when he saw a heron whom he followed in pursuit. Suddenly a falcon appeared on the field, and while the three were wrangling, (behold the decrees of fate!) the crow flew out of the mouth."

The lines of the fourth wazier were, however, nearest the mark, and he received a royal reward. His lines were these:—

خالی که بود بر لب ازان شه می چکید .:

هنگام بوسه دادن آن خال را گزید .:

در آئینه بدید باب خال را ندید .:

حیوان ازان بماند که زاغ از دهان پرید .:

"On the lips of the beloved was a mole which looked sweet as honey. In the act of kissing the mole was rubbed off. She looked into the mirror and could not see the mole; she was surprised to find that the crow had flown out of the mouth."

18. Once Shah Jehan played at chess with a Persian prince and the stakes were that the loser should give the winner one of the ladies of his harem. It happened that in a certain position of the game, the prince threatened mate in a few moves; and Shah Jehan did not know how to avert what seemed to him to be an inevitable mate. Before resigning, however, he went into the harem to decide which of the ladies he should give away.

One lady, named *Jehan Begum* (*i. e.*, World) addressed the king thus:—

نوبادشاه جهانی و جهان ز دست مده . کر پادشاه جهان را جهان بکار آید

"Thou art a king of the world; then let not the *world* go from thy hands, for the king of the world cannot do without the world."

Another lady whose name was *Hayat Begum* (*i. e.*, Existence) uttered these lines:—

جهان خوش است ولیکن حیات می باید . اگر حیات نباشد جهان چر کار آید

"The world is pleasant, but *existence* is essential. When existence is at an end, what is the use of having the world?"

A third lady called *Faná Begum* (*i. e.*, Destruction) pleaded her cause in these lines:—

جهان و یات و مهر بی وفاء . طلب کن فنار کر آخر فناست

"The world, existence, and all other things are inconstant. *Destruction* should be thy requirement, for destruction is the ultimate state of all things."

The king then turned to the last and most favourite of his Begums, named *Dilárám*, but she asked first to see the game. On examining the position she saw that by an ingenious series of moves, *Shah Jehan* would be able to win. Accordingly, her reply was this:—

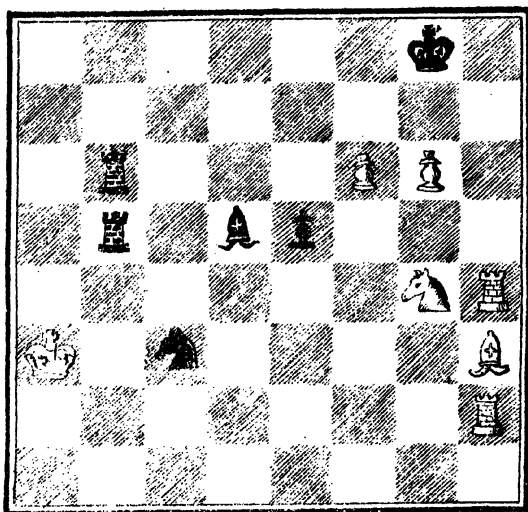
شاه دورخ بده و دلارام را مده . پین و پیداده پیش کن و اسب کشت و مات

"Give away two rooks, O king, but do not give away thy *Dilárám*. Advance the elephant (*i. e.*, the Bishop) and the pawn, and the knight gives checkmate."

Of course the king returned and finished the game, winning it, and was more than ever fond of the Begum who brought him out of a sad difficulty.

The position of the pieces is shown in the subjoined diagram. It is to be observed that in those days, the Bishop's move was to the third square diagonally, jumping over the intermediate square:

Black—Persian Prince.



White—Shah Jehan.

Solution.

- (1) *Rook to Rook's 8th square check.*
King takes Rook.
- (2) *Bishop to Bishop's 5th square double check.*
King to Knight's square.
- (3) *Rook to Rook's 8th square check.*
King takes Rook.
- (4) *Pawn to Knight's 7th square check.*
King to Knight's square.
- (5) *Knight to Rook's 6th square CHECK MATE.*

In order to make the position suit modern play, place the white Bishop on Queen's Knight's square, and the white Knight on Rook's second square; and the white Rook that is there should be on the right hand bottom corner.

19. Zeib-un-nisá Begum, a daughter of Aurangzebe, was a poetess, and her poetical name was مکتبی "Makhfi," i. e., "concealed."

A poet once addressed her the following lines:—

بابل رویت شوم و گر در چمن بینم ترا .
 من شوم پروانه گردد در انجمن بینم ترا .
 خود نمائی میکنی ای شمع مخفی خوب نیست .
 من همی خواهم که در یک پیرون بینم ترا .

“If I were to see thee in a garden, I should become a Bulbul for the sake of the roses of thy cheeks; and were I to see thee in an assembly, I should flutter round thee like a moth. O thou light of assemblies, it is not proper that thou shouldst show thyself to others I wish I alone could see thee en dashabille.”

The reply of the Begum was conveyed in those lines:—

بابل از گل بگذرد چون در چمن بیند مرا .
 بت پرستی کی کند گر برهن بیند مرا .
 در سخن مخفی شدم مانند بودر برگ گل .
 میل دیدن و کر دارد در سخن بیند مرا .

“The Bulbul would leave the side of the rose were he to see me in the garden; and the Brahmin on seeing me would give up worshipping idols. Like the perfume in the rose, I lie *hidden** in Poetry; whosoever wishes to see me can see me in my poems.”

20. Once Nur-Jehan while walking in a garden, encountered a poet whom she occasionally quizzed by way of fun. So, on seeing him, she said—

زمین ترقید و پیدا شد سرخر

“The ground has opened, and the head of an ass has appeared.”

But the poet, with the following quick reply, turned the tables on her—

شمیده بوی ماده آمده نر

“The male has come, on getting the scent of the female.”

* Play on the word “Makhfi,” her poetical name.

There is another version of this anecdote, but I prefer the one given above.

21. Once Zeib-un-nisa resolved on going on a visit to the shrine of a saint. The Sheikh who was in charge of the shrine received due notice of this; but though he waited for many days the Begum did not come, and so he sent her the following verses as a reminder:—

ای کہ می گوئی کہ می آیم نمی آئی چرا
پای شوق را مگر رنگ حنا زنجیر پاست

“O thou who sayest ‘I am coming,’ why dost thou not come? Is it the ‘Henna’ colour applied to them that shackles the feet of thy devotion.”

The Begum’s reply was as follows:—

گرچه من لیلی لباسم دل چو مچنون درنواست
سـر بصر را بوزنم لیکن حیا زنجیر پاست

“Though outwardly I am in the garb of Leilá, my heart is captivated with religious fervour. I can traverse whole deserts, but it is modesty that fetters me.”

The Sheikh again wrote:—

عشق تا خام است باشد بسته ناموس و رنگ
بخنر مغزان جنون را کی حیا زنجیر پاست

“As long as Love is imperfect it is shackled by decency and decorum; but to those in whom the passion has reached its maturity, modesty has no shackles for the feet.”

The Begum now sent the final crushing reply, as given below, and there the matter ended:—

عاشقان ایزدی را سر بر باد باشد حیا
چون تو مرغ بی حیا را کی حیا زنجیر پاست

“Those who love the divine essence are enveloped in modesty from head to foot. How can a shameless bird like thee have the chains of modesty on the feet?”

22. Between Jehangir and Nur-Johan there were frequent sallies of wit. Once while they were standing on a terrace, they saw a

man, bent down with age, going along the road. Jehangir hereupon asked—

چرا خم گشته می گردند پیران جهان دیده

“Why do old men go about with a bent down body?”

Nur-Jehan, instantly replied—

بزیرِ خاک میجویند ایام جوانی را

“Because, in the dust they are searching for the days of their youth.”

23. On another occasion Jehangir observed—

بلبل نیستم که نعره کنم درد سردم . پروانه ام که سوزم و دم برنیاورم

“I am not like the Bulbul, who, with his loud complaints, causes annoyance to others. I am like the moth, burning but not complaining.”

Nur-Jehan replied—

پروانه من نیستم که بیک شعله جان دهم .

شمع که شب بسوزم و دم برنید- اورم

“I am not like the moth who loses its life in a single flash; I am like the candle, burning all the night and not complaining.”

24. Once the Emperor Jehangir being offended with Nur-Jehan, looked at her, his eyes rolling with displeasure; whereupon she at once mollified him with the following extemporaneous couplet—

ما تنگ ظرفان حریف این قدر سختی نه ایم .

دانه اشکی-م ما را گردش چشم آسیاست .

“We who are of narrow capacity are not able to bear so much hardship. We are like tear drops, and the rolling of your eye crushes us, as the mill grinds the corn.”

25. Among most of the Asiatics, Saffron-water is sprinkled over the dress, both as a perfume and as a symbol of good omen. Once

Jehangir observing the stains left by this water on the garments of Nur-Jehan, said to her:—

نیست جانا بر گریبانِ تورنگِ زعفران . زردئی رنگِ رخِ من شد گریبانِ گیرِ نو

“It is not the colour of Saffron that is on your collar;—it is the colour of my pale face that has caught hold of you by the collar (to reproach you for your cruelty)”.

Nur-Jehan in her turn replied—

ترا تکهٔ لعل است بولباسِ حیر . شده است قطرهٔ خونِ من گریبانِ گیر

“You have a ruby button on your silk shirt. Say rather it is a drop of my blood* (shed by you) that has fastened upon your collar demanding retribution.”

26. Once Jehangir made the following couplet on the eyes of Nur-Jehan:—

نومستِ بادِ حسنی بفرما این دو نرگس را .

که برخیزند از خواب و نگه دارند مجلس را .

“Thou art intoxicated with the wine of thy beauty; order those narcissus-like eyes of thine to wake up and keep watch over the assembly.”

Nur-Jehan immediately replied as follows:—

مکن بیدارای ساقی ز خواب ناز نرگس را .

که بد مستند و برهم می زنند فی الحال مجلس را .

“O cupbearer, do not wake those eyes from their voluptuous sleep, for they are full of witchery and will distract the whole assembly.”

27. Once the poet Jāmy recited the following verses of his in an assembly:—

از بس که در جانِ فگار و چشمِ بیدارم نوبی . هر که پیدا می شود از دور پندارم نوبی

*In Persian amorous poems, the idea of a lover *complaining of being killed by* the cruelty of the beloved, is frequently to be met with.

"Since thy imago is constantly present in my afflicted heart and in my wakeful eyes, whenever any one appears from afar, *I think it is thou.*"

One of the men present wanting to be funny at the expense of the poet asked him—

ور خری پیدا شود ؟

i. e., What if an ass were to appear ?

Jámy instantly replied, as if in continuation of his verses, and at the same time pointing at him with his finger.

من باز پندارم توئی

"I should think *it is thou.*"

The would-be wag went away, a saddler and a wiser man.

28. The poet Khákánce once sent the following lines to Khákán Minochehr Sherwán Shah.

و شقی ده که در برم گیرد . یا وشاقی که در بوش گیرم

"Give me a warm vest that may embrace me, or a fair slave whom I may embrace."

The Khákán was enraged at the doubt cast on his generosity by the use of the word *ya* (*i.e.*, 'or') and sent word to the poet to prepare for punishment. Khákánce, in the presence of the messenger, seized a fly, cut off its wings and feet, and sent the messenger back with the dismembered fly and the following message:—"I wrote the word *ya* (*i.e.*, 'with') and not *ya* ; but this wretched fly alighting on the word while the ink was yet wet, extended the dot with its feet so as to make it appear a double dot ; otherwise it should have been, as I originally intended it should be, confident in your majesty's usual generosity, a request for both vest and slave."

The Khákán was pleased with the reply and forgave him.

29. Abáká Khán once punished with death a certain officer who was convicted of treason. The body was cut into pieces which were distributed among several provinces in order to set a wholesome example.

A poet has the following epigram on the subject :—

روزی دو سه سردقتر نزویر شدی .: جوینده ملک و مال و توفیر شدی
اعضای تو هر یکی گرفت اقلیمی .: القصر بیک هفته جهانگیر شدی

“For a few days thou wast an arch-traitor, seeking kingdom, wealth, and aggrandisement. Each of thy limbs is now in possession of a portion of the globe. In short, thou hast, within a week, become the possessor of the world.”

30. Ameer Khusro was both a poet and an accomplished musician. Once, during a discussion, a musician claimed the first rank for music, awarding poetry a secondary place. The matter was referred to Ameer Khusro, who, in reply, wrote the following verses :—

مطربی می گفت خسرو را که ای گنج سخن .:
عام موسیقی ز جنس نظم نیکو تر بود .:
زان که آن عملیست کز دقت نباید در قام .:
وان نه دشواریست کاندرا کاغذ و دفتر بود .:
پاسخش دادم که من در هر دو معنی کامم .:
هر دو را منجیده برونمی که آن در خور بود .:
نظم را علمی تصور کن بنفس خود تمام .:
کونه محتاج اصول و صوت خنیاگر بود .:
گر کسی بی زیورم نظمی فرو خواند رواست .:
نه بمعنی پیچ نقصان نه بنظم اندر بود .:
ور کند مطرب بسی هو و و باها در سرود .:
از برای شعر محتاج سخن گستر بود .:
نظم را حاصل عروسی دان و نغمه زیورش .:
نیست عیبی گر عروس خوب بی زیور بود .:

“A musician once said to Khusro, ‘Music is superior to Poetry, because the former can be learnt by practice only, and its rules cannot be brought under the pen ; while whatever is on paper and in books cannot be difficult of attainment.’ I replied, ‘I know well both these arts and am able to form a correct estimate of both.

Poetry is a kind of knowledge that is perfect in itself, and it requires not the aid of the tuneful instruments and of the voice of the singer. It would not be at all improper if one were to read a poem without having a knowledge of the bass and the treble, for neither the verse nor the sense will suffer anything thereby. Whereas, although a musician may make *hoo-hoo* and *ha-ha* as long as he likes, he, for his song, must have recourse to the poet. In short, Poetry is like a bride, and Music, her ornaments; the effect of her beauty is not marred by the bride's appearing without her ornaments.'"

• 31. The poet Salmán Sáveji once sat till very late at night with Sultan Oweis, drinking wine. When he got up to go home, the Sultan ordered a servant to take up a candlestick and light the poet to his house. On reaching his rooms the poet desired to have the light left with him till the morning. As the candlestick was of gold, the servant went the next day to demand it from the poet, but the latter instead of returning the candlestick, sent the following lines to the Sultan :—

شمع خود سوخت بزاری شب دوش و امروز .
گر لکن را طالب شاهِ زمن می سرزم .

"The candle burnt itself away with tears last night; and to-day if the king demands the candlestick from me, it is I who burn."

The Sultan laughed, and said: "It is difficult to recover from a poet anything made of gold;" and allowed the poet to keep the candlestick as a present.

32. The poet (نَمَری) Kamaree received a certain monthly allowance from the royal treasury, but on one occasion the sum paid to him by the treasurer was only half the usual sum. There is a pretty allusion to this circumstance in the following verses sent by him to the king :—

خداوندادشاهِ انعام عامت . گزوه مانده است دشمن در تافت
بسنگِ آسیا ماند که نیمی . روان گشت است و نیمی در توقف

“O king, thy universal bounty which is the cause of grief and envy to thine enemies, is like a grinding mill; for half the part is set in motion, while the other half is at rest.”

33. When Ameer Timur conquered Fârs, he sent for the poet Hafiz, and said to him: “In order to make Samarkand and Bokhara (one of which is my capital and the other my birthplace) thriving and flourishing cities, I have devoted so much time and trouble to the conquest of other kingdoms. Now, you, for the sake of a mere mole on the cheek of a beautiful damsel, are ready to give away Samarkand and Bokhara, as you say in your verse:—

اگر آن ترک شیرازی بدست آرد دل ما را .
بخال هندویش بخشم سمرقند و بخارا را .

How is it you who pretend to give away cities are so very poor and insignificant?” “O Sultan,” said Hafiz, “can you not understand that it is by *making gifts like these* that I am reduced to these straits?”

Timur was pleased with the reply and rewarded the poet.

34. The poet Sâghary (ساعری) was a friend of the celebrated poet Jâmy. Once the latter, while in a merry mood, wrote the following epigram about Sâghary:—

ساعری می گفت دزدان معانی برده اند .
هر کجا در شعر من یک معنای خوش دیده اند .
دیدم اکثر شعرهایش را یکی معنی نداشت .
راست می گفت اینکه معنیهایش را دزدیده اند .

“Sâghary used to say, ‘The plagiarists have stolen from my verses whatever was sensible in them.’ I saw most of his verses, and not one of them had a grain of sense in it. He was right in saying that the sense was stolen from his verses.”

“The friends of Sâghary took particular delight in quoting these verses in his presence; and he in a great dudgeon came to Jâmy,

and demanded an explanation, remarking that Jāmy seemed to love an epigram better than he did his friends. But Jāmy was ready with an excuse. Said he, "I have not made the least mention of you in the verses. I merely spoke of شاعری (i.e., 'a poet'), but as the formation of the word is the same as that of ماسفری—your name—the only difference being in the diacritical points—it is your friends who have altered the word to one meaning yourself."

35. The poet Abul-Farj Sanjari had such a good memory that he could recite any poem from the beginning to the end on hearing it for the first time. His son could repeat the same on hearing it twice over, and a slave of the poet, on hearing it thrice. Whenever a new poet appeared at court and read a 'Kaseideh' or an encomium in praise of the King, Abul-Farj, if the poem was good, used to claim it as his own composition, and in proof of this would repeat it from memory. He would call upon his son, and then, upon his slave to do the same; and they too reciting the poem from beginning to end without any blunder, the poor author had to retire in disgrace. So it ultimately happened that new poets desiring to bask in the royal sunshine had first to win the favour of Abul-Farj, who took good care to have only mediocre poets presented at court.

The poet Anwari had just written a 'Kaseideh,' which has become so very famous, and which begins with the lines—

گر دل و دست بھروگان باشد . دل و دست خدایگان باشد

and he wanted to read it to the king.

He therefore waited upon Abul-Farj, giving himself the appearance of a half-witted person, and told him he had written a 'Kaseideh' which he wanted to present to the king. Abul-Farj wanted him to recite it, but Anwari replied that he would recite only the beginning couplet, which was this—

زوی شاه و زوی شاه و زوی شاه . زوی میرو زوی میرو زوی میرو

"What a king! what a king! what a king!

What a noble! what a noble! what a noble!

Abul-Farj laughed and said, "Why don't you say in the second line.

زى ماه و زرى ماه و زرى ماه

(What a moon! what a moon! what a moon!) for that would rhyme with first verse while yours does not." "Oh no," said Anwari, "that will not do. You know a king and his ameers are inseparately connected."

Abul-Farj thinking that the man might do for a buffoon at the royal court, promised to present him to the king next day, and asked him to be in attendance at the door of the royal palace at an appointed time. Anwari was punctual at the time and was admitted, but Abul-Farj was surprised to see him in a decent garb—one that was quite different from that worn on the previous day. The new poet was however presented to the king, and was given permission to recite the Kaseideh. Accordingly he commenced with the beautiful lines mentioned above—not the non-sensical verses with which he had hoodwinked his rival—and, after a few lines, paused. Then turning to Abul-Farj he said, "This is the beginning of my poem; if the poem is yours, please recite the lines that follow; if it is not, allow me to proceed with the poem." Abul-Farj was confused, and of course denied any knowledge of the poem; so Anwari recited it to the end.

The Sultan and his court were charmed with the elegance of the piece; and Abul-Farj* from that day lost the favour of the Sultan.

36. The poet Násir Bokhúri, while going on a pilgrimage to Meccah, encountered the celebrated poet Salmán Sáveji in Baghdad. The latter was at the time taking a walk by the banks of the Tigris, and Násir was introduced to him by a mutual friend. After a slight conversation on ordinary topics, Salmán, in order to test the poetic powers of his new acquaintance, uttered the following line on the Tigris, as the river was at that time very turbulent:—

دلر را امسال رفتاری عجب مستانر است .

"This year the flow of the Tigris is like the movements of a frantic man."

In some books the poet Ameer Moazzi is mentioned in place of Abul-Farj.

And Salmán desired Násir to complete the couplet. Násir immediately replied—

پای در زنجیرو کف بر لب مگر دیوانه است .

"Its limbs are fettered and it is foaming at the mouth, perhaps it has gone mad."

Salmán was pleased with the reply, and embracing him, took him home as a guest.

37. The poet Makhfee of Geilán was a very jovial fellow, but addicted to opium, in consequence of which he was very lean.

A friend once tried to dissuade him from taking so much opium, saying "you see your habit has made you a skeleton and brought you nigh to death's door." "Oh, no," said Makhfee, "it is not the fault of opium at all. You know, whenever any book is published, there is always to be seen in it some passage or other, the sentence—'Let Makhfee* remain no longer;' and it is to these ill-wishes that my present condition is due."

38. A person once asked the poet Mirzá Bedil why he had not written any verses in praise of God. Bedil replied—

پیش ازین گفت سعدی شیراز . بیدل از بی نشان چر گوید باز

"The poet S'adi of Shiraz has long since said, 'What can one† who has lost his heart say of one who has no form?'"

39. One day the poets Faizi and 'Urfi were strolling in a garden, when they saw a beautiful damsel, whose locks were waving in the breeze. Hereupon, Faizi gave utterance to the following line:—

ای مباد آن زلف را بر چهره زیباش نه

"O breeze, lay those ringlets on her pretty cheeks."

*A punning perversion of the meaning of the phrase of frequent occurrence in Persian books—*لما نأد مخفی* i.e., 'Let it not be concealed (from our readers).'

† The italics are a translation of the word 'Bedil,' which was also the poet's name.

'Urfi with equal readiness completed the couplet, with this line—

آنچه بی رخصت زجا برداشتی بر جاش نه

"Put back in its place what thou didst take up without per-

40. A writer, called Ameena, who was entrusted with the transcribing of the 'Deewán' of the poet Ázaree of Toos, took such liberty with the original, and added so many interpellations of his own, that the offended poet wrote the following verses about him:—

دیوان بنده را که امینا سواد کرد

تنها درونه شعر مچّده نوشتن است

از نظم و نثر هر چه بطبعش خوش آمده

دیوان بنده پر ز خوشامد نوشتن است

هر جا که لفظید مثلاً دید در سخن

دست تصرّفش همه را بد نوشتن است

اکنون شریک مهتر دیوان بنده اوست

زیرا که بیشتر سخن خود نوشتن است

"In my Deewán, which Ameena undertook to transcribe, he has not only incorporated many new verses of his own, but he has inserted therein whatsoever tit-bits he had come across in Prose and Verse. Again, wherever I had written the word *ید* (hand), his misappropriating hand has changed it to *بد* (bad). So, now, he is the joint (and the principal) author of my Deewán, since his interpellations fill the most part of the book."

41. When Khwajeh Yahia Keráli became the chief of the tribe of Sarbadárán, Sultan Tugha Timoor wrote to him to come to the Court to pay homage. The Khwajeh refused, on various pretexts. The Sultan, hereupon, wrote again, sending him the following verses:—

کردن بنم جفای زمانرا و سرمکش

کار بزرگ را نتوان داشت مختصر

سیمورغ وار چون لقوان کرد قصد قای .
 چون معوه خورد باش و فروگیر بال و پر .
 بیرون کن از دماغ خیال محالوا .
 تادز سر سرت نرود صد هزار سر .

"Submit to the necessities of cruel Fate, and do not be headstrong. Great actions cannot be brought within a narrow scope. If thou canst not soar like the Seimurgh to the heights of the Caucasus, be thou small like the sparrow, and fold up thy wings and feathers. Drive out absurd ideas from thy head, lest thy infatuation may cause a hundred thousand heads to fall."

The Khwajeh sent the following reply, in the same tone:—

گودن چرا نهیم جفای زمانه را . راضی چوا شویم بهر کار مختصر
 دریا و کوه را بگذاریم و بگذاریم . سیمورغ وار زیر پر آریم بهر پر
 یا بر سراد بر سرگردون نهیم پای . یا مرد وار بر سر همت نهیم سر

"Why should we submit to cruel Destiny, and why should we be content with doing little actions? We shall traverse oceans and cross mountains, and like the Seimurgh bring the lands and seas beneath our feet. Either we shall succeed in putting our feet on the neck of the revolving sky, or, we shall manfully give our heads in attaining our object."

As a sequel, it may be added that Sultan Tugha Timoor was killed at the hands of the Khwajeh.



PARODY, BURLESQUE, AND MOCK-HEROIC VERSES.

Hátefi, the nephew of poet Jámy, wanted to write several poems similar to the "khamseh" of Nizami, and so he consulted his uncle on the subject. Jámy in order to test his abilities gave him the following lines of Firdausi to parody:—

درختی کر تلخست ویرا سرشت .: گوش بر نشانی بباغ بهشت
 وراز جوی خلدش بهنگام آب .: ببیخ انگبین ربزی و شه دونا ب
 سرانجام گوهر بکار آورد .: همان میوه تلخ بار آورد

"If you plant a tree, that is naturally of bitter taste, in the garden of paradise, and if at the time of watering it you pour into the roots pure honey and treacle obtained from the streams of Heaven, in the end the tree will but show its nature and bear only bitter fruits."

Hatefi wrote the following lines in parody:—

اگر بیضه زاغ ظلمت سرشت .: نهی زیر طـاؤسِ باغ بهشت
 بر بهنگام آن بیضه پروردنش .: ز انجیرِ ر جنت دی ارزش
 دهی آبش از چشمه سلسبیل .: بر آن بیضه گردم دمدم جبرئیل
 شود عاقبت بچه زاع زاغ .: برد رنج بیـده طـاؤسِ باغ

"If you place the egg of a black crow underneath a pea-hen of the garden of Heaven; if, while she is hatching the egg, you give her for food the figs of Paradise, if you give her drink from the fountain of Salsabeel in Heaven; and if Gabriel were to breathe over the egg,—still the young one will turn out to be a crow, and the pea-hen of paradise will have taken a useless trouble."

Jámy liked the parody and encouraged Hátefi in his undertaking.

The poet Abu-Ishák excelled in a kind of parody in which a line, or part of a line, of a celebrated poet, is borrowed, and made to do

duty in a way never intended by the poet. In the following four specimens Abu-Ishák has parodied Háfiz:—

Lines of Háfiz.

Lines of Abu-Ishák.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>آنان که خاکرا بنظر کیمیا کنند
آیا بود که گوشه چشمی بها کنند</p> | 1 | <p>کیبا پزان سحر که سر کله وا کنند
آیا بود که گوشه چشمی بها کنند</p> |
| <p>تو که عاشق گش ما مست برو نرفت امروز
تا کرا خون دل از دیده روان خواهد بود</p> | 2 | <p>مطبخی باز پیا از جهت قیمة خرید
تا دگر آب از چشم که روان خواهد بود</p> |
| <p>گوشه گیری و سلامت بوسم بود ولی
فتنه میکند آن نرگس ننان که میپرس</p> | 3 | <p>روزه داری و قناعت بوسم است ولی
چشمکی میزند آن بزه بریان که میپرس</p> |
| <p>کس با مید و فاترک دل و دین میکند
که چنانم من ازین کرده پشیمان که میپرس</p> | 4 | <p>کس ببالای مزعفر میکند آش ترش
که چنانم من ازین کرده پشیمان که میپرس</p> |

"Will it ever be that those, who can transmute dust into gold by looking at it, will give a sidelong glance at us?"

"Will it be that those who sell cooked sheep's head will give us a sidelong glance, when they open their pots in the morning?"

"Our beloved Turk, who is the cause of death to her lovers, has to-day gone out intoxicated. Let us see now, from whose eyes the heart's blood begins to flow.

"The cook has again purchased onions for giving a relish to minced meat. Let us see now from whose eyes tears begin to flow."

"I have a yearning for seclusion and peace. But Oh! the witchery of those narcissus-like eyes!—the commotion they cause in me is indescribable."

"I have a longing for moderation and for keeping fasts. But Oh! in what a tempting way doth the roasted lamb wink at me!"

No one should give up his heart and his religion in the expectation of faithfulness from his sweetheart. My having done so is the cause of lifelong repentance to me."

"No one one should partake of Sauce along with 'Muzaaf-far' (i.e., sweetened rice coloured with saffron); for my having done so is the cause of infinite regret to me."

The poet seems to have been inordinately fond of the pleasures of the table. Here are some more of his lines:—

هر زمان که دریایی نان گرم و بورانی . . وقت را غنیمت دان آن قدر که بتوانی

“Whenever you come across warm bread and cooked Brinjal, try your best to make the most of the good opportunity.”

خور در رواقِ ازرق چو رونهد بزردهی . . یاد آیدم مزعفر در صحنِ لاجوردی

“When the Sun in the blue sky assumes a yellow colour (at the time of setting), it reminds me of ‘Muzaaffar’ placed in a blue dish.”

The poet has many poems on the various delicacies of the table; and Dowlat Shah Samarkandy, in his account of the poet, quaintly observes that his poems give delight as well as pain,—delight to those who can afford to have the variety of dishes he describes, and pain to those who cannot afford, for, says he, “Talking about honey doth not sweeten the mouth.”

The poet Khákánee has the following lines:—

پس از سی سال روشن گشت برخاقانی این معنی . .
 که سلطان نیست درویشی و درویشیت سلطانی . .

“After thirty years it became clear to Khákánee that a king is but a kind of Durweish, and that a Durweish is really like a king.”

The above lines have been thus parodied by a certain poet—

پس از سی سال روشن گشت برخاقانی این معنی . .
 که بورانی ست بادنجان و بادنجان بورانی . .

After thirty years it became known to Khákánee that ‘Booránee’* is ‘Bádinján’* and ‘Bádinján’ is ‘Booránee.’

در کار خیر حاجت هیچ استخاره نیست . . اجمال در تئارل فرنی چرا کنید

“In doing any good act you need not wait for an omen. Why, then, do you delay tasting the delicious Firnee†?”

[The first line is borrowed from Háfiz.]

* ‘Booránee’ and ‘Bádinján’ are both names of the same vegetable—The Brinjal.

† Firnee is a dish made of boiled milk and flour, sweetened.

A VERITABLE HERO.

(The Indian poet Jaafer's description of himself,
in the manner of Firdousi.)

من آن رستم وقت روئین تنم .:	که ده پایتزاز مشّت خود بشکنم
کنم روزن اندر چپانی بقیر .:	برآرم دمار از سر موی پدر
بپوشم اگر جوشن جنگ را .:	هزیمت دهم پیشتر لنگ را
بیک حمله بال مگس برکنم .:	قطار دو صد مور برهم زنم
اگر برزنم پنجه در دال بهات .:	فند پییت و خوی من در جهات
بدوزم بر صم و سنان دوده را .:	شگافم بچنگال فالوده را
درین دور نالی کر رستم منم .:	بقاشم بگوز گران بشکنم
من آن شهسوارم که وقت نبرد .:	برآرم بیک مشّت از پنبه گود
به یزگام خشم و تودد تلاش .:	کنم فرق انگشت در دال ماش
چنان بگسلم رشتله خام را .:	کر سازم خجیل رستم و سام را
اگر بر کشم تیغ تدبیر را .:	ببزم سر شیر تصویر را
من آنم اگر اسپ جولان کنم .:	چهل خانهٔ موش ویران کنم
بنام و نشان جعفر دردمند .:	چو بانگ خر آواز از من بلند

"I am that bronze-bodied Rustom of the time, who, with a single blow of the fist, can break into pieces ten 'pápara.* With my arrow I can make a breach in a pan-cake, and can bring down destruction upon the head of a gray hair. If I but don the armour of battle, I can put to flight even a lame gnat. In a single onset I can dismember a fly; and I can cause a sad havoc in the ranks of two hundred ants. I become an object of terror to the world whenever I grapple with 'dál bhát.' I can make my spear pass from end to end through any quantity of milk, and with my claws alone I am able to rend asunder 'fáloodah.' In these times, when I am regarded as another Rustom, I, with my ponderous battle-axe, am able to shatter into pieces a 'batáshá.' I am that renowned warrior that can, at the time of battle, shake out dust from a mass of cotton, with a blow from my fist. Whenever I get excited, how deeply can I plunge my finger into a mess of pottage! I can-

* In Gujrati ११५३.

put to shame even Rustom and Sâm with the way in which I can break a thread of raw yarn. Whenever I draw the sword of determination, away flies the head from off the body of the lion in the portrait. When on horse-back I rush to the assault, full forty rat holes are demolished in an instant. I am well known by the name of 'Jaafar the afflicted,' and my renown is far-sounding like the braying of an ass !

—◆—

A MOGUL'S ATTEMPT AT HINDUSTANI VERSES.

An application for money.

سرو قدان لای زند جہتا بی .: سرو تیري باغ کي یک بھتا بی
موسم آنپ است و مرا پیسا نی .: چون بکنم حال مرا ایسا بی

Those who have statures like the cypress are wrong in boasting of it, for the cypress is but a cob of maize growing in thy garden. This is the season for mangoes and I have not money. What can I do. Such is my condition.



EXQUISITE EXTRAVAGANCE.

بختم اگر زلفی شبی ای غم کند .
 یک روز خوش بهردم عالم نمی رسد .
 (مولانائی)

"If my fortune were to give me compensation for the nights I have passed in grief, not a single day of enjoyment would be left for mankind."

از دل من گرنه هر دم آتشی برخاستی .
 ز آب چشم من جهانی سر بسو دریاستی .
 (شاه کبود جامه)

"Were it not that Fire comes out constantly from my heart, the whole world would have been turned into an ocean owing to the water flowing from mine eyes."

هزار بار بشویم دهن بهشک و گلاب . . . هنوز نام تو گفتن کمال بی ادبیست
 (حافظ)

"I wash my mouth a thousand times with rose-water and musk, but still it would be the height of disrespect were I to utter your name."

بست ریش حضرت قاضی چه—الا بی غذای .
 چون برو خسپد نهالی چون بیشت افتد لسانی .
 (شیخ محمد خاتون)

"The beard of his holiness Kāzi Jamálá is, without exaggeration, a Bed when he sleeps with his face downward, and a blanket when he lies on his back."

Description of a horse.

چو شب بود لیکن چو بشتافتی .: بتگ روز بگذشته دریافتی
(اسدی طوسی)

“Whenever he ran at night time, he overtook the past day.”

اجل ره بر صرم نقواند آوردن شب بجران .:
چنان کز دود آهم خانه تاریکست و روزن هم .:
(حیرانی قمی)

“On the night of separation from my sweet-heart Death cannot find its way to my side, for on account of the smoke of my sighs the house and the windows are in darkness.”

گردند شهیدان نو چون روز جزا جمع .: معلوم شود وسعت صحرای قیامت
(مشرقی)

“When those who have died for thee shall assemble on the Day of Judgment, it will be perceived how very extensive is the field of Resurrection.”

نه کوسه‌ی فلک نه اندیشه زیر پای .: تابوسه بر رکاب قزل ارسلان زند
(ظهیر فارابی)

“Imagination has to place under its feet the nine storeys of Heaven, in order to be able to reach the stirrup of Kazal Arsalán for kissing it.”

بر دو عالم قیمت خود گفتی .: نرخ بالا کن که ارزانی بنوز

“This world and the next are, thou sayest, thy price. Raise the price still higher, for even yet thou art cheap.”

ما گرچه پاشکسته بصحرا نشسته ایم .: اما ز آب دیده بدریا نشسته ایم

“Although I am a cripple sitting in the wilderness, the water of my eyes has made an ocean around me.

بستر شده خاکسترم در کوی تو امشب .
 یا سوختم از آتش دل بستم امشب .
 (غزلی)

"To-night I slept in your street on a bed of ashes ; I should say rather that the fire of my heart consumed the bedding."

هر سنگ که بر سینه زدم قش تو گرفت
 آن هم بدم از بهر پرسیدن من شد
 (طالب)

"Every stone that I hit on my breast received thine image on itself, so the stone too became an idol worth my worshipping."

[The sense is rather deep. The poet wants to say that the image of his sweet heart occupies his heart to the exclusion of all other things, so much so, that even a bit of stone coming in contact with the breast, receives on it the impression of the image that is in the heart.]

چه شهری ز وسعت بیون از گمان .
 نگیندهان فیروزه آسمان
 (منبوحی)

"What a city ! whose expanse was beyond the stretch of Imagination. It was like the 'setting' of the ring for holding the turquoise stone of the sky."

اگر موری سخن گوید و گر موئی روان دارد
 من آن مور سخن گویم من آن مویم که جان دارد
 تنم چون سایه مورست و دل چون دیده موران
 ز بجز فالیه موئی که چون موران میان دارد
 اگر باموی و باموری شبازوی شوم همزه
 نه مور از من خبر دارد نه موی از من نشان دارد
 بچشم موی در گنجیم زبسی زاری زبسی مستی
 اگر خواهد مرا موری بچشم اندر نهان دارد
 (مولانا عبق بخاری)

"If there be any speaking ant or any living hair, I am the ant that speaks, I am the hair that has life. Owing to the separation from one whose hair was perfumed with musk and whose waist was

like that of an ant, my body has become like the shadow of a hair, and my heart like the eye of an ant. If day and night I were to be the companion of an ant and a hair, neither the one nor the other would be aware of my presence. Owing to excessive leanness I can be contained in the body of a hair; and an ant can, if it likes, conceal me in one of its eyes."

[The lines have this peculiarity that the words 'hair' and 'ant' recur twice in almost every couplet.]

—◆—
A clever thief.

- در خدمت ای صدر فلک مرتبه دزدیت .
 کو مهره بسحر از دهن ماسار بدزد
 پیراین دزدی چو بن چست بدوشد .
 از مرد برهنه دو سه شلوار بدزد
 عیار ز دینار یکی حبه رباید .
 او خود ز یکی حبه دو دینار بدزد
 در سوی مزاری رود از بهر زیارت .
 از مرده کفن وز کفن آهار بدزد
 (شمس الدین قمی)

O Wazier of exalted dignity, in your employ you have a thief who, with his juggling tricks, can steal the 'mohrah' even from the mouth of the snake. When he puts on the close-fitting shirt of 'roguery', he is able to steal two or three pairs of trousers even from a *naked* man! The coiner can by 'sweating' steal a grain of the metal from the coin Dinár but this man can steal a whole Dinár from a grain of the metal! When he goes to a shrine for pilgrimage, from the dead body he steals the shroud, and from the shroud he steals the starch.

—◆—
رشکم ز گفتگوی تو خاموش می کند . نامت نمی برم که دلم گوش می کند

"It is jealousy that keeps me from speaking of you. I don't utter your name lest my heart should hear it."

—◆—
ای خواجر درازیت رسیدست بجائی . کز اهل سماوات بهوتشت برسد صوت
 گو عمر تو چو قد تو بودی بدرازی . تو زنده بهاندی و بمردی ملک الموت .
 (انوری)

O Khwajeh, thy stature is so tall that thou canst hear the conversation of the celestial beings. Were thy life as long as thy body, thou wouldst survive even the Angel of Death.



طالعی دارم آنکه از پی آب .: گر روم سوی بحر بر گردد
 در بدو زخم روم پی آتش .: آتش از یخ فسوده تر گردد
 در زنگه التماس سنگ کنم .: سنگ نایاب چون گهر گردد
 در بنزد کسی روم بسوال .: بود و گوشش بحکم کر گردد
 اسب تازی اگر سوار شوم .: زیر رانم روان چو خر گردد
 با همه نیز شکر باید کرد .: که مبادا کزین بفر گردد

(مولانا لطف الله نیشاپوری)

My Luck is such that if I were to go to the ocean for water, the ocean would become as dry as land. And if I were to go to Hell to get some fire, the fire would get *frozen*, even more so than ice. If I were to ask from a mountain but a piece of stone, stones would become as scarce as pearls. If I were to go to any one for asking a boon, his ears would suddenly become deaf. And if I were to ride an Arab horse, his pace would be no better than an Ass's. But in spite of all, I must be thankful, lest worse luck should pursue me.



نیم یک لحظه از یاد تو خاموش .: فراموشی شده از دل فراموش

I have not ceased, even an instant, to have you constantly in my mind. Even 'forgetfulness' has been forgotten by my heart.



چنان تیره گیتی که از لب خروش .: ز بس نیوگی ره نبوی بگوش
 (امدی)

It was so very dark that the cry coming out of the lips could not find its way to the ear, owing to the intense darkness.



گرفاک با من هم آغوشش نماید دور نیست
 باغبان بر چوب بندد گلبن نوخیز را
 (میرزا نظام شیرازی)

"If the heavens were to place her in my embrace, it would not be a very unusual act; for the gardener ties to a stick the newly growing rose branch."

پیدا شد از کنار میدان آسمان
 شکل هلال چون سرچوگان شهریار
 روی فاک چو لچک دریا و ماه نو
 دانند کشتی که زد دریا کند گذار
 یا بو مثال ماهی یونس میان آب
 آهنگ در کشیدن از کوده از کنار
 یا بچو یونس آمده بیرون ز بطن حوت
 افتاده بو کنار دریا نحیف و زار
 در معرض خلاف جهانی زمرود وزن
 قومیش در نظاره و خاکی در انتظار
 من باخورد بجزر خلوت شفافتم
 گفتم که ای نیکو الطاف کردگار
 باز این چه نقش بوالعجب و شکل نادر است
 کز کارگاه غیب همی گردد آتش کار
 آن شاهد از کجاست که این چرخ شوخ چشم
 از گوش او برون کند این نغز گوشوار
 گردون ز بازوی که ربوده است این طراز
 گیتی ز ساعد که بدزدیده این سوار
 گر جرم کوکب است چرا شد چنین دوتا
 و رپیکر مه است چرا شد چنین نزار
 گفت آنچه برشمردی ازین جمله هیچ نیست
 دانی که چیست با تو بگویم باختصار
 لعل سمند شاه جهان است کاسمان
 و ماه نو بسو نهد از بهر افتخار

From one side of the expanse of Heaven there appeared the shape of the crescent like the head of the curved bat of the king. The

sky presented the appearance of a sea, and the crescent moon was the boat that floated on its surface. Or, the crescent was the fish that swallowed Jonas, waiting in the water for his coming. Or perhaps, it was Jonas himself that had come out of the belly of the fish, and was lying lean and exhausted on the shore. Men and women, throughout the world, were looking towards it with different feelings—some actually seeing it, and some in expectation of doing so. I ran to the boudoir, and, addressing my sweet-heart, said, "O thou the result of the favours of God! What is this wonderful shape that has come out of the Divine workshop? Where is the lovely girl from whose ears the insolent sky has removed this nice ear-ornament? If it is an armlet, from whose arms have the Heavens taken it out? If it is a bracelet, from whose wrist has the world stolen it? If it is a planetary body, why is it so doubled up? And if it is the shape of the moon, why is it so very lean?" She replied, "It does not come under any of the things you have enumerated. I'll tell you what it is—it is the shoe of the king's horse, which the sky wears on its forehead, at the beginning of every month, for the sake of ostentation."

—————◆—————

قامتِ سرور که در آب نمودار شده .: کرده دعوی بقدر یار و نگونسار شده
(بیغم عفتی)

See the stature of the cypress as it is reflected in the water. It had the presumption to rival the stature of the beloved, and therefore it is thus upside down.

—————◆—————

فروشد چو در آب غواص گردون .: گهرها در آمد ز دریای اخضر
(آقا محمد عاشق اصفهانی)

* When the diver of the sky (*i. e.*, the Sun) plunged into the water, out of the azure sea came out pearls (*i. e.*, the stars).

—————◆—————

زلف را گفتم سیم چون بیخود پیچید و گفت .: هر که با خورشید بنشیند شود رنگش سیاه

I asked the ringlets (of my sweet-heart) why they were black. They writhed and said, "Whosoever is exposed to the Sun (*i. e.*, her cheeks) becomes of a dark hue."

دلخسته را تمیز به آه و فغان کنند .∴ ظریف شکسته را بصدا امتحان کنند

A person with a wounded heart (*i. e.*, a lover) can be recognised by his sighs and groans, just as a cracked vessel is known by its sound.



از خموشی گوهر مقصود می آید بدست .∴ هیچ غواصی نکرد آنکس که پاس دم نداشت

Pearls of desire can be obtained through silence. No one can dive for pearls who cannot *keep his breath*.

ظهور خشم بزرگان تہی ز رحمت نیست .∴

غبار شد چو بر گردون دلیل باران است .∴

When great men give vent to their anger, the act is not without its blessings;—when the dust rises to the sky it is a sure sign of rain.



از پدر تعظیم فرزند خلف نبود عجب .∴ شاخ گل گل را بفرق خویشتن جامی دهد

It is not strange that a father should show respect towards a good son. The rose branch gives the rose a place at its top.

چشم ارباب کرم در جستجوی سایل است .∴

ز انتظار جام باشد گردن مینا بلند .∴

The eyes of the generous persons are on the look-out for one in need of assistance. It is in expectation of the cup that the neck of the wine flask is long.



عیب پاکان زود مردم را بویدا می شود .∴

در میان شیر خالص موی رسوا می شود .∴

Any defect in a good man becomes immediately known to all round, for, in pure milk the presence of a single hair is easily detected.

رفت در خرگه من مرغ دل حیران بهماند
 شمع در فالوس شد پروانه سرگردان بهماند

My sweet-heart has entered the tent, and the bird of my heart has remained bewildered. The candle is put into the lantern, and the moth has remained fluttering.

می بُرد خوابِ عدم آخر ترا بشیار باش
 آمد و رفتِ نفسا جنبشِ کهواره است

Take care, the sleep of non-existence will overtake you at last; for, the coming and going of the air (in breathing) is but the rocking of the cradle.

بوتواضه‌ای دشمنِ تکیه کردنِ ابله‌یست . . پایِ بوسِ سیل از پا افکند دیوار را

It is folly to be deceived by the obsequiousness of the enemy. When the flood kisses the feet of a wall, it brings it down.

گر بگذرم بخاطرِ پایِ تو باک نیست . . خاشاکِ بینِ که بر سرِ دریا گذر کند

If an occasional thought of me crosses your mind, there is nothing wrong in it; for the weeds are to be seen floating on the bosom of the ocean.

چون رنده بسوی غیر بخشنده مباش . . چون تیشم بسوی خویش پاشنده مباش
 تعلیم ز آتّه گیر در کسبِ معاش . . چیزی بسوی خود کش و چیزی می پاش

Do not be too generous like the carpenter's plane that scatters the shavings all around, nor be selfish like the hatchet—flinging the chips towards yourself. Learn the ways of living from the saw,—
 * be sometimes drawing towards yourself, at other times giving away.

عاشق من و معشوقِ بکامِ دگران است . . چون غرقِ شَوال که عیدِ رمضان است

It is I who am her lover, but my sweet-heart bestows her favours on *others*. In like manner, the first day of the month of *Shawwāl* is called the Eid of *Ramazán*.

فروتنی است دلیل رسیدگان کمال . . سوار که چون بمنزل رسید پیاده شود

Humility is the token by which can be known those who have reached perfection; for when a horseman reaches his destination he comes down.

عجب نبود اگر فرزند بهتر از پدر باشد . .
که عطر صندل افزونتر ز صندل می دهد بورا . .

It should not be thought strange were a child to surpass its father in any respect; for the Sandal oil gives greater perfume than the Sandal wood itself.

مرد قابل در وطن هرگز نگردد سرفراز . .
گل چو از گلشن جدا شد بر سرش جامی دهند . .
(صائب)

An able man is not appreciated in his own country. It is only when the rose leaves its garden that it finds its place on the heads of men.

لایق محفل نباشد هر که خندد بی محل . .
کفش چون دندان نماید می کنند از پاش دور . .

A man who laughs out of season does not deserve to be given a seat in an assembly. When shoes begin to show their teeth, they are flung aside.

بربطی چون دایگان طفل نالان در بغل . .
طفل را از خواب دست دایگان انگیختن . .
(خاقانی)

The fiddler was like a nurse carrying in her arms a crying child whom her touch had awakened from sleep.

نظر کردم ز روی تجریت هست . . خوشبهای جهان چون خارش دست
که اول دست را خارش خوش افتد . . بآخو دست دردست آتش افتد
(نظامی)

I have seen from experience that the pleasures of life are like scratching with the hand (when itching). At first the scratching produces a pleasant sensation, but, in the end, the body, from one hand to another, seems all on fire.

زان عنبرین دو زلف زره دار یافتہ اہ
 گزیمیم یافتہ است یکی چاہ در ذقن .
 تا چون دلم بدان چگہ سیمین در او فتد .
 دل بر کشم از چاہ بدان عنبرین رسن .
 (امیر معزی)

Do you know why those two ringlets of my sweet-heart appear twisted like a rope? Because there is a silvery well in the chin. So that if my heart were to fall into that well, I should be able to draw it out by means of those amber ropes.

در نومیدی بسی امید است . پایان شب میر سفید است

Even in disappointment there is hope, for the fringe of a dark night is white.

شدم چون چنگ نالان در فراقش . کشیده پویمتی بر استخوانی
 (شرف الدین فضل اللہ شقروہ)

Owing to the separation from my sweet-heart I am crying like the harp, being, like it, nothing but skin and skeleton.

تو عالم آموختی از حرص آنگر ترس گاندر شب .
 چو دزدی با چراغ آید گزیده تر برد کالا .
 (سنائی)

Thou hast acquired knowledge with mere worldly motives. Take care, then, for, when the thief comes at night with a light, he can take away the choicest of thy goods.

مبادارد بکف چوگان زلف عنبر افشانش .
 ببازی می زند بر لحظه برگوی زنگدانش .
 (مقصود)

The breeze holds in the hand the curved bat made of her amber-scented locks, and, in play, strikes with it now and then the ball of her chin.



هر جا تواضع هست دلیل نجابت است . . . تیغ اصیل را بخمیدن توان شناخت
(صائب)

Wherever there is humility it is a sign of a noble disposition. A good sword can be known by its flexibility.

ابرویت محراب و بینی منیر و رویت چو عید . .
خال بر بینی نشسته خطبه می خواند خطیب . .

Your face is pleasant like the day of Eid; your eyebrows are like the arch* in the mosque, your nose is like the pulpit, and the mole on your nose is the black-robed preacher delivering a sermon.



سخا بهر جزا کردن ربا خوار است در بهت . .
که یک بدی و آنکه ده جزا خواهی زیزدانش . .
(خاقانی)

Giving in charity, with the view of getting ultimate reward from God, is like putting charity to usury; for you give one thing, and expect from Him ten in return.



در خنئی روی تو حجله زنگی عروس . . . در یمنی جزع تو حجره هندو صنم
(خاقانی)

In your face, which is like the land of Khutan, there is the boudoir of an Abyssinian bride†; and in each of your beads‡ of Yemen there is the sanctum of a Hindu§ idol.

* Underneath which the prayers are offered.

† A mole.

‡ Eyes.

§ The pupil of the eye.

خود باش انس خود مطلب کس که پیل را .
 هم گوش بهتر از پر طاووس پشته ران .
 (خاقانی)

Help thyself, and do not seek the assistance of any one ; for, to an elephant, his own ears are better than the fan of peacock's feathers, for driving away mosquitoes.



نای عروسی از حبش ده ختنی از پیش و پس .
 تاج نهاده بر سرش از نی قند عسکری .
 (خاقانی)

The flute is an Abyssinian bride, who has, in attendance round her, ten ladies* of Khutan, and who has, on the head, a crown† made of the Askari sugarcane.



میوه چو بانوی ختن در پس حجله های زر .
 زاغ چو خادم حبش پیش دوان بچاکری .
 سیب چو مجمری ز زر خورده عود در میان .
 کرده برای مجمرش نار کفیده اخگری .
 (خاقانی)

The fruits are like ladies of Khutan hidden behind curtains of gold, and the crow is like the Abyssinian slave running before them in their service.

The apple is like a censer of gold having in its midst a log of perfumed wood ; and the grains of the ripe pomegranate are like the sparks that have fallen from the censer.

* Ten fingers.

† The ivory month-piece of the flute.

می آفتاب زر نشان جام باورش آسمان .
 مشرق کفِ ماقیش دان مغرب لبِ یار آمده .
 (خاقانی)

The wine is like the sun with golden rays ; its sky is the crystal goblet, its East is the palm of the Cupbearer, and its West is the mouth of the Sweet-heart.



شبى بود زنگى سیم نورزاغ . . مه نو چو در دست زنگی چراغ
 (اسدی)

The night was like a negro darker than the raven, and the new moon was like a lamp in the hand of the negro.



زبان دردبان خردمند چیست . . کلید در گنج صاحب هنر
 چو در بسته باشد چه داند کسی . . که جوهر فروش است یا پیلانور
 (سعدی)

The tongue, in the mouth of a wise man, is the key of the door of the treasure-house of his wisdom. When the door is locked, how can any one know whether the owner is a jeweller or a mere pedlar ?



BITS OF HUMOUR.

The Ways of My Charmer.

۱. فاقل بمن رسيد و وفا را بهانه ساخت
 ۲. انگند سر بپيش و حيا را بهانه ساخت
 ۳. تا از جفاي او له رهم خون من نه ريخت
 ۴. بي رحم بين که ترس خدا را بهانه ساخت
 ۵. از بزم تا ز آمدن من برون رود
 ۶. برخاست گوم و دادن جارا بهانه ساخت
 (ميلي)

She comes across me, unaware of my presence, and then pretends that it is love of me that brings her. She hangs down her face (in order that I may not have the delight of gazing at it), and assigns modesty as the reason for the act. In order that I may not be delivered from her oppression, she does not kill me all at once; but see how the cruel one shelters herself under the plea of 'fear of God!' Whenever I come across her in an assembly, she quickly rises to go, but with the ostensible motive of making room for me!

A Chivalrous Brother.

۱. همشيره خرج مانم بابا ازان من
 ۲. در خفيه استماع وصيت ازان من
 ۳. کهنه قلم دوات شکسته ازان من
 ۴. طومار نظم و دفتر انشا ازان تو
 ۵. آن لاشه اشتراک قطاری ازان من
 ۶. آن بارکش خزان توانا ازان تو
 ۷. یک هفته چرخ مطرب و ساقی ازان من
 ۸. هفتاد ساله طاعت بابا ازان تو
 ۹. آن مالها که مانده بدنیا ازان من
 ۱۰. وان پيروزها که کرده بعقبی ازان تو
 (ميلي)

Sister, let mine be the expense of mourning for our father. Be it mine to bear the affliction with patience, and be it thine to show agitation and to wail. Let mine be the task of hearing the will read privately, and thine to join mother in her loud lamentations for the deceased. Hand over the old reed pen and the broken inkstand to me, and take thou the volume of father's verses and the file of his letters. Allow me to take those *lean and ill-fed* camels, whilst thou canst take those *strong* asses fit to carry loads. Be mine *but a week's* pleasures of wine and music, and be thine the fruits of father's *seventy years* of devotions. I take for myself merely the property he has left in *this* world, leaving to thee the far better things he has in store for him in the *next* world.

—♦—

A Sly Compliment.

مرا راحت از زندگی دوش بود . . که آن ماهرویم در آغوش بود
 مراورا چو دیدم سراز خواب مست . . بدو گفتم ای سرو پیش تو پست
 دمی نرگس از خواب نوشین بشوی . . چو گلبن بخند و چو بلبل بگوی
 نگه کرد شوریده در خواب و گفت . . مرا فتنه خوانی و گوئی مخفت
 در ایام سلطان روشن نفس . . نبیند مگر فتنه در خواب کس
 (سعدی)

I was happy last evening, when I had my sweetheart in my arms. On seeing her eyes heavy with sleep, I said to her: "O thou Disturbance personified, before whose form the Cypress has to prostrate itself! For a while ward off sleep from thine eyes, open thy lips in laughter like the rose, and sing like a nightingale." She looked at me with eyes heavy with sleep, and replied: "You call me 'Disturbance,' and tell me not to sleep. Don't you know that in the reign of our enlightened monarch, Disturbance ever sleepeth?"

—♦—

A Fair Division.

زیبا تر آنچه مانده ز بابا ازان تو
 بدای برادر از من و اعلا ازان تو

این طاس خالی از من و آن کوزه کم بود .
 یارب من پر ز شهد مصفا ازان تو .
 یابوی ربمان گسل میخ کن ز من .
 صمیمیز کله تیز مطلقا ازان تو .
 آن دیگ لب شکسته صابون پزی ز من .
 آن چمچه حریم و حلوا ازان تو .
 آن قوچ شاخ کج که زند شاخ ازان من .
 فوغای جنگ قوچ و تماشا ازان تو .
 این اسنر خموش لکه زن ازان من .
 این گریه مصاحب بابا ازان تو .
 از صحن خانه تا بلب بام ازان من .
 از بام خانه تا بثریا ازان تو .
 (وحشی)

Brother, I leave to thee the best of father's property; I take whatever is bad, and thou mayest take whatever is good. I take this *empty* goblet, but leave to thee the earthen pot which was last year *full* of honey. Let me have this halter-breaking *mischievous* pony, while thou mayest have the *gilt* sharp-pointed goad. Let this broken-edged big pot, used *only for boiling soap*, fall to my share, for I leave to thee that nice spoon used for *eating sweets and pastry*. Be it mine to take care of this crooked-horned ram that butts at everyone, and be thine the pleasure and enjoyment of witnessing a *rain-fight*. Allow me to take away this sullen and kicking mule; I leave to thee in its place the cat that was the constant companion of father. I take but a small portion of this house, that is, from the *ground floor to the roof*; while the greater portion I leave to thee—that is, from the *roof to the sky*.

— ♦ —

The cruel fair one.

مارا بغمه کشت و قضارا بهانه ساخت .
 خود سوی ما ندید و جیارا بهانه ساخت .

دستی بدوشِ غیر نهاد از سرِ کرم .
 مارا چو دید لغزشِ پارا بهانه ساخت .
 رفتم بمسجدی که ببینم جمالِ دوست .
 دستی برخ کشیده و دعا را بهانه ساخت .
 عاشقِ ^{مکر} ^{کرد} شده دست و پاش سرخ .
 وین طر ^P مکر بین که حناراً بهانه ساخت .
 (قتیل)

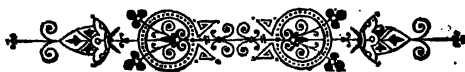
It is she who kills us with her coquetry, but she would have us believe that it is the hand of fate. She purposely turns away her face from us, and seeks to blind us with the excuse that it is but the result of modesty. Whenever I go to a mosque, in order to gaze on her loveliness, she hides her face with her hands, pretending to be absorbed in devotions. Her hands and feet are stained red, with the blood of her lovers, but with consummate art she makes the allegation that the stain is the colour of the henna.

An equitable distribution of Property.

مال و منالِ حضرتِ بابا برادران . . یک نیمه از تو نیمه دیگر ازان من
 من آن نیم که گویم ازین جنسها که هست . . جنسی که باشد از همه بهتر ازان من
 جانِ برادری تو ز تو هرچه بهتر است . . به هست هرچه جانِ برادر ازان من
 قونی پدر که از همه بیش است ازان تو . . وجش که هست از همه کمتر ازان من
 دایی که شیر داده ببابا ازان تو . . گاوی کزوست خونِ دلِ ما ازان من
 آن چار باغِ خرمِ مریون ازان تو . . آن یک دو باغِ کهنه بیدر ازان من
 ملکِ نفیسِ خالصه شهر ازان تو . . املاکِ هیچ نفع نباشد ازان من
 آن مادیان که داشته صد کوره زان تو . . آن استرانِ بارکشِ نو ازان من
 (رفیعی کاشانی)

Brother, we shall divide equally between us the property of our late father,—half going to you and half to me. I am not the man to claim for myself the best of everything left: thou art dear to me

as my life, and I give to thee the best of everything, keeping for myself only that which is of small worth. Do thou inherit our father's debts which amount to a *very large sum*, while I inherit only his pension *which is very small*. The nurse who gave *milk* to father belongs to thee, while the cow that has given us so much *trouble* shall belong to me. I assign to thee those *four elegant gardens* that are mortgaged, while I take only those one or two gardens that *show signs of decay and are even without a gate*. Thou canst take that *valuable estate* that is attached by Government, leaving to me the estates that at present *bring no profits*. I give thee the mare that had a hundred foals, keeping for my share only those male mules—*mere beasts of burden*.



SATIRES AND EPIGRAMS.

Firdousi's epigram on Sultan Mahmood.

خجسته درگه محمود غزنوي درياست .: چگونه دريا کانرا کرانه پيدا نيست
چه غوطها زدم و اندر او نديدم در .: گناه بخت من است اين گناه دريا نيست

* 'Tis said our monarch's liberal mind
Is like the ocean unconfined;
Happy are they who prove it so,
'Tis not for me that truth to know.
I've plunged within its waves, 'tis true,
But not a single pearl could view.

هر بلائي كز آسمان آيد .: گرچه برديگري قضا باشد
بزمين نا رسیده مي گويد .: خانه انوري كجا باشد
(انوري)

No sooner does any calamity coming from the sky reach the ground, than it asks—although it be destined for some one else—
“where is the house of Anwari?”

همدمي گفت صبر كن زبراك .: صبركار تو خوب و زود كند
آب رفته بجوي باز آرد .: كار بهتر از آنچه بود كند
گفتم آب ار بجوي باز آيد .: مايي مرده را چه سود كند
(انوري)

A friend said to me, “Exercise patience, for with patience you can do your work nicely and quickly. Patience brings the water again to the rivulet that has been dry, and makes a thing better than it was before.” I replied, “Even if the water returns to the stream, of what use is it to the fish that died from scarcity of it?”

تو وزیرى و منت مدحت گوى . . . دست من بي عطا روا بيني
تو وزارت بمن سپار و مرا . . . مدحتي گوى تا عطا بيني
(رشیدی سمرقندی)

You are a wazier, and I am your panegyrist; but you have thought it fit to keep me without any token of your generosity. Entrust to me the waziership for awhile, and say something in my praise, so that I may show you what generosity is.

گفتم سخنت شکسته وش چون آید . . . با آنکه همه چو در مکنون آید
گفتم سخن از دهان تنگی که مراست . . . گر نه شکنش چه گونه بیرون آید
(بدرالدین جاجرمی)

I said to her, "Although your words are like pearls, why do you speak in broken accents?" She replied, "You see the very small mouth that I have;—if I don't break the words, how can they come out?"

In the following three epigrams the first line, taken alone, sounds like praise, but taken with the second line, alters the sense:—

(1)
همیشه خصم تو در سایهٔ هما بود . . . ز بس که بر سرش ز بهر استخوان آید
(مختاری غزنوی)

Your enemies are ever under the shadow of the Huma*—for the bird hovers over their heads to pick their bones.

(2)
بلند و پست جهان جمله دشمنان تراست . . . که کجا در بن چاه اند و کجا بر سودار
(رشیدالدین وطواط)

The heights and depths of the world all belong to thine enemies—for sometimes they are at the bottom of a pit, and sometimes at the top of the gallows.

(3)
جای خصمت چو جای نست رفیع . . . آن تو تخت و آن دشمن دار

* A fabulous bird whose shadow falling on any one was believed to bring him prosperity.

The post of your enemy is as exalted as yours—yours is the throne and his the gallows.

بدین نانِ خواجر چو بردم :: خواجر گفت که آه من مردم
گفتیش خواجه میرو خواجه میبر :: که من این لقمه را فرو بردم
(کمال الدین اسمعیل)

When I was going to carry to my mouth a piece of bread, belonging to the Khwájeh, the miser said, "Oh, I shall die!" I replied, "If you like you may die, if you like you may not die; but *here goes the morsel.*"

دی اسپ مرا گفت که درین چه شک است ::
کامطبل تو از زاویه های فلک است ::
نه آب دران نه سبزه نه گاه نه جو ::
این جای ستور نیست جای ملک است ::
(کمال الدین اسمعیل)

Yesterday my horse said to me, "There is no doubt that your stable is one of the corners of Heaven. There is not to be seen in it water, or grass, or hay, or oats;—it is not a place for a beast, but for an angel!"

ای مولوی ز کبر دماغت کنده :: گاه که کند بر تو سلام این بنده
چندان حرکت کن که از روی قیاس :: معلوم شود که مرده یا زنده
(علاء مراد)

O Moulvi, who art inflated with pride! when I salute thee, at least make a slight gesture, just sufficient for me to decide whether thou art alive or dead.

نظام بی نظام ار کافر خواند :: چراغ کذب را نبود فروغی
مسلمان خوانمش زیرا که نبود :: سزاوار دروغی جز دروغی
(خواجر نصیر)

The mismanaging manager of state affairs calls me an infidel. Well, the lamp of his lie will not shed any light. But I will, in return, call him one of the true faith, for a lie can best be met with another lie.

—◆—
On a sweet-heart who had short ringlets.

آن زلف مشکبار بر آن روی چون بهار :. گوئیم است کونهی از او عجب مدار
شب در بهار روی کند سوی کونهی :. آن زلف چون شب آمد و آن روی چون بهار
(امیر معزی)

If her dark ringlets, perfumed like the musk, appear too short on her face, it is not a thing to be wondered at. Her face is like the season of spring, and her ringlets like night; and every one knows that in spring the nights have a tendency towards becoming shorter.

—◆—
On a one-eyed beauty.

زان بهم بسته آن صنم یک چشم :. کر تغنگِ نگر خطا نکند

The lady has one of her eyes closed for this reason, that the musket of her glances may not miss the mark.

—◆—
On a blind beauty.

بچشم آن بت زیبا حیا بمرتبه است :. که هیچ چشم ندیده است روی مردم را

That beautiful lady has so much modesty in her, that with neither eye has she yet dared to look into the face of any man.

—◆—
On a squinting person.

یاران حذر کنید ز احوال که آن نگاه :. بر هر که چو تیغ کج افتد دومی کند

O friends, beware of a squinting person, for his glances, on whomsoever they fall, divide him into *two*,* as does a curved scymitar.

* An allusion to the belief that a squinting person always sees *double* image of every thing.

On a girl who had a 'phuleh' in the eyes.*

مردم آن نازنین از پهلوه شد اندر حجاب .
در میان نورگس او این گل دیگر شگفت .

That pretty girl has the pupils of her eyes covered with 'phuleh.'
Another flower has blossomed in the midst of her narcissus.†



(سوال)

بگوای عاشق صادق چرا گلدسته آوردی .
دل بلبل شکستی غنچه را دلخسته آوردی .

(جواب)

نه بهرزیب دستی مالا من گلدسته آوردم .
بخوبی لای می زد گل بپیشست بسته آوردم .

A Question—Tell me O faithful lover, why have you brought to me the bouquet? Why have you broken the heart of the bulbul, and why have you put the bud into affliction, by bringing it here?

The Reply—It is not as a mere ornament for thy hand that I have brought thee this bouquet, O my sweet-heart; the rose was boasting of its loveliness, so to thee I brought it bound hand and foot.

نازه بود بوستان تا که بود آب تر . دوستی دوستان تا که بود سیم وزر

The garden will be fresh-looking as long as it has a sufficient supply of water; and the friendship of your friends will last as long as you have gold and silver.

* A Hindustani word signifying a kind of ulcer of the eye-balls. The literal meaning of it is 'a flower.'

† i.e. the eye, which is always compared to this flower.

گویند که مرد را پدر می باید . . با نسبت مالی پدر می باید
 امروز چنان شده است در نوبت ما . . کین با هم هیچ است زرمی باید
 (عمر ختام)

It has been said that a man, in order to be respectable, should be master of some craft, and should be of gentle birth. Now in our own times these qualifications go for nothing; the principal qualification is the possession of gold.

من می خورم و مخالفان از چپ و راست . .
 گویند مخور باده که دین را اعداست . .
 چون دانستم که می عدوی دین است . .
 والله بخورم خون عدو را که رواست . .
 (عمر ختام)

I drink wine, and my opponents on all sides of me exclaim, "Leave wine alone, for it is an enemy of our religion." Well, since I know now that wine is an enemy of our religion, by God I will drink the heart's-blood of the enemy, for this would be a lawful act.

گویند ببهشت حور عین خواهد بود . . وانجا می ناب و انگبین خواهد بود
 گرما می و معشوق پرستیم رواست . . چون عاقبت کار همین خواهد بود
 (عمر ختام)

It is said that those who go to heaven will find there the black-eyed houries, and pure wine, and honey, in store for them. Since this is to be our final lot, we are doing but a lawful deed in worshipping wine and women in this world.

(سوال)
 ای رهبر خلق مرا راه نما . . در مشکل بحرف جواب بکشا
 گویند خدا بود و دگر هیچ نبوده . . اگر هیچ نبودست خدا بود کجا
 (جواب)

از مذهب و ملت خبری نیست ترا . . می دان تو یقین که لامکان است خدا
 کفایت حق ز من چه می پرسی . . جان در تن است گو کجا دارد جا

A Question—O thou guide of mankind, show me a way out of this difficulty: they say God *was* ere anything came into existence; if nothing existed, then *where* was God?

The Reply—Thou seemest ignorant of the very principles of religion. Know for certain that God is ubiquitous. What need was there for asking me the question about Him? Thou hast a soul in thy body—tell me where is it situated?

—◆—

Money makes the man.

امروز خلق خویشی با سیم وزر کنند .: بی زربدار است از اویم حذر کنند
 زردار را بمجلس بتنگ جا دهند .: جای فراخ بی زربرا تنگ تر کنند
 بی زر سلام گوید ز جا کسی نجنبند .: زردار را تواضع ز پای سر کنند
 زردار اگرچه نادان گویند عاقل است .: بی زر اگرچه دانا نسبت بخر کنند

In these days men acknowledge kinship only where there is money; they steer clear of a poor man, even though he be a brother. At a meeting, when a rich man comes, they make room for him, though the hall be already crowded; but if a poor man goes to any assembly, they occupy as much space as they can, leaving him no room to stand in. When a poor man salutes, no one even nods in reply; but in curtseying to a rich man they bend from head to foot. A rich man, be he an idiot, is allowed to be a very wise man; but a poor man, however wise, is comparatively but an ass.

—◆—

شبی با صراحی همی گفت شع .: که ای هوشی مجلس آرای دوست
 ترا با چنین قدر پیش قدح .: سجود دمام بگو از چه روست
 صراحی بدر گفت نشنیدی .: تواضع ز گردن فرازان نکوست

One night the candle said to the flask of wine, "O thou, who every night adornest the assembly of the beloved, how is it that in spite of thy worth being so much greater than that of the cup, thou hast to bow to it so often?" The flask replied—"Hast thou not heard the verse (of S'adi)— 'Humility comes well from those of high* estate?'"

* Literally—"having exalted necks"—an allusion to the long neck of the flask.

- آن زلفِ چونِ شبتِ کمرِ دلپسند افتاده است .
 از قدِ چو سروک چو کمند افتاده است .
 گفتیم که چرا شکستر از سر تا بپاست
 فرمود که از جای بلند افتاده است .

I asked her—"How is it that those charming ringlets of thine, that are pleasing to everyone, and that are hanging like a noose from thy cypress-like form, appear broken-limbed from top to bottom?" She replied: "It is because they have fallen from a *high* place."

اگر کلام نه از آسمان فرود آید . چرا به هر سخنی خامه در سجود آید

If 'Words' had not their origin in Heaven, how is it that at every word the pen has to go through a prostration?

بدرویش گفت آن توانگر چرا . بپیشم پس از دیو را آمدی
 بگفتا چرا نامدی پیشِ ما . بسی خوشتر است از چرا آمدی
 (جامی)

The rich man asked the Durwesh, "How is it that I see you after a very long time?" He replied—"Because to me the words—'Why did you not come?' sound far more sweet than the words, 'Why have you come?'"

- طاعت ما هم بسوی آسمانها می رود .
 روز محشر چون بعضیان بهتر ازو می شود .
 (کلیم)

Our prayers too will go to the skies—on the day of judgment, when they are *weighed* in the balance against our sins.

شامری خواند پر خلیل غزلی . کین بخدی الف بود موصوفی
 گفتی نیست صنعتی به ازان . که کنی خدی ازان تمام حریفی
 (جامی)

A poet read to me a very bad Gazal in which he had taken care to avoid words having the letter 'alif' in it.

I said to him "Your poem would have been highly artistic, had you avoided *all* the letters of the alphabet."



On seeing a man with a very big nose, who was engaged in prayers.

بر لحظه مسجد تو نم از بهر طاعت است .: بار گوان ز بینگی خود بر زمین نهی
(جامی)

Your frequent prostrations are not due to the prayers you are engaged in ; they serve as pretexts for you to lay on the ground the heavy burden of your nose.



Lines of the poet Moulana Tooty (the literal meaning of whose name is—'a parrot') on the nose of the poet Badihi of Bokhárá.

بر پرده بینی بدیهی غاریست .: طوطی منم و ترا عجب منقاریست

Badihi, each of thy nostrils is a large cavern. Although it is I who am called a parrot, it is thou who hast a most wonderful beak.



THE DETRACTORS.

(Lines of S'adi.)

بکوشش توان دجله را پیش بست .: نشاید زبان بد اندیش بست
اگر کنج خلوت گزیند کسی .: کم پروای صحبت ندارد بسی
مقامت کندش که زرقست و ریو .: ز مردم چنان می گریزد که دیو
و گر خنده رویست و آمیزگار .: عقیقش نهاند و پریشکار
غنی را بغیبت بکاوند پوست .: کم فوعون اگر هست در عالم اوست
اگر مرد درویش در سختی است .: بگویند از ادبار و بدبختی است
و گو کامرانی در آید ز پای .: غنیمت شمارند و فضل خدای
که تا چند ازین جاه و گردنکشی .: خوشی را بود در قفا ناخوشی
و گرتنگ دستی و تنگ مایه .: سعادت بلندش کند پایه
بخایندش از کینه دندان بزهر .: کم دون پرور است این فرومایه دهر

چو بینند کاری بدست در است
 حریمت شیارند و دنیا پرست
 و گرد دست همت بداری ز کار
 گدا پیشه خوانندت و بخت خوار
 اگر ناطقی طبل پر یاور
 و گر خامشی نقش گر مار
 تحمل کنانرا نخوانند مرد
 که بیچاره از بیم سرب نکرده
 و گرد سرش بول و مردانگیست .
 طعنت کنندش گر اندک خور است .
 و گر نغز و پاکیزه باشد خورش
 اگر بی تکلف زید مالدار
 زبان در نهندش باید چو تیغ
 و گو کاغ و ایوان منقش کند
 بجان آید از طعنه بروی زنان
 و گر پارسائی سیاحت نکرد
 که نرفته بیرون ز آغوش زن
 جهان دیده راهم بدرند پیوست
 که سرگشته بخت برگشته اوست .
 گوش خط از اقبال بودی و بهر
 زمانه نواندی ز شهرش بشهر

With effort you can check the flow of the Tigris, but you can never shut the mouth of the slanderers.

If a man, not caring for the society of others, chooses a secluded life, they revile him, saying that he flies from mankind like a demon. On the other hand, if a man be of a jolly and social disposition, they can never believe that he can be a continent and an abstemious man. The rich man cannot escape their back-biting, for in their eyes he is no other than a second Pharaoh in this world. If a poor man is in distress, they attribute it to his perverseness and his adverse fortune; but when a well-to-do man goes down in the world, of course they see the hand of God in his chastisement, for, say they, "How long was this exalted position to last? Is not joy always followed by bitterness?" When they see a man, who was once in narrow circumstances, rise to affluence and power, they gnash their teeth in envy, saying that this faithless world cherishes only worthless men.

If you have your hands full of work, why then, you are but 'a worshipper of Mammon;' but give up your work, and then you are 'a professional beggar' and 'a miserable wretch'!

If you *speak* you are sure to be compared to a noisy drum; but if you are *silent*, you are like a picture painted on the walls of a bath-room. Those who are of a forbearing disposition are not regarded by them as brave men, and their forbearance is attributed to fear; but let these traducers encounter a brave and headstrong man, and they fly from him, crying out that he is a mad man.

If a man is abstemious in his diet, he is accused of hoarding up wealth for the use of others; but on the other hand the man who partakes of choice and delicious viands is upbraided for being a glutton and a slave of his stomach.

The rich man who lives without ostentation, and dresses simply as befits a sensible man, cannot escape the swords of their tongues, for he is called 'a wretch who grudges the spending of money on his own comforts.' But were he to decorate his mansion and put on an elegant dress, still he would be driven to distraction with their sneering insinuations as to his having feminine tastes.

If a religious man is not a traveller, those who have travelled hesitate to call him a man, for, say they, "How can one, who has never gone further than an arm's length from the side of his wife, be at all possessed of any wisdom, art, or craft?" On the other hand, the traveller too comes in for a share of their gibes, as being a distracted man to whom the fates are adverse; for, "had he possessed but an iota of good fortune," say they, "he would not be driven from city to city."



The ways of the world.

اگر در هر شهر یک بیشتر است . در پای کسی رود که درویش تراست
 باین هر راستی که میزان دارد . میل از طرفی که آن بیشتر است
 (سعدی)

If there is but one thorn in the whole of the town, it is sure to prick the foot of the poorest man. Although the weighing-balance is said to be so very just, it always leans to the side that has plenty.

گر سقیهی زبان دراز کند . . که فلان بفسق ممتاز است
فسق ما بی بیان یقین نشود . . و او باقرار خویش غماز است
(سعدی)

If a fool cast a slur upon me, accusing me of being a reprobate, men will not take upon trust, without proofs, what he says of my depravity; but in the meantime, on his own confession he is a scandal-monger.

—◆—
On an attack of gout from which Khwajeh Nizam-ul-Mulk was suffering.

گر درد کند پای فلک فرسایت . . سوتست دران عرضه کنم برایت
چون از سر دشمنت بجان آمده درد . . آمد بتظام که فقد در پایت
(شمس الدین محمد خالد)

If your feet are suffering from pain, I can explain the cause of it. Pain was weary of being the constant companion of the heads of your enemies, and so it has come to lay the complaint at your feet.

—◆—
Lines of Nizami on a lady's losing a tooth.

آن دانه در ای صدم حور نژاد . . کز درج تو بر بود زمانه بکه داد
مانا که ببرد پیش دریا بنهاد . . بنمود باو که در چنین باید زاد

O Houri-born damsel ! To whom has the sky given the grain of pearl that it removed from your casket ? Verily the sky has taken it to the ocean, with the object of showing to the latter that it should produce pearls like this one.

—◆—
The poet Jamáluddin of Isfahán, an admirer of the poet Khá-kány, once, while in a merry mood, sent the following lines to the latter.

The concluding portion of the poem, which is in a different vein, is omitted.

کسیست که پیغام من بشهر شروان بود . . . یک سخن از من بدان مرد سخندان بود
 گوید خاقانیا این همه ناموس چیست . . . نه هرگز دو بیت گفت لقب ز خاقان بود
 کسی بدین پایه علم دعوی دانش کند ؟ . . . کسی بدین قدر فضل نام بزرگان بود ؟
 تحفه فوسطن ز شعری عراق است چهل . . . هیچ کس از زیویکی زیره بکرمان بود ؟
 شعور فوسطن دانی که ماند بچهر ؟ . . . مور که پای ملخ سوی سلیمان بود
 نظم گهر سر بسر گفته خود گیر تو . . . کس گهر از بهر سود جانب عمان بود ؟
 یا نه چنان گو که هست سحر حائل این سخن . . . سحر کسی خود بر موسی عمران بود ؟
 کس نه بر آفتاب نور چراغ آورد . . . کس نه بر ماهتاب خلعت کفان بود
 بمسجد اندر مکان هیچ خردمند بست ؟ . . . بکعبه اذر بقان هیچ مسلمان بود ؟
 زشت بود روز عید چون که پی چابکی . . . پیر زنی خور سوار گوی زمیندان بود
 بدوز گویندگان هستند اندر عراق . . . کر قوت ناطق مسجد بایشان بود
 یکی از ایشان منم طی چونم راه نظم . . . دست من از شاعری ارز ز حسان بود
 من ز تو احمق تو من ابله تری . . . کسی ببايد که ما هر دو بزدان بود
 من و تو باری کیتم ز شاعران جهان . . . که خود کسی نام ما ز جمع ایشان بود
 و ده که چه خنده زنده بو من و تو کودکان . . . اگر کسی شعری ما سوی خراسان بود

Who is there to take my message to that learned man in Sherwán¹ ?
 I want him to say—"O Khákány, what is this notoriety that you
 have got ? Is it fitting that any man who can make a verse or two
 should take his poetical name from the Khákán² ? Can any one,
 with the knowledge that you have, lay claim to wisdom ? Can any one,
 with your excellence, assume the name of great men ? Your sending
 a *present*³ of your verses to Irák is an act of folly ;—does any sen-
 sible man carry *cumin-seed*⁴ to Kerman ? Do you know what your
 sending of verses resembles ?—To the ants bringing the leg of the
 locust to Solomon. Even suppose that your utterances are like a
 string of pearls ; does any one take pearls to the *sea of Ommán*⁵ for

¹ The birth-place of Khákány.

² The name 'Khákány' implies belonging to the 'Khákán' or the 'Emperor.'

³ An allusion to a poem of Khákány, which is called *تحفه العراقین* "a pre-
 sent to the two Fraks."

⁴ An expression equivalent to "carrying coals to Newcastle."

⁵ A place well known for its pearl fisheries.

obtaining profit? Or, suppose that your poem is like lawful magic; does any one dare to carry sorcery to Moses, the son of Amrán? No one brings to the sun the light of a lamp; nor does any one take to the moon a garment of *flax*.⁶ Does any wise man build a dwelling place inside a mosque? Does any Mussulman take any idols to the temple of K'abah? On the day of Eid, when races are run, it would be a crying shame were an old woman, riding on a donkey, to win the race. In Irák there are still some poets left, before whom the Reasoning Faculty bends in adoration. One of those am I, who, when I take to writing verses, snatch the laurels from Hassán.⁷

I am more foolish than thou; thou art more idiotic than I. Some one is wanted, who can take both of us to prison. What position have we, you and I, in the ranks of the poets of the world, that we should expect our names to be in the same list with theirs? How the boys will laugh at both of us, if our verses are taken by some one to Khorásán!"

هر که در کیسه زرمه‌ها دارد . . . چشمِ همه کس جا دارد
زرگرِ پسر دوشِ چه نیکومی گفت . . . اشراف کسی که اشرافِها دارد

Whosoever has a purse full of gold, is held in respect by all men. As the goldsmith's son nicely expressed it last evening,—“a real gentleman is he who has plenty of Ashrafees.”

در نوکری بند لباس است باید . . . دستارِ زر و جامه تاست باید
چون کاور شکم ریشِ دراز است باید . . . نه عقل و خرد و فهم و فراست باید

To enter the service of the Emperor of India, what you require is a good dress, a turban of gold cloth, and a garment of silk. Also you should have a large belly, like that of an ox, and a long beard. As for intellect and wisdom, sense and judgment, they are all useless here.

⁶ An allusion to the belief that flax growing in fields, becomes decomposed on moonlit nights.

⁷ An Arabian poet who was a contemporary of the Prophet.

بصاحب دلی گفت صاحب دلی .: که این فکرم افکند در مشکلی
 که از ما نیاید بجز فعل زشت .: زبهر چه حق آفرید این بهشت
 دگر یک جوابش چنین داد باز .: که از فکر دیگر منم در گداز
 که با این همه فضل وجود کریم .: چه باشد غرض از وجود جحیم

A worthy man said to another, "This point puzzles me much, that since nothing but what is evil originates from us, why did God create Heaven?" The other man replied, "I too am in a perplexity, but from an opposite point of view, viz., that since the Divine mercy and grace are so very great, what is His object in creating Hell?"

-♦-

از بس که شکستم و بستم توبه .: فریاد همی کند ز دستم توبه
 دی روز بتوبه شکستم ساغر .: امروز بساغر شکستم توبه
 (سلمان ساوجی)

Since I have many times made and broken the vows of repentance, repentance is complaining of such treatment at my hands. Yesterday the vow of repentance was the means of my breaking the wine cup; to-day it is the wine cup that is the means of my breaking the vow of repentance.

—♦—

منعمان را حرص زرباقیست تا روز حساب .:
 تشنه آخر تشنه خیزد گر کشد دریا بخواب .:

Rich people will be covetous so long as the world will last. A thirsty man will still be thirsty, even though he were to swallow the whole ocean, in his dreams.



QUAINT CONCEITS.

غم که پدید مقل تدبیرش بمردن می کند
 می فروشش چاره در یک آب خوردن می کند
 (میرزا خاکی)

Aged Wisdom can see no relief from sorrow but in Death; but the wine-seller can give you the remedy in a single draught.

هر کس که زیر تیغ برویت نظاره کند .: زان پیشتر که کشته شود خون بها گرفت
 (سلیم)

Whosoever looks into your beautiful face at the time that you draw your sword for killing him, gets the indemnification for his death, even before he is killed.

ای که می پرسی زمن آن ماه را منزل کجاست
 منزل او در دل است اما ندانم دل کجاست
 (هلالی)

O thou who askest from me where the dwelling place is of that moon-like beauty, know that her dwelling place is in my heart, but I know not where my heart is.

ای قدم نهاده هرگز از دل تنگ برون .: حیرتی دارم که چون در هر دلی جا کرد
 (ملا مبداء الباقی)

O thou who hast never set thy foot outside of my little heart, I wonder how thou art able to dwell in every heart.

افتاده بپا زلف سمن سایی نواز چیست .: دیوانه منم سلسله در پای نواز چیست
 (فنائی)

What for have those long jessamine-scented ringlets fallen on your feet? It is I who am mad; why is there a chain on your feet?

تا آئینه جمال تو دید و تو حسن خویش .: تو عاشقِ خودی ز تو عاشقِ تو آئینه

(خاقانی)

Since the mirror saw your beauty, and you your own loveliness, you have been in love with yourself, and the mirror is more in love with you than you are.



چون موی شدم از رشک پیرای تو .: وز رشک گریبان تو و دامن تو
کین بوسه همی دهد قدمهای ترا .: وان را شب و روز دست در گردن تو

(سنائی)

Jealousy has made me thin like a hair. I am jealous of your shirt, of your neck-scarf, and of the skirt of your robe; for the last has the honour of kissing the ground on which you tread, and the two first have their arms round your neck day and night.



هزار بار قسم خورده ام که نام ترا .: بلب نیاورم اما قسم بنام تو بود

(فصیحی رومی)

I have a thousand times sworn that I would never utter your name, but it was your name that I swore by.



مه بدر نماید چو ز خورشید شود دور .: من کز تو شوم دور نه ایم چو هلالی

(مظفر رومی)

The moon, when it is at its greatest distance from the sun, is a *full moon*; but, the further I go from you, the more like *crescent* I appear.



کشتی مرا و کشته شد از رشک عالمی .:

بر خون که می کنی تو بصد خون برابر است .:

(نادم)

You have killed *me*, and out of envy for my good fortune a *multitude* have died. Hence, every life that you take is equivalent to a massacre of hundreds.

بر مرادِ دوست بامد مدعیِ سر می‌کنم .: بهر یک بت مسجد یک شهر کافر می‌کنم
(نادم)

At the desire of my sweet-heart I have to bear with hundreds of my rivals. For the sake of one idol, I have to bend the knee to a cityful of infidels.

چو برخیزد ز خوابِ ناز و بیدند سویی خود رویم .:
بهانه چشم مالیدن کند تا ننگرد سویم .:
(صدیری)

When she awakes from her nap and sees that I am gazing at her, she pretends to rub her eyes in order that she may not have to look towards me.

چشم گلِ شگفته و اشکم گلاب گوم .: هرگز مه‌باد کس چو من اندر گل و گلاب
(کمال الدین اسمعیل)

My eyes are like expanded roses (i.e., very red with weeping), and my tears like warm rose-water. May no one ever be in roses and rose-water as I am !

طرفه‌ حالِیست که آن آتش سوزان از بزم .:
دور تر آنچه رود بیشترم می‌سوزد .:
(ملولی)

It is a strange circumstance, that the further that kindler of hearts goes away from the assembly, the more does she make me burn.

کس را نبینم روز فم جز سایه در پهلوی خود .:
آن هم چو بیدم سوی او گرداند از من روی خود .:
(ادهم کاشانی)

In the time of affliction I see no one at my side except my shadow, and that too turns away its head from me when I turn to look at it.

بر سينه ات ای کاش نهم سينه خود را .: تا دل بتو گوید غم ديرينه خود را
(کلو علی شیرازی)

I wish I could lay my bosom against thine, so that my heart may be able to tell thine the story of my long suffering.

مرا هر شب چو دزد خواب گرد چشم تر گردد .:
دل مرا با غمت بيدار بيند باز بر گردد .:
(نشانی دهاوی)

Every night that the thief of sleep prowls round my tearful eyes, it sees my heart awake on account of thy love, and has to turn back.

گفتم نگرم روی تو گفتا بقیامت .: گفتم روم از کوی تو گفتا بسلامت
(هاتف)

I said to her, "I want to see your face;" she replied, "That will be on Doomsday!" I said, "I shall go away from your street;" she replied, "I wish you God-speed!"

صد ملک دل بنیم نظر می توان خرید .: خوبان درین معامله نقصیر می کنند
(حافظ)

A hundred kingdomfuls of hearts can be purchased with a single sidelong glance. The charming ladies should not be slow to take advantage of this circumstance.

حسن مرا با تو سنجیدم بمیزان از کمین .: پخته مه بوناک رفتم تو مالدي بر زمین

I secretly weighed in the balance the beauty of the moon against yours. The scale of the moon went up to the sky, while yours remained on the ground.

دزدی بوسه عجب دزدی خوش عاقبت است .:
که اگر باز ستانده دوچندان گردد .:

Stealing a kiss is a wonderful kind of theft, that is attended with good consequences; for if it be taken back, why, it becomes double.

بوسه بمن دادی ورنجیده؟ .: باز ستان گوهر پسندیده؟

You have given me a kiss, and are now sorry for it. Well, take it back if you don't approve of my having it.

تا چشم تو ریخت خون عشاق .: زلف تو گرفت رنگ ماتم
(خاقانی)

Since your eyes killed your lovers, your ringlets appear in the colour of mourning.

گفتم که از خردی دل من نیست پدید .:
اندوه بزرگ تو در او چون گنجید .:
گفتا که ز دل بدیده باید نگرید .:
خود است بدو بزرگما بتوان دید .:
(ابوالفرج رونی)

I said to her: "I cannot make it out how my *little* heart is able to contain within itself my love for you, which is so *great*."

She replied: "the heart can be compared to the eyes, which are small but can see large objects."

گریزی به هنگام و سربو بجای .: بر از پهلوانی و سوزیر پای

Flying from the battle-field and keeping the head on the shoulders, is better than showing heroic courage and having the head rolling under the feet of men.

بمستی داشت قصد کشتن من چشم شهادت .:

قدش برخاست بهر عذر و زلف افتاد در پایش .:

In a drunken freak her narcissus-like eyes wanted to kill me, but her stature got up to plead my cause, and her ringlets fell at her feet for the same purpose.

جمع دل موقوف بر جمعیتی اسباب نیست .
با وجود آب و دانه آسیا در گردش است .

Peace of mind and ease are not attainable even when you have competence. The flour mill in spite of its having *grain and water** has to go round and round.

آسمان در دهر دولان را کند دائم مدد
زان سبب انگشت کوچک صاحب انگشتی است .

The sky in its revolutions always aids low people. It is for this reason that the smallest finger is the oftenest adorned with rings.

مستانه می گذشت وصالی بکوی دوست .
انجا رسید و مستی پآرا بهانه ساخت .
(وصالی)

Wasáli was passing through the street of his sweet-heart, like one intoxicated, but on coming near her house, he stopped, pretending to be fatigued.

گل گفت که من یوسف مصرِ چینم . یاقوتِ گرانمایه پرزردینم
گفتم چو تو یوسفی نشانم بنمای . گفتا که بخون فرق نگر پیرانم
(عمر خیّام)

The Rose said: "I am a Joseph in this Egypt-like garden; and I am also a priceless ruby, with my mouth full of gold."† I replied,

* A term often used for 'means of livelihood.'

† i.e., the small seeds of the flower, that appear in the centre.

"If thou art a Joseph, show me a sign." The rose rejoined.—"Look at my bloody shirt."*

∴ کسی گر از کسی بالا نشیند عیب نیست
 ∴ زانکه نخس بالای دریا زیر دریا گوهر است

If in an assembly, a worthless fellow sits higher than a worthy man, it matters not; for in the sea, the weeds are always at the top and the pearls at the bottom.

∴ ز راست رفتن سرو چنان شود معلوم
 ∴ که هر که راست رود در جهان تهی دست است

What does the straightness of the Cypress tree teach us?—that in this world those who are *upright*, are always empty-handed.

∴ چوب را آب فرو می نبرد حکمت چیست
 ∴ شرم دارد از فرو بودن پرورده خویش

Why is it that water does not allow a piece of wood to sink? Because to harm one whom it had once given nourishment is below its dignity.

∴ خون می خورد چو تیغ درین دهر هر که او
 ∴ یک زو و یک زبان بود از پاک گزیری
 ∴ و آنکس که همچو شانه دورویست و صد زبان
 ∴ بر فرق خویش جای دهندش زسوری

He who in this world has *one tongue and one face*, like the sword, has to *drink blood*.† But he who is double-faced and has a hundred tongues, like the comb, is given the highest place over the heads of mankind.

* An allusion to an incident in the story of Joseph. His brothers, after throwing him into a well returned to Jacob with a fabricated story of Joseph's having been devoured by a wolf; and as a proof showed him Joseph's shirt saturated with blood.

† i.e., is honest.

‡ i.e., to pass his days in affliction.

اگر تو باغ باشی گل شوم من . . . و اگر تو گل شوی بلبل شوم من
و اگر تو شیش باشی مَل شوم من . . . و اگر تو مَل شوی قلقل شوم من

If you become a garden, I will become a rose ; and if you become a rose, then I will be your Bulbul.

If you become a decanter, I will be your wine ; and if you become wine, then I will be your gurgling sound.

اگر خواهی عزیز مردمان باشی تواضع کن . .
که جای ابروان بالای چشم است از خمیدن . .

If you wish to be popular bow to every one ; for the eyebrows enjoy a higher position than the eyes owing to their *bowing* so much.

نمی دانم ز منع گویم مطلب چیست ناصح را . .
دل از من دیده از من آستین از من کنار از من . .
(نور جهان)

I don't know what object my counsellor has in dissuading me from weeping, seeing that the heart is mine, the eyes are mine, the sleeve* is mine, and the breast† is mine.

تهی پای رفتن به از کفش تنگ . . بالای سفر به کر در خانه جنگ
(سعدی)

Walking barefooted is better than putting on shoes that pinch. It is better to endure the hardships of a journey than to remain in a house where there is constant quarelling.

چون بخارد پشت من انگشت من . . خم شود از بار منت پشت من
(مولوی رومی)

When my fingers scratch my back, the latter bends down *under the load of the obligation* !

پدیده دوستداری ازان پاره می کنم . . تا باز بندم و بنور نزدیکتر شوم
(ذوقی)

* Wherewith to wipe off the tears.

† Whereon the tear-drops roll.

For this reason I often sunder the cords of attachment — that, by re-uniting them, I may get nearer* to the object of my love.

عشق خصم من بس است ای چرخ تو زحمت مکش .
 هر کجا چالد باشد حاجت قصاب نیست .

Love is my enemy, and that is sufficient. You need not, therefore, O sky, take the trouble (to oppress me), for, where there is an executioner, a butcher is not required.

صد نامه نوشتیم و جوابی ننوشتی . این هم که جوابی ننویسند جوابست

We wrote a hundred letters, and you wrote not a single reply. Even your not writing a single reply is a reply to us.

گنم غوغا بهر بیگانه چون در کوی او بینم .
 که چون آید برون بهر تماشا روی او بینم .

I engage in high altercations with every stranger that I see in her street, so that she may come out to see the 'tamáshá' and I may thus be able to see her face.

چوناله و فریاد که کردم نشنیدی . پیداست نگارا که بلند است جنابت
 (حافظ)

I have made complaints and lamentations, but you have not heard me; consequently it is plain, O my sweet-heart, that yours must be a very *exalted* position.

* For a string often cut and as often re-united becomes gradually shorter and shorter.



HUMOROUS STORIES IN VERSE.

A foolish Marwazi and his Ass.*

ابله مروزی بشهر هری . . . سوی بازار برد لاشه خری
 لاغرو مست و پیر و فرسوده . . . نیم و دندان و استخوان سوده
 جست دلال چست بر پشتش . . . گود جنبان بسپهر و مشتش
 گفت کای تاجران و راهروان . . . کمر خود مرکبی روان و جوان؟
 مروزی گفت ای بجان یارم . . . گر چنین است پس نگر دارم
 (قاسمی خوافی)

A foolish Marwazi went to the city of Herat, and took with him to the market-place his miserable ass for sale. The animal was lean, weak, and old, and was altogether in a sorry plight, with teeth lacking, hoofs worn out, and bones battered. A broker actively vaulted over the back of the animal, and, with a liberal use of his fists and the goad, made him trot. Then, turning to the people, said he: "O ye merchants and wayfarers, which of you is going to purchase this steed that is active and young?" "Stop, my dear friend," interposed the Marwazi, "if such are his qualifications, I do not want to sell the animal."

The squint-eyed boy.

پسری احوال از پدر پرسید . . . کای تو در بای بستر را چو کلید
 گفتی احوال دو بیند چون . . . من نبینم ازان چه بست فزون
 احوال ز بیچ گر شمارستی . . . مر کر بر چرخ دوست چارستی
 (سزائی)

A squint-eyed boy once said to his father: "O you, who are the key of all locked doors, you have said that a man with a squint sees two images in place of one. Now, how can this be, since I do not see more images than there actually are? If what you say be true, I ought to see four moons in the sky *instead of the two that are there.*"

* i.e., an inhabitant of Marw.

And old woman's love for her daughter!

داشت زالی بروسقائي بگاو .: مهسّتي نام دختری و سر گاو
 نو عروسي چون سرو بن بالان .: گشت روزی ز چشم به بالان
 زال میگفت همیشه با دختر .: باد پیش تو مردن مادر
 از قضا گاو زالک از پی خورد .: سرخود را به یگی اندر کرد
 ماند چون پای مرده اندر ریگ .: آن سر مرده رنگش اندر دیگ
 گاو مانند دیوی از دوزخ .: سوی زالک دوید از مطبخ
 زال پنداشت هست عزرائیل .: بانگ برداشت از پی تحویل
 ملک الموت من نه مهستیم .: من یگی پیر زال محنتیم
 گر ترا مهسّتي همی باید .: اینک اورا ببر موا شاید

In a certain village an old woman had a daughter named Mehsati and three cows. One day the girl, who was growing beautiful and tall as a cypress tree, became ill, being smitten with the evil eye; and the old woman used frequently to say to her, "May your mother die before you!"

It chanced that a cow belonging to the old woman put her head into a large cooking pot, while searching for some food; and the head became fixed in the pot, like the legs of a man in quick-sands.

From the kitchen, the cow, looking all the while like a devil from Hell, ran towards the old woman, who, thinking the animal to be Azrael, the angel of Death, cried out deprecatingly, "O angel of Death! I am not Mehsati, I am but a poor old woman full of troubles. If it is Mehsati whom you want, she is here, take her; I agree to it."

در عهد ما تقدّم در نساپور .: مگر قحطی فساد از عهد ما دور
 بیرون آمد یگی مرد معلّم .: گروهي کودکان با وی ملازم
 ظریفی گفت اینها در چه کارند .: چرا گویند چون عقلی ندارند
 معلّم گفت چون وقت عذاب است .: دعای این جماعت مستجاب است
 ظریفش گفت ای قول تو مقبول .: بگویم با تو قولی نیک معقول
 اگر ایزد دعای شان شنودی .: معلّم در جهان کی زنده بودی

Some years ago there was a famine in Nishapoor. A school-master was seen going to a place of worship, followed by his pupils.

A witty man asked him what he was going to do with these young people, since they did not possess sense enough to know what to ask from God. The schoolmaster replied: "In times of such a public calamity their prayers would be useful, being acceptable to the Lord."

"Were this the case," said the wit, "there would not be a single schoolmaster left alive in this world."

—◆—

How a Hungry Bedouin Arab got his dinner.

(لوائی)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| عربی در میان مکه و شام | کسب اسباب می نمود مدام |
| بهر تحصیل مال و کسب هنر | از حضر رخت بست سوی سفر |
| مدهتی میر کرد و هیچ نیافت | باز سوی مکان خویش شتافت |
| چند کر راه بادیه بپایید | تا بیک روزه از وطن بر رسید |
| از کبر باز کرد انبانی | که در او بود یغنی و نانی |
| چون بخوردن نشیبت آن سره مرد | عربی در رسید بادیه گرد |
| بدوی چون شنید بوی طعام | پیش رفت و ستاده کرد سلام |
| داد او را جواب و گفت که | پیش من ایستاده بهر چه |
| گفت من چاکر سروای تو ام | دشت پدای از برای تو ام |
| گفت از خیل من خبر داری | بدوی در جواب گفت آری |
| گفت چون است احمد آن پسر | کز بقرش کیاب شد جگرم |
| گفت از فضل و رحمت یزدان | باغ حسن است خرم و خندان |
| گفت چون است مادر احمد | گفت صد چون بواب احمد |
| گفت چون است قصر و ایوانم | کز غمش بر فلک شد اقبانم |
| گفت آن قصر دلکش و ایوان | داغ رشکی است بر دل کیدان |
| گفت آن بارکش شکر چون است | کز غیش دامنه چو جبهون است |
| گفت باری که فریم است چنان | که مساوی است پشت با کوهان |
| گفت چون است آن سگ درمن | که بود بر ز شیر تر یوم |
| گفت او خاک آستانه تست | روز و شب پاسبان خانه تست |

چون عرب قصه را شنید تها
 خورد چندان که سیرگشت از آن
 بدوی چون خساست او دید
 ناگهان دید کز کنار دشت
 بدوی چون بدیده آه را
 چون عرب آه دردناک شنود
 گفت ازین بود کان سگ در تو
 آهوک را نمی گذاشت کنون
 گفت ای وای آن سگ چون مرد
 گفت خون شتر که ریخت بگو
 گفت کشند اشتر سرة ات
 گفت ای وای زوجه ام چون مرد
 گفت از بس که کوفت سر بر زمین
 گفت ای وای چون گذشت احمد
 چون عرب قصه فراق شنید
 بعد از آن راه خیل خویش گرفت
 بادل جمع کرد میل طعام
 بدوی را نداد و بست انبان
 برخود از ورع چوع می پیچید
 آهویی در رسید و تند گذشت
 از دل خسته چسب آه او را
 گفت با وای که آه بهر چه بود
 گر نمی گشت صدقه سرتو
 که ازین دشت جان برد بیرون
 گفت از بس که خون اشتر خورد
 خاک بر فرق من که بخیخت بگو
 که دهند آب و آشی همسرة ات
 رخت هستی چسان بخاک میپزد
 از غم فوت احمد مسکین
 گفت قصرش بر سر فرود آمد
 خاک بر سرفشاند و جامه درید
 بدوی نان و گوشت پدش گرفت

An Arab who frequently traded between Mecca and Syria, once undertook a journey with the object of increasing his gains and extending his commercial knowledge. For a while he travelled from place to place, but in the end he had to return homewards without having made any profit. After traversing the desert for some days, he reached a place that was within one day's journey from home. From his girdle he then untied his wallet which contained bread and dried flesh; and the good man was just preparing to eat, when there appeared one of the roving Bedouin Arabs. The latter, at the sight of food, came before the former, made his obeisance, and remained standing. The Arab returned the salute, and asked him who he was and why he stood there.

"I am a servant of thy house," said the Bedouin, "and have crossed the desert for thy sake."

"Have you any news from my family?" asked the Arab.

"Yes," replied the Bedouin.

"Well, how is Ahmed, my son, separation from whom has made my liver like roast meat?"

"Through the grace and mercy of God, the garden of his beauty is flourishing."

"And how is the mother of Ahmed?"

"Even better than Ahmed."

"And in what condition is my mansion, absence from which makes me complain so loudly?"

"The mansion, with its elegance, is a cause of envy in the breast of Saturn."

"And how is my load-bearing camel, separation from whom makes me shed copious tears?"

"Oh, he is so fat that his back seems on a level with the hunches."

"And how is my watch-dog, who was in my eyes even better than a male lion?"

"He keeps constant watch, by night and by day, on thy threshold."

When the Arab learnt all these news, he, with his mind at ease, began to do justice to the meal. He ate till he was satisfied, but made no offer of the food to the Bedouin; and began to tie up in his wallet what remained. The Bedouin who was suffering from hunger was disgusted with this meanness.

At this juncture an antelope appeared in sight near the horizon, and again rapidly disappeared from view. The Bedouin, on seeing the animal, gave vent to a deep sigh. The Arab hereupon asked him what was the matter.

"Had your dog been alive," said the Bedouin, "he would not have allowed the antelope to escape unhurt."

"Alas! how did the dog die?" inquired the Arab.

"He died of eating too much of your camel's flesh."

"And who killed my camel? Who was it that has thrown dust on my head?"

"The good camel was killed on the occasion of thy wife's funeral feast."

"Alas ! How did my wife die ?"

"Sorrow for the death of poor Ahmed made her dash her head against a stone."

"Woe is me ! What was the cause of Ahmed's death ?"

"Thy mansion came down on his head."

When the Arab heard these evil news he threw dust over his head and tore his garments, and immediately set forth on his journey homewards, leaving his wallet where it was. This the Bedouin now picked up, and made a hearty meal of the bread and flesh.



STORIES FROM THE MASNAVI OF ROOMI.

The sick man and his deaf visitor.

آن کړي را گفـت افـزون مایـه . . که ترا رنجور شد بهـمـایـه
گفـت باخود کر که با گوش گران . . من چه دریابم ز گفـت آن جوان
خواجـه رنجور و ضعیف آواز شه . . لیک باید رفت آنچـا نیست بد
چون ببینم کان لبش جنبان شود . . من قیاسی گیرم آنرا از خرد
چون بگویم چونی اـی صـحـت کشم . . او بخوابد گفـت نیکم یا خوشم
من بگویم شکر چه خوردی ابا . . او بگوید شربتی یا ماش با
من بگویم صبح و نوشت باد آن . . از طیبیان پیش تو گوید فلان
من بگویم بس مبارک پاست او . . چون کر او آید شود کارت نکو
پای او را آزمودستیم ما . . هر کجا شد می شود حاجت روا
این جوابات قیاسی راست کرد . . عکس آن واقع شد ای آزاده مرد
کردر آمد پیش رنجور و نشست . . بر سر او خوش بهی مالید دست
گفـت چونی گفـت مودم گفـت شکر . . شه ازان رنجور پر آزار و نگر
کاین چه شکر است این عدوی ما نیست . . کر قیاسی کرد آن کجـ آمدست
بعد ازان گفـش چه خوردی گفـت زهر . . گفـت نوشت باه افزون گفـت قهر
بعد ازان گفـت از طیبیان کیست او . . که بهی آید بچاره پیش تو
گفـت عزرائیل می آید بوو . . گفـت پایش بس مبارک شاد شو
این زمان از نزد او آیم بورت . . گفتم او را تا که گردد غمخورت
کر بوون آمد بگفـت او شادمان . . شکر که مودم مراعات این زمان
گفـت رنجور این عدوی جان ما است . . ما ندانستیم کو کان جفاست

A deaf man was informed that a neighbour of his was ill ; so he resolved upon going to see him. "But," said he to himself, "owing to my deafness I shall not be able to catch the words of the sick man, whose voice, moreover, must be very feeble now. However, go *I must*. When I see his lips moving, I shall be able to make a reasonably good conjecture of what he is saying. When I say to him, 'How art thou, O my afflicted friend?' he will probably reply 'I am well' or 'I am better.' I shall then say, 'Thanks be to God! Tell me what have you taken for food?' He will probably mention some liquid food or gruel. I'll then wish that the food may agree with him, and shall ask him the name of the physician under whose treatment he is. On his naming the man I shall say, 'He is a skilful leech. Since it is he who is in attendance, you will soon be well. I have had experience of him. Wherever he goes, his patients very soon recover.'"

Thus the deaf man prepared himself for the visit; but see how it all turned out contrariwise.

The deaf man came to the bedside of the sick man and sat down near the pillow. Then rubbing his hands with assumed cheerfulness he asked, "How are you?" "I am dying," replied the patient. "Thanks be to God!" rejoined the deaf man. The sick man was troubled at heart, and said to himself, "What kind of thanksgiving is this? He must be an enemy of mine;"—little thinking that this was but the result of the wrong conjecture of the deaf man.

"What have you eaten?" was the next question; to which the reply was "Poison!" "May it agree with you!" was the wish expressed by the deaf man, which but increased the fury of the suffering man.

"And pray, who is your physician?" again asked the visitor.

"He is Azrael, the Angel of Death! Now, get thee gone!" growled the ailing man.

"Oh, is he?" rejoined the deaf man; "well, you ought to rejoice; for, he is a man of auspicious footsteps. I saw him but just now, and asked him to give you his best possible attention."

With these words he bade the sick man good-bye and withdrew, rejoicing that he had satisfactorily performed a neighbourly duty; while the other man was angrily muttering to himself: "This fellow is an implacable foe of mine. I did not know that his heart was so full of malignity."



An anecdote of Lukmán (Asop).

بود لقمان پدش خواجه خويشتن .: درميان بندگانش خوار تن
 مى فستاد او غلامان را بباغ .: تاكه ميوه آيدش بهر فراغ
 آن غلامان ميوه هاى جمع را .: خوش بخوردند از نهيبت طمع را
 خواجه را گفتند لقمان خورد آن .: خواجه برلقمان توش گشت و گران
 چون تفحص كرد از لقمان سبب .: در جواب خواجه اش بكشاد لب
 كاستهاى كن جمله مارا اى كريم .: سيدمان درده تو از آب حميم
 بعد ازان مارا بصحرای كنان .: تو سواره ما پياده بردوان
 آن گهان بنگر تو بدكردار را .: صنعهاى كاشف ال اسرار را
 گشت ساقى خواجه از آب حميم .: مر غلامان را و خوردند آن ز بيم
 بعد ازان مى راند شان در دشتها .: مى دويدندى ميان كشتها
 قى در افتادند ايشان از عنا .: آب مى آورد زيشان ميوها
 چون كه لقمان را در آمد قى زناى .: مى در آمد از درونش آب صاف

Lukmán (who was a slave) was regarded by his fellow-slaves with hatred. Once the master sent his slaves to his garden to gather fruits for his dessert. The greedy slaves ate some of the fruits, and told the master that it was Lukmán who ate them.

The master looked frowningly towards Lukmán, and asked him what led him to be guilty of such an act. Lukmán in reply said: "O generous master! Make a searching examination of all of us. Give us all plenty of warm water to drink, and then take us to an open plain and make us run—you riding on horseback and we following on foot. You will then see who is the evil doer, and you will witness the ways of the Revealer of Secrets."

The master procured warm water for his slaves, and forced them all to drink it, and then made them run in the fields. This

made them throw up the contents of their stomach, and the fruit was thus brought to light by the water. But when it was Lukmán's turn to vomit, there was nothing but pure water to be seen in the quantity thrown up.

The Soofees and the Traveller's Ass.

صوفی در خانقہ از رہ رسید	۰: مویک خود بر در آخر کشید
صوفیان درویش بودند و فقیر	۰: گاد فقران بگن کفر آ کبیر
از سر تقصیر آن صوفی رمہ	۰: خر فروشی در گرفتند آن رمہ
ہم در آن دم آن خرک بفروختند	۰: لوت آوردند و شمع افروختند
ولولہ افتاد اندر خانقہ	۰: کامشبان لوت و سماع است و ولہ
چند ازین صبرو ازین سہ روز چند	۰: چند ازین زنبیل و این دریوزہ چند
ماہم از خلقیم و جان داریم ما	۰: دولت امشب میہمان داریم ما
وان مسافر نیز از راہ دراز	۰: خستہ بود و دیدہ آن اقبال و غار
صوفیانہ یک بیک بنواختند	۰: نرد خدمتہاش خوش می باخند
آن یکی پایش ہی مالید و دست	۰: وان یکی پرسیدش از جای نشست
وان یکی افشانہ گرد از رخت او	۰: وان یکی بوسید دستش را و رو
لوت خوردند و سماع آغاز کرد	۰: خانقہ تا سلف شد پردود و گرد
دود مطبخ گرد آن پا کوفتن	۰: ز اشتیاق و وجد جان آشوفتن
چون سماع آمد ز اول تا کران	۰: مطرب آغازید یک ضرب گران
خر برفت و خر برفت آغاز کرد	۰: زین ترانہ جملہ را انہاز کرد
زین ترانہ پای کوبان تا سحر	۰: کف زلان خورفت و خورفت ای پسر
از رہ تقلید آن صوفی ہمین	۰: خر برفت آغاز کردہ ہمچنین
چون گذشت آن نوش و آن جوش سماع	۰: روز گشت و جملہ گفتند الوداع
خانقہ خالی شد و صوفی بماند	۰: گرد از رخت آن مسافر می فشاند
رخت از حجرہ بیرون آورد او	۰: تا بخر بر بندہ آن ہمراہ جو
تا رسد در ہمراہان او می شفاف	۰: رفت در آخر خر خود را نیافت
گفت آن خادمہ بآیش بردہ است	۰: زن کہ خر دوش آب کمر خورده است

خادم آمد گفت صوفی خر کجاست . گفت خادم ریش بدن جنگی بغاست .
گفت من خر را بتو سپرده ام . من ترا بر خر موکل کرده ام .
از تو خواهم آنچه من دادم بتو . باز ده آنچه کم سپردم بتو .
گفت من مغلوب بودم صوفیان . حبلر آوردند و بودم نیم جان .
گفت گیرم کنز تو ظاماً بستند . قاصد خون من مسکین شده .
تو نیائی و نگویی مرا . کان خرت را می برند ای بینوا .
گفت والله آمدم من بارها . تا ترا واقف کنم زمین کارها .
تو همی گفتی کم خر رفت ای پسر . از همه گویندگان با ذوق تر .
باز می گشتم که او خود واقف است . زمین قضا راضیست مرد عارنست .
گفت آنرا جملر می گفتند خوش . مر مرا هم ذوق آمد گفتنش .
مر مرا تقلید شان برباد داد . که دو صد لعنت بر آن تقلید باد .

A Soofee traveller arrived at a monastery. He alighted and took his ass to the stable. The Soofees belonging to that place were all poor men and Durweishes, such as those of whom it is mentioned, "Their poverty will end in impiety."

These people could not resist the temptation of selling the ass of the traveller, so they took it sllily to the market, and, from the money obtained, purchased provisions and candles, which they brought to the monastery. The report flew from mouth to mouth that that night they should have good feasting, dancing, and rejoicing; and these remarks were often heard—"How long are we to have patience, and how long are we to keep the three days' fasts? How long should we go on weaving baskets, and going a-begging? We too are men, and we too have souls. At last we have this day Fortune for our guest."

As for the traveller, fatigued as he was with the long journey, these preparations for a feast could not but be pleasing to him.

The Soofees, every one of them, waited on him, trying their best to entertain him. One of them shampooed his limbs, another arranged his bed; another dusted his baggage; while another kissed his hands and face, and so on.

Dinner was provided, and, after that, dancing; and the monastery became full of smoke and dust—smoke from the kitchen, and

dust stirred up by the feet of the Soofees, who were dancing in ecstasy. When the dancing was over, the musician struck up a lively tune, and the refrain of his song was—"The ass is gone! The ass is gone!" in which he was joined by the other Soofees. They kept it up till the morning, clapping with their hands and thumping with their feet to keep time to the music. The Soofee traveller was also infected with the wild mirth, and joined with all his heart in the chorus of "The ass is gone! The ass is gone!" When the excitement of the singing and dancing was over, it was morning, and the Soofees bade adieu to the traveller. The monastery became empty and the traveller alone remained. He dusted his baggage, and lugged it out of the room in order to have it packed on the back of his ass. He went to the stable to fetch his ass, but could not find the animal. Said he to himself—"The servant must have taken him to the drinking fount, for the animal had not had any water last night." Presently the servant appeared, and the traveller asked him where the ass was, to which the former replied with the exclamation—"Look at thy beard!"*

This led to a quarrel between them. The traveller said, "I gave the ass under thy charge, and now I claim back what I entrusted to thee; give me back my ass."

"I was overpowered by the Soofees who took the ass," said the servant, "and I was half dead with fear."

"Granted," said the traveller, "that the Soofees took the animal from you by force, thus bringing down misery upon poor me; but why didst thou not come to me to inform me that my ass was taken away?"

"I swear, I did come to inform you of the circumstance," replied the servant, "but you yourself were engaged in repeating, '*The ass is gone! The ass is gone!*'—with even greater zest than the others; and so I said to myself, 'He is aware of what has happened, and shows his acquiescence, being a godly man'; and so I turned back."

* A phrase implying—"How couldst thou, with such a long beard that thou hast, be so stupid as to speak in this way?"

"Alas!" said the traveller, "the others were repeating the expression with great enjoyment, and I too was led away by it to imitate them. Imitation has been my undoing! May there be a hundred curses on that imitation!"

—♦—

An old man and the physician.

گفت پیری مرطیبی را که من .: در زحیرم از دماغ خویشتن
گفت از پیریست آن ضعف دماغ .: گفت در چشم ز ظلمت است دماغ
گفت از پیریست ای شیخ قدیم .: گفت پشتم درد می آید عظیم
گفت از پیریست ای شیخ نزار .: گفت هرچه می خورم نبود گوار
گفت ضعف ماده هم ز پیری است .: گفت وقت دم مرا دم گیری است
گفت آری انقطاع دم بود .: چون رسد پیری دو صد علت شود
گفت پایم مست شد از ره باند .: گفت از پیریست در گنجت نشانده
گفت پشتم چون کمانی شد دو تا .: گفت از پیریست این رنج و عنا
گفت تاریکست چشم ای حکیم .: گفت کز پیریست ای مرد علیم
گفت ای احمق برین بردوختی .: از طبیبی تو همین آموختی
ای مدتمع عقلت این دانش نداد .: که خدا بود درد را درمان نهاد
تو خر احمق ز اندک مایگی .: بوزمین ماندی ز کوثر پایی
پس طبیبش گفت کای عمر تو شصت .: این غضب وین خشم هم از پیری است

An old man went to a physician when the following dialogue took place between them:—

Old man—I am in sore trouble owing to my brain.

Physician—The weakness of the brain is due to old age.

Old man—Dark spots float before my vision.

Physician—This, too, is due to old age, O thou venerable Sheikh.

Old man—My back aches very much.

Physician—This is the result of old age, O lean Sheikh.

Old man—No food that I take agrees with me.

Physician—The weakness of the digestive powers is also due to old age.

Old man—I am afflicted with hard breathing.

Physician—Yes, the breathing ought to be so affected. When old age comes, it brings in its train hundreds of diseases.

Old man—My legs are getting feebler, and I am unable to walk much.

Physician—It is nothing but old age that obliges you to sit in a corner.

Old man—My back has become bent like a bow.

Physician—This trouble is but the consequence of old age.

Old man—I cannot see distinctly, O sage physician.

Physician—Nothing but old age, O wise man.

Old man—O thou idiot, harpest thou on the same theme? Is this all that thou hast learnt of the art of healing? Fool! does not thy reason teach thee this wisdom, that God has assigned a remedy to every complaint? Thou art but a stupid ass, and with thy little stock of learning art still fumbling in the mire.

Physician—O thou who art past sixty! know thou that even this rage and fury is due to old age.

A Schoolmaster and his pupils.

کودکان در مکتبی از اوستاد	∴	رنج دیدند از ملال اجتهاد
مشورت کردند در تعویق کار	∴	تا معام در فتنه در اضطراب
چون نمی آید ورا رنجورئی	∴	کم بگیرد چند روز او دورئی
تا ریم از حبس و از تنگی کار	∴	بست او چون کوه خارا برقرار
آن یکی زیرکترین تدبیر کرد	∴	کم بگوید اوستا چونی تو زرد
خیر باشد رنگ تو بر جای نیست	∴	این اثر یا از هوا یا از تبیست
اندکی اندر خیال افتد ازین	∴	تو برادر هم مدد کن ایچنین
چون در آئی از در مکتب بگو	∴	خیر باشد اوستا احوال تو
آن خیالش اندکی افزون شود	∴	کز خیالی عاقلی مجنون شود
آن سوم آن چهارم آن پنجم چنین	∴	در پی ما غم نایند و حنین

- تا چو می کودک توانی این خبر .: متفق گویند یابد مستقر
- هر یکی گفتش که شایبش ای زکی .: باد بخت بر عنایت مکتی
- متفق گشتند در عهد وثیق .: که نه گرداند سخن را یک رفیق
- بعد از آن سوگند داد او جمله را .: تا که غمازی نگوید ماجرا
- روز گشت و آمدند آن کودکان .: بر همین فکر بکتاب شادمان
- جمله استادند بیروز منتظر .: تا در آید از در آن یار مقرب
- زانکه منبع او بدست این رای را .: سر امام آمد همیشه پای را
- او در آمد گفت استارا سلام .: خیر باشد رنگ رویت زرد فام
- گفت استا نیست رنجی مر مرا .: تو برو بنشین مگو یایه هلا
- این بگفت اما قهار و هم بد .: اندکی اندر دلش ناگاه زد
- اندر آمد دیگری گفت اینچنین .: اندکی آن و هم افزون شد برین
- همچنین تا و هم او قوت گرفت .: ماند اندر حال خود بس در شگفت
- خشمگین باز که مهر اوست مست .: من بدین حالم نپرسید او نخست
- خود مرا آگه نکرد از رنگ من .: قصد دارد تا ره از ننگ من
- آمد و در را بنفدی و کشاد .: کودکان اندر پی آن اوستاد
- گفت زن خیر است چون زود آمدی .: که مبادا ذات نیکت را بدی
- گفت کوری رنگ و حال من بدین .: از غم بیگانگان اندر حنین
- گفت زن ای خواهر عیبی نیست .: و هم وطن لا شی و بی معنیست
- گفت ای زن تو بخواری در لجاج .: می نیینی این تغییر و ارتجاج
- جامه خواب مرا رو گستران .: تا بخسیم که سر من شد گران
- جامه خواب افکند و استا افتاد .: آه آه و ناله از وی می بزد
- کودکان آنجا نشستند و نهان .: درس می خواندند با صد اندان
- کین مهر کردیم و ما زندانی ایم .: بد بنائی بود و ما بد بانی ایم
- همین دگر اندیشه باید نمود .: تا ازین محنت فرج یابیم زود
- گفت آن کوهی که ای قوم پسند .: درس خوانید و کنید آوا بلند
- چون همی خواندند گفت ای کودکان .: بانگ ما استاد را دارد زبان
- درد سر افزاید استارا زبانگ .: ارزد این که درد یابد بهر دانگ

گفت استاد راست مني گوید روید .: درد سرافزون شدم بیرون شوید
 پس بیرون چسبند سونی خانها .: بچه مرغان در هوای دانه
 مادران شان خشمگین گشتند و گفت .: روز کتاب و شما باله و جفت
 وقت تحصیل است اکنون و شما .: می گریزید از کتاب و اوستا
 عذر آوردند کای عذر تو ایست .: این گناه از ما و از تقصیر نیست
 از قضای آسمان استاد ما .: گشت رنجور و سقیم و مبتلا
 مادران گفتند مکر است و دروغ .: صد دروغ آرید بهر طمع دروغ
 ما صباح آئیم پیش اوستا .: تا ببینیم اصل این مکر شما
 کودکان گفتند بسم الله روید .: بر دروغ و صدق ما واقف شوید
 با صد اداان آمدند آن مادران .: خفته استا بچه بیمار گران
 هم عرق کرده ز بسیاری لحاف .: سر بسته رو کشیده در سجای
 آه آبی می کند آستر او .: جمله گان گشتند هم لاجول گو
 خیر باشد اوستا این درد سر .: جان تو مارا نبوده این خبر
 گفت من هم بیخبر بودم از آن .: آگه کردند این مادر غزان

In a school, the boys were tired of their teacher, as he was very strict in requiring them to be diligent. So they consulted together for the best means of getting rid of him for a time. Said they: "Why does he not fall ill, so that he may be obliged to be away from us, and we be released from confinement and from work? Alas! he stands firm as a rock!"

One of them who was wiser than the rest suggested this plan—

He said: "I shall go to the teacher, and ask him why he looks so pale, saying, 'May it turn out well! But your face has not its usual colour. Is it due to the weather, or to fever?' This will create some disquietitude in him. Then you, brother," he continued, turning to another boy, "should assist me by using similar words. When you come inside the school-room you should say to the teacher, 'I hope, Sir, you are well.' This will tend to increase his apprehensions, even though in a slight degree. But you know even slight doubts are often enough to make a wise man mad. Then a third, a fourth, and a fifth boy should one after another express his sympathy in similar words, till at last when thirty boys successively give expression to words of like nature, the teacher will have his apprehensions confirmed."

The boys praised him for his ingenuity, and wished him success, and they bound themselves by solemn promises not to shirk doing what was expected of them. Then the boy told them to take oaths for secrecy, lest any tell-tale should let the matter out.

Next morning the boys came to school with a cheerful appearance, having resolved on adopting the foregoing plan. They all stood outside the school-house, waiting for the arrival of the friend who had helped them at the time of need; for he it was who had originated the plan; it is the head that is the Imám of the legs. The boy arrived, entered the school room, and greeted the teacher with,—“I hope, Sir, you are well, but the colour of your face is very pale.”

“There is nothing the matter with me. Go, take your seat, and don’t talk nonsense,” said the teacher; but inwardly he was somewhat apprehensive.

Another boy came in, and in similar words greeted the teacher, whose misgivings were thereby somewhat increased. And so on, one boy after another greeted him, till his worst apprehensions seemed to be confirmed, and he was in great disquietitude regarding the state of his health. He got enraged at his wife—“Her love for me is waning. I am in this bad health, and she did not even ask me what was the matter with me. She did not draw my attention to the colour of my face; perhaps she is not unwilling that I should die.”

Full of such thoughts he came home, followed by the boys, and flung open the door. His wife said to him: “I hope nothing is the matter with you. Why have you returned so soon?”

“Art thou blind?” said he; “look at the colour of my face and at my condition; even strangers show sympathetic apprehensions for my health.”

“Well, I see nothing wrong,” replied the wife; “you must be labouring under some senseless delusion.”

“Woman!” said he, “thou art obstinate. Canst thou not see the altered hue of my face, and the shivering of my body? Go, get my bed made, that I may lie down, for my head is dizzy.”

The bed was prepared, and the teacher lay down on it, giving vent to sighs and groans. The boys were made to sit there and read the lessons, which they did with much vexation. They said to themselves: "We did so much, and still are we in confinement. The foundation was not properly laid, and we are bad architects. Some other plan ought now to be adopted speedily, to get rid of this annoyance."

The clever boy advised them to read their lessons very loudly, and when they did so, he said (loud enough for the teacher to hear): "Boys, your voices disturb the teacher. Loud voices will only increase his headache. Is it proper that he should be made to suffer pain for the sake of the trifling fees that he gets from us?"

The teacher said: "He is right. Boys, you can go. My headache *has* increased—clear out."

The boys scampered home, as eagerly as the birds fly towards where they see grain.

The mothers of the boys, on seeing them back, got angry, and said to them: "This is time for you to learn writing; and you are engaged in play? This is the time for acquiring knowledge, and you fly from your books and from your teacher?"

The boys urged that it was no fault of theirs, and that they were in no way to blame, for, by the decrees of fate, their teacher had become very ill.

The mothers said: "This is all deceit and falsehood. You would not scruple to tell a hundred lies to get a little quantity of butter-milk. To-morrow morning we shall go to your teacher and ascertain the truth of your assertions."

"Go! Godspeed you!" said the boys; "and find out what truth or falsehood there is in what we said."

In the morning the mothers came to the teacher, who was lying in bed like a very ill person. He had perspired freely owing to his having covered himself with blankets. His head was bandaged and his face covered with a kerchief; and he was groaning in a feeble voice. The ladies expressed their sympathy, hoped his headache was getting less, and swore by his soul that they were not aware till very lately that he was so ill.

"I too," said the teacher, "was unaware of my illness. It was through those little bastards* that I learnt of it."

"Please, mum, it was the Cat !

بود مردی کدخدا اورا زنی	..	سخت طنز و پلید و رهنی
هرچه آوردی تلف کردیش زن	..	مرد مضطرب بود اندر تن زدن
بهر مهمان گوشت آورد آن معیل	..	سوی خانه باد و صد جه طویل
زن بخوردش با شراب و با کیاب	..	مرد آمد گفت دفع ناصواب
مرد گفتش گوشت کو مهمان رسید	..	پیش مهمان لوت می باید کشید
گفت زن خود گریه خورد آن گوشت را	..	گوشت دیگر خر گرت باید پلا
گفت ای ایبک ترازو را بیار	..	تا کر گریه بر کشم گیرم عیار
بر کشیدش بود گریه نیم من	..	پس بگفت آن مرد کای محضاله زن
گوشت نیم من بود افزون بود سیر	..	هست گریه نیم من هم ای ستیر
این اگر گریه است پس آن گوشت کو	..	ور بود این گوشت بنما گریه تو

A man had a wife who was of a very quarrelsome disposition, of vicious habits, and of thieving propensities. Whatever the man brought to the house the wife dissipated; and for the poor fellow the matter was past endurance.

One day this married man, after much trouble, procured some quantity of meat for an expected guest, and brought it home. The wife roasted it and ate it all, taking wine along with it. When the man returned she was ready with a lame sort of excuse.

He said : "The guest is come ; where is the meat ? We should spread a good repast for our guest."

She replied : "The cat has devoured the meat ; if you like you may go and purchase another quantity."

*The poet here abruptly concludes his story, and it is not known how the ladies behaved in this awkward situation, and how the teacher got well. I am informed by my friend, Mr. Jeewanji Jamshedji Mody, that a similar trick was, years ago, played upon one of the professors of the Grant Medical College by some of the students. Belief in his illness made the professor really ill, and he was subsequently cured by the students going one by one to his rooms, and congratulating him on his looking better.

"O my idol!" said the man, "go bring me a pair of scales that I may weigh the cat and ascertain the truth."

When the cat was weighed she was found to be about half a *mun*. So he said turning to his wife: "O thou artful woman! The meat weighed about a seer more than half a *mun*,* while this cat also weighs half a *mun*. Well then, if this creature is the cat, where is the meat? and if this is the meat, where is the cat?"

The story of a game of chess.

شاه با دلک همی شطرنج باخت	..	مات کردش زود و خشم شه بقاوت
گفت شه کن وان شه کبر آورش	..	یک یک از شطرنج می زد بر سرش
که بگیر اینک شهن ای قلقلان	..	صبر کرد آن دلک و گفت الامان
دست دیگر باختن فرمود میر	..	او چنان لوزان که عور از زهریر
باخت دست دیگر شه مات شد	..	رفت شه شه گفغن و شهنات شد
برجهید آن دلک و در کنج رفت	..	شش نهد بر خود فکند از بیم تفت
زیر بالشها و زیر شش نهد	..	خفت پنهان تا ز خشم شه رهد
گفت شه بی بی چه کردی چیست این		گفت شه شه شه کن ای شاه گزین
کی توان حق گفت جز زیر لهای		با نواي م آور آتش شگای
ای تو مات و من ز زخم شاه مات		می زنم شه شه ز زیر رختها

Once a Shah played chess with Dilkak, who gave him checkmate. This made the Shah very angry; so when Dilkak, giving the final *check*, said: "Remedy this *check*," the haughty Shah flung at him the chessmen, saying: "Take that for your *check*, you rascal!" Dilkak bore this patiently and asked to be forgiven. The Shah then desired that another game should be played, but the poor Dilkak was trembling all over like a naked man exposed to the wintry wind.

However, the second game was played, and the defeat of the Shah seemed to be inevitable. It was time to say '*check*' and '*checkmate*,' when up jumped Dilkak, and, running into a corner, covered himself with six blankets, from fear of the anger of the Shah, and he lay there enwrapped in them.

* The *mun* of Shiraz weighs about 7½ lbs. and of Isphahan about 13 lbs.

"What is this?" asked the Shah in amazement.

"*Check! check! Remedy the check, O noble Shah!*" said Dilkak; "How can I tell the truth, except from underneath the blankets, to thee who art of a fiery disposition? It is thou who art checkmated, but as the *blow* of the checkmate falls on *me*, I am obliged to announce the check from underneath the bed-coverings!"

A thief and his victim.

آن یکی قچ داشت از پس می کشید .:	دزد قچ را برد و حبل او برید
چون که آگه شد در آن شد چپ و راست .:	تا بباد آن قچ برده کجاست
بر سر چاهی بدید آن دزد را .:	در فغان و گریه و واویلغا
گفت نالان از چه ای اوستاد .:	گفت همیان زرم در چه فناد
گرتوانی در روی بیرون کشی .:	خمس بدم مر ترا با دلخوشی
بست در همیان من پانصد درم .:	گر کنی بامن چنین لطف و کرم
صد درم بدم ترا حالی بدست .:	گفت با خود کین بهای ده قچ است
گردری بر بسته شد صد در کشاد .:	گر قچی شد در عوض اشتر بداد
جامه ها بر کند و اندر چاه رفت .:	جامه ها را هم ببرد آن دزد نفت

A person who possessed a ram was one day going along the road, leading the ram with a string. A thief came from behind, cut the string, and led away the animal.

When the owner became aware of his loss, he began to run right and left in search of his property. Near a well he saw a person (the same thief) who seemed to be crying and lamenting; whereupon he asked him the cause of this lamentation.

"My purse has fallen into the well:" said the thief; "if you can go in, and bring it out, I will give you a fifth of its contents right willingly. My purse contains 500 direms, and if you do me the favour I ask of you, I shall immediately pay you from it one hundred direms."

The man said to himself: "This is the value of ten rams. If one door has closed on me, a hundred have opened; if I lost a ram, I get in return the equivalent of a camel." Accordingly he

stripped himself of his garments and descended into the well. And—the artful thief carried away the garments also!

The Musician and the Turk.

مطرب آغازید نزد توی مست . . در حجاب لغم اسوار است
 من ندانم که تو ماهی یا وثن . . من ندانم که چه می خوابی زمن
 من ندانم تا چه خدمت آرمت . . تن زنم یا در عبارت آرمت
 ای عجب گریستی از من جدا . . من ندانم من کچایم تو کجا
 همچین لب در ندانم باز کرد . . من ندانم من ندانم ساز کرد
 چون ز حد شد من ندانم از شگفت . . ترک ما را این حرارت دل گرفت
 بر چیده آن ترک و دبتوسی کشید . . تا علیها بر سر مطرب رسید
 گوز را بگرفت سرهنگی بدست . . گفت نی مطوب کشی ایندم بداست
 گفت این تکرار بی حد و مرش . . کوفت طبعم را بگویم بر سرش
 قلتبانا می ندانی که مخور . . زانچه می دانی بگو مقصود بو
 آن بگوای کیچ که می دانیش . . من ندانم من ندانم در مکش
 چون بگویم از کجائی بی مری . . تو بگوئی نی ز بلخم نزهری
 نی زروم و نی ز بند و نی ز چین . . نی ز شام و نی عواق و باردین
 نی ز بغداد و نه موصل نی طراز . . در کشی درنتی و نی راه دراز
 خود بگو تا از کجائی باز ره . . هست تنقیح مناط این جایگه
 یا بپوسم که چه خوردی تا شتاب . . تو بگوئی نی شراب و نی کیاب
 نی بقول زنی پذیر و نی بصل . . نی ز شیرونی ز شکونی عسل
 نی قدید و نی تریده و نی عدس . . آنچه خوردی آن بگو تنها و بس

A musician commenced singing of divine mysteries, in the presence of a Turk who was rather flushed with wine:—"I do not know whether thou art a moon or an idol; I do not know what thou requirest of me; I do not know how I should serve thee—whether I should be silent or whether I should speak of thee. It is a wonder to me that though thou art not separate from me, I do not know where thou art and where I am."

In this way he opened his lips for saying "I do not know;" and "I do not know, I do not know" was the burden of his song. When

this grew to a wearisome length, our Turk lost his temper, and seizing a club made a rush at the musician. An officer who was present, caught hold of the club, and said: "Hold! it is a bad deed killing a musician." The Turk said: "He has been hammering at my brains with his endless repetition of the same phrase, and I want to knock him on the head in return."

Then turning to the musician he said: "O thou rascal! if thou knowest not a thing, don't be bothering us about it; tell us what thou *dost* know, and have done with it. Don't prate to us of 'I do not know, I do not know.' When I ask thee: 'To what country dost thou belong?' Wilt thou say, 'I am not from Balkh, nor from Herat, nor from Roum, nor from India, nor from China, nor from Syria, nor from Iraq, nor from Bárdein, nor from Baghdad, nor from Moosul, nor from Turáz? Wilt thou traverse such a long distance of 'nor this and nor that?' Just say whence thou art, and have done with it; here thou hast to express briefly what thou wantest to say. Or suppose, I ask thee to tell me quickly, what thou hast had for dinner. Wilt thou reply—'Neither wine, nor roast meat, nor vegetables, nor cheese, nor onions, nor milk, nor sugar, nor honey, nor dried flesh, nor gruel, nor lentils?' Just say what thou hast eaten, and that is enough."



The Camel, the Bullock, and the Ram.

اشتر و گاو و قچي در پيش راه	۰۰	یافتند اندر روش بند گیاه
گفت قچ قسم ار کنیم آن را یقین	۰۰	هیچ یک از ما نگرود سیرازین
لیک عمر هر که باشد بدشتر	۰۰	این علف اوراست اولی گو بخور
هر یکی تاریخ عمر املا کنید	۰۰	پدر تو اولی ست باقی زن زنید
گفت قچ عمر من اندر آن عهد	۰۰	باقی قربان اسماعیل بود
گاو گفتا بوده ام من سالخورده	۰۰	جفت آن گاوی کش آدم جفت کرد
چون شنید از گاو و قچ اشتر شگفت	۰۰	سرفروید آورد و آن را بر گرفت
بر هوا برداشت آن بند قصیل	۰۰	اشتر بختی سبک بی قال و قیل
که مرا خود حاجت تاریخ نیست	۰۰	کین چندین جسمی و عالی گردهی ست
خود هم کس داند ای جان پدر	۰۰	که نباشم از شما من خورد تو

A camel, an ox, and a ram, while going together, found in the road a truss of hay. The ram said: "If we divide this amongst us the share of each will hardly be sufficient to satisfy our hunger. Therefore, let him who is more aged than the others, devour this fodder alone, for he deserves it. Let everyone mention the date of his birth, and let preference be given to the oldest, while the rest should be resigned."

On noticing their approval the ram continued: "I was a contemporary of the ram who was sacrificed by Abraham in lieu of his son Ishmail."

The ox said: "I am much older, for I was a companion of the ox whom Adam employed in ploughing."

The camel, on hearing these words from the ram and the ox, was lost in astonishment. He, however, without losing any time on words, lowered his head, and picked up the truss of hay, and held it high up in the air. Then said he: "I do not think it is necessary for me, who have such a big body and such a long neck, to mention my age; for everyone knows that I, with this body, cannot be younger than you."



The Jew, the Christian, and the Mahomedan.

آن جهود و مومن و توسا مگر . . . هرهي کردند باهم در سفر
 چون رسیدند این سه همره منزلي . . . بدید شان آورد حلوا مقبای
 نخمه بودند آن دو بیگانه ز خور . . . بود صائم روز آن مومن مگر
 چون نماز شام آن حلوا رسید . . . بود مومن مانده در جوع شدید
 آن دو کس گفتند ما از خور پریم . . . امشبان بنهیم و فردا می خوریم
 صبر گیریم از خود امشب تن زنیم . . . بهر فردا لوت را پنهان کنیم
 گفت مومن امشب این خورده شود . . . صبر را بنهیم تا فردا شود
 پس بهر گفتند ازین حکمت گوی . . . قصد تو اینست تا تنها خوری
 گفت ای یاران که نه ما سه تنیم . . . چون خلاف افتاد قسمت می کنیم
 هر که خواهد قسم خود بر جان زند . . . و آنکه خواهد قسم خود پنهان کند
 آن دو گفتندش ز قسمت در گذر . . . ز آنکه قسمت نیک ناید در نظر

قصدهاں آن کان مسلمان غم خورد .: شب بر او در بی نوائی بگذرد
 بود مغلوب او بتسلیم و رضا .: گفت سمعاً طاعماً اصحابنا
 پس بختند آن شب و برخاستند .: بامدادان خویش را آراستند
 آن یکی گفتا که هر یک خواب خویش .: آنچه دید او دوش گو آرد بپیش
 هر که خوابش به بود حلوا خورد .: قسم هر مفضل را فاضل برد
 پس جهود آورد آنچه دیده بود .: تا کجا شب روح او گردیده بود
 گفت در ره موسیم آمده بپیش .: گری بیدند دنیه اندر خواب خویش
 در پی موسی شدم تا کوه طور .: هر سه تن گشتیم ناپیدا ز نور
 باز املاکی همی دیدم شگرف .: صورت ایشان بود از اجرام برف
 خاقان دیگر ملائک مستعین .: صورت ایشان همه بود آتشین
 بعد ازان ترسا در آمد در کلام .: که مسیح رو نمود اندر منام
 پس شدم با او بچارم آسمان .: مرکز و مشوای خورشید جهان
 پس مسلمان گفت ای یاران من .: پدشم آمده مصطفی سلطان من
 پس مرا گفت آن یکی بطور نا .: با کلیم حق و نرد عشق باخت
 وان دگر را عیسی صاحب قران .: برد براوج چهارم آسمان
 خیز ای پس مانده دیده ضرر .: باری این حلوای یغنی را بخور
 من بفرمان چنان شاه جهان .: خوردم آندم کاسه حلوا و نان
 پس بگفتندش که ای ابله حریص .: ای عجب خوردی ز حلوا و خبیص
 گفت چون فرمود آن شاه مطاع .: من که باشم که کنم زان امتناع
 تو جهود از امر موسی سرکشی .: گر بخواند در خوشی یا ناخوشی
 تو مسیحی هیچ از امر مسیح .: سر توانی نافت از خوب و قبیح
 من ز فخر انبیا چون سر کشم .: خوردم آن حلوا و ایندم سرخشم
 پس بگفتندش که والله خواب راسه .: تو بدیدی وین به از صد خواب ماست

A Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian were companions in a journey. When the three reached a halting stage, some one brought them a dish of 'Halwá' as a present. The Mahomedan was hungry, owing to his having kept a fast, but the other two were with full stomachs.

It was time for evening prayer when the 'Halwá' arrived, and the Mahomedan was ravenously hungry. The other two said:

"We have no appetite to-day, let us lay by this dish for to-morrow. To-night we should have patience, and to-morrow we may eat this food." The Mahomedan said: "Let us rather eat the food to-day, reserving patience for to-morrow." Then they artfully questioned him: "Is it thy intention to eat this food all alone?" He replied: "Friends, are we not *three* men? Since we cannot agree, let us make a division of the food, and let every one according to his wish either consume his share or lay it by." "Oh! you should give up that notion," said they; "it would not be quite proper and decent to make a division."

Their intention was evidently to make the Mahomedan have a wretched time of it, and to have him pass the night on an empty stomach. He could not help but be resigned, so he said: "Hearing is obeying, O my masters!"

Well, they slept for the night; and when they awoke in the morning they began to make their toilets. One of them said: "Let each of us relate his dream of the previous night; and whosoever had the best dream should eat the 'Halwá'; the worthier man should take the shares of the less worthy."

Then the Jew began to relate how his soul had roamed about at night. Said he: "I met Moses on the road"—the wolf sees the sheep in his dreams—"and I followed him, and reached the Mount Horeb, and we were all immersed in a flood of light. Again, I saw some wonderful angels who seemed to have their bodies made of snow. There was another group of assistant angels who seemed made all of fire."

The Christian then began to speak, saying: "Messiah appeared to me in my dream, and I went with him to the fourth Heaven, where-in is the orbit and career of the Sun."

The Mussulman then said: "Friends! To me, in my dream, appeared Mustafá, the lord of my soul, and he said to me: 'One of your companions has gone to Mount Horeb with him who talked with God (*i. e.*, Moses), and is deeply engaged in the game of Divine love; while the other has been carried to the fourth Heaven by Jesus, the lord of fortunate conjunction. O you who have been left behind, and have seen affliction, get up and eat the Halwá that

is kept for future use.' Well, I, in obedience to the order of this Prince of the world, did justice to the dish of *Halwá and Nán!*"

The others exclaimed: "O you avaricious blockhead! Have you eaten up all the *Halwá* made of dates and butter?"

He replied: "When I was ordered so to do by the Prince whose command is binding on all, who am I that I should disobey? You, Jew, will you disobey the order of Moses whether it be agreeable to your wishes or not? And you, Christian, will you disregard the commands of Messiah whether they appear to you good or bad? How could I then be slow to obey the best of prophets? I ate the *Halwá*, and at this moment, I am happy!"

Then they said to him: "We swear, it was you who saw the right dream—a dream that was a hundred times better than the dreams seen by us."

Quite a Logical Conclusion!

(*مثنوی نعمت خان عالی*)

نیم شب شخصی ز بس فریاد کرد	.. خفتن را از قید خواب آزاد کرد
فلغای انگلیت همچون نفخ صور	.. خفتگان جستند از نزدیک و دور
بانگ می زد بای دزد و بای دزد	.. خانه ام را پای رفت ایندم بمزد
می رود امشب دریغ مال و جان	.. وقت غم خوار است ای همسایگان
زود تر آئید تا نگریزد او	.. دیو اگر آئید خونم ریزد او
آمدند آنجا هر در دست شمع	.. گود او پروانه سان گشتند جمع
هر یکی در جستجوی یک سو دوید	.. هیچ کس دزدی در آن خانه ندید
زو بپرسیدند دیدی گفت نه	.. یا صدای او شنیدی گفت نه
باز گفتندش که خوابی دیدی	.. از کجا دزد آمدن فهمیدی
گفت از مردم شنیدم بارها	.. این که دزدی چون در آید در سرا
پوشد از راه دغا کفش نم	.. تا مباد آواز پا جایی رسد
من چو دیدم نیست هیچ آواز پا	.. شد یقین که دزد آمد در سرا
گرنه او کفش نم پوشیده است	.. پس چرا گوشم صدا نشنیده است

One midnight a person with his loud cries awoke the sleeping neighbours. He continued his vociferations in tones loud as those of a trumpet, and those who were sleeping, far and near, jumped out

from their beds. He was crying out: "Thief! thief! He is stripping my house of everything! O neighbours! come and help me: my life and my property are in danger! Come soon that he may not escape! If you come late, he will murder me!" The neighbours came there with lights in their hands, and collected round him as moths round a candle. They searched in every nook and corner of the house for the thief, but not the slightest trace could they find of him. They then asked him: "Have you seen the thief yourself?" "No," said he. "Then, have you heard any noise made by the thief?" "No." "Well, then, did you *dream* of a thief? What else could have put that idea into your head?" "I have often heard it said," replied he, "that when a thief enters a house, he is cunning enough to put on shoes of felt, so that his footsteps may make no noise. As I did not hear any sound of footsteps, I was convinced that there was a thief in the house, for how could the silence be otherwise explained than by the thief having put on felt shoes?"



PLAY ON WORDS AND MACARONIC VERSES.

صَف كَشِيدَة هَر دُو مَرُگان بَهر جَنگ اسْتادَة اند .
 صالِح خَواهد شد کَم مَرَدَم دَر مِیان اِفْتادَة اند .

The eyelashes are like two armies opposed in battle array, but they will not fight *since the pupils are between them* [or—*since men have intervened as peace-makers*].

مَن بَنگ نَمی خَورم مَی آرید . مَن چَنگ نَمی زَنم نَی آرید
 (اکبر بادشاه)

I do not take 'Bháng'; *bring wine*. I do not play on the harp; *bring a flute*. [The underlined Persian words when written in a connected form میارید and نیارید also mean 'do not bring it'].

بِی تُو چَوَن دَر گَریَم خَوابِم مَی بُرد . خَواب مَی بَینَم کَم آبِم مَی بُرد

When sleep overtakes me while I am weeping for your absence, I see a dream that I am carried off by a stream (of tears) [or—I see that sleep is the cause of my disgrace].

اَن شَاه کَم خَویش را بَلا کَو مَی گَفت . وَ ز ناز سَخَن بَچَشم وا بَرو مَی گَفت
 بَر کَنگَرُو سَرای او فَاخَنر . دَیدَم کَم نَاشِستَم بُود کَو کَو مَی گَفت

On the battlements of the castle of the king, who called himself Halákoo, and the slightest gesture from whose eyes and eyebrows was law, I saw a ring-dove sitting, *who was uttering its cry of 'coo-coo'* [or—*was saying 'Where is he? Where is he?'*].

بَیچ کَس بِمَت نَدارد بَچَو سَوزَن دَر جَهان .
 با وَجود تَنگ چَشمی پُردَة پُوش عَالَم اسَت .

No one in the world possesses the magnanimity of the needle, who in spite of its narrow-mindedness, draws a veil over the faults of mankind [or—who in spite of its having a small 'eye,' makes curtains for mankind].

سعدی درین دیار تو مرد مسافری .: با کس سخن مگوی که گجراتیان زنند

Saadi! thou art a stranger in this country; speak not to any one, for the Gujrateses will strike you [or—do not inform any one of the Gujrateses being effeminate].

سعدی توجوهری و سخنان تو گوهر اند .: ارزان ازان فروش که گجراتیان خرند

Saadi! you are a jeweller, and your words are pearls, but you will have to sell them cheaply in order that the Gujrateses may buy them [or—sell them cheaply for the Gujrateses are asses].

A horse-dealer once wrote to Asad-allah Khan:—

اسمم خریده اند و بمن باز می دهند .: ای خواجه دردیار شما اینچنین خرند

A horse has been purchased from me, and now it is returned to me. O Khwajeh, is this the system of purchase in your country? [or—are there such asses to be met with in your country?]

The following was the reply sent:—

مایان نخویم و نی فروشیم .: آنها که خرند می فروشند

We ourselves neither buy nor sell. Those who buy, do it for the sake of selling again [or—They are asses who sell].

آندم که بروج پاک آدم بیدن .: شد حکم در آنی شد از ترس بتن
خوانند ملائکه بلعن داود .: درتن درتن در آنی درتن درتن

(امیر خسرو)

When the holy soul of Adam was ordered to enter the body, it would not enter, being afraid. The angels then, in sweet tones like

those of David, began to sing—"Into the body, into the body, come thou, come thou, into the body, into the body."

[The Persian words in the last verse are an imitation of the sound of the musical instrument 'Sitár.' در آ is the rapid forward and backward stroke, and در تن is the sound of two consecutive strokes in one direction, but on different wires].

روز و شب خواهم زمین ز کردگار . تا صرت باشد همیشه تاجدار

Day and night I ask this boon from God that your head may ever remain crowned. [If the last word تاجدار be read separately, thus—تاج دار—the meaning is quite altered—"Day and night I ask of God that your head may crown the gallows."]

مادرت را هزار بوسه ز دیم . بدرت کس نبود الا من

We kissed your door (*i. e.*, threshold) a thousand times. There was no one at your door except myself [or—"We kissed your mother a thousand times. None but myself is your father"].

The poet 'Ákel Khán once said to the poetess Zeb-un-nisa, 'منبوسه بیسن خواهم, 'I want patties made of gram-flour.' Her reply was 'از مطبخ ما در طلب, 'Go, get it from our kitchen.'

Now both the request and the reply have a deeper secondary meaning. منبوسه بیسن is the word منبوسه without the prefix من *i. e.*, بوسه or kiss, which was what the poet really wanted. And Zeb-un-nisa's reply (taking the words ما and در as forming one word) also means—"Go, get it from the kitchen wenches of thy mother," a reply that served him right for his impudent request.

زبان آن پسر ترکی و من ترکی نمی دانم

چه خوش بودی اگر بودی زبانش در دهان من

(امیر خسرو)

The boy speaks in Turkish, while I unfortunately do not know that language. How pleasant it would be if I could speak his language [or—"if his tongue were in my mouth"].

با آنکه در ره عشق در منزل نهستم .: چندان گریسم خون کز دیده دمت بشستم
(بهاگی)

Although I am but a tyro in love matters, I have wept so much that *I can wash my hands with the tears* [or— 'I have wept so much that *I have hopelessly lost my eyes*'].

زلف چون جیم است و قامت چون الف ابرو چو نون .:
عاشقان از بهر این معنی ترا جان گفته اند .:

Your ringlets are crooked like the letter 'jeem,' your stature is straight like the letter 'alif,' and your eyebrows are bent like the letter 'noon.' It is for this reason that your lovers call you their life. [The Persian word 'ján'—'life' is composed of the three letters abovementioned.]

کنج حاصل تو کی کنی ای دل .: تا تو در رنج بچو نون نشوی

My heart! How wilt thou acquire wealth, *so long as thou art not bowed down by labour like the letter 'noon'* [or— 'if you are not constantly in the midst of labour, as the letter 'noon' is in the word رنج, i.e., labour'].

آن دهن و زلف و قد مستقیم .: هست بگویم الف و لام و میم

Her straight stature, her ringlets, and her mouth, resemble the letters 'alif,' 'lām' and 'meem.' [These are favourite comparisons with Persian poets, but here they are placed in such order that the letters form the word الم, i.e., 'sorrow' (consequent on unrequited love.)]

کنون از هستی من بیش ازین دو نشان نماند .:
دلی چو چشمه میم و قدی چو حلقه نون .:
(ظهیر فارابی)

Nothing is left of me now, as a sign of my existence, except these two things—a heart small like the round point of the letter 'meem,' and a body bent down like the curve of the letter 'noon.' [The letters م and ن form the word من, i. e., 'I'].

زبان گر جاي خود مانند زبان است . و گر يك نقطه زياده شد زبان است

As long as the tongue is in its proper place, it is a tongue, but if it is extended even a point further (i. e., if it indulges in too much talk) it is a harmful thing [or—'if a single point is added to the Persian word *zabân* (i. e., tongue) it becomes *ziyân* (i. e., harm)].

اقبال را بقا نبود دل در او میند
عمري که بوغرور گذاري بها بود
ور نیست باورث ز من این نکلده شریف . اقبال را چو قلب کنی لا بقا بود
(امیر خسرو)

Fortune has no permanency; do not be in love with it. The life that you live in pride of wealth is so much life wasted. If you do not believe what I have said, just read the word اقبال (i. e., fortune) backwards, and it becomes لا بقا (i. e., having no permanency).

هر که ناقص فتنه باصل و سرشت . بتقالید دهر کس بقدر
سگ مگس را اگر کنی مقاوب قلب او غیر سگ مگس شود

Whoever, by nature and origin, is of a mean disposition, cannot by any revolution of time become a worthy man. In whatsoever way you transform a dog-fly, it is a dog-fly all the same. [The word سگ مگس (dog-fly) if read *backwards* is still the same سگ مگس.]

PARADOXES.

I.

خورده همان به که به تنها خوري . و اي بر آن خورده که تنها خوري

That food is the best that is eaten in privacy. *Accursed be your food if you eat it in privacy* [or—'accursed be your food if it consists of human bodies'].

II.

دلا زاري مکن باري بکن دلازاری . دلا زاري نکو نبود نکو باشد دلا زاري

Don't indulge in oppression; indulge in oppression once a while; oppression is not good; oppression is good. [The second and the correct meaning is 'don't indulge in oppression, but, Oh my heart! weep thou once. Oppression is not good, but, O my heart! weeping is good.']

III.

قاضی بباغ رفت و روزه دار بود . شہ نوت خورد و روزگ قاضی بماند

A Kázi who had observed a fast, went to a garden, and ate mulberries; but the fast of the Kázi was not broken. [The play here is on the Persian word for mulberries, which is نوت as well as شہ نوت. So the first part of the second verse also means. 'The *king* ate mulberries,' and of course the fast of the Kázi was not broken.]

In the following three couplets, the first and the second verses read exactly the same, but have different meanings.

I.

من نیازم ار تو نازاری . من نیازم ار تو نازاری

I will not harm you if you do not harm me; I will humble myself if you put forth your blandishments.

II.

کہ بر احوال زار من نگرست . کہ بر احوال زار من نگرست

(مہمی)

Who was he that did not weep for my miserable condition, on seeing the wretched plight I am in ?

III.

آن دگر شیر است کادم می خورد . وان دگر شیر است کادم می خورد

That is another kind of شیر that eats mankind, and that is another kind of شیر that mankind eat.

[شیر in the first verse means a 'lion' and in the second verse 'milk.']

The following verses have two meanings, the opposite of each other, depending upon the way in which the verses are read, and the cæsura is placed.

I.

شخصی بمسجد آمد و گفتا خدا دویت . لعنت بر آن کسی کہ بگوید خدا یکیت

(1) A person came into a mosque and said: "There are two gods. Cursed be he who says there is only one God."

(2) A person came into a mosque and asked: "Are there two gods? Cursed be he who says so! There is only one God."

II.

از درِ شاه نجف رو مگردان مائب . که هر که دور است ازین در بخدا نزدیک است

O Sáyeb! do not turn thy face from the shrine of him who is buried at Najaf (i.e., Ali). He who is further from this door is nearer to God.

[The second verse also means—'He who is further from God, can, through this door, get nearer to Him.']

The grammatical construction in the following two specimens is such that each verse has two meanings quite the opposite of each other.

I.

ای خواجه ضیا شود ز روی تو ظلم . با طاعت تو سور نماید ماتم

(1) O Khwajeh! thy face can turn darkness into light; and on thy appearance sorrow can be transformed into joyfulness.

(2) O Khwajeh! thy face can turn light into darkness, and a look at thy countenance turns joy into lamentation.

II.

موجود باقبال تو معدوم شود . وز سایه مهر تو هما بوم شود
آباد ز کردار تو گردد ویران . مسرور ز دیدار تو مغموم شود

(1) Your luck turns existence into non-existence; wherever your friendship casts its shadow, even the 'Homā' (the bird of good omen), is changed into an owl of ill omen; your deeds bring desolation to where there was prosperity; and on seeing you, a joyful man becomes mournful.

(2) Your good fortune brings non-existent things into existence; and under the shadow of your friendship, even an owl can be metamorphosed into a 'homa.' Your deeds make desolate places prosperous; and your face brings joy to a sorrowing man.



In the following couplet the word *که* occurs frequently with different meanings:—

در آن در که که که و که که آمد که
 مشو ایمن اگر هستی ز قهر و لطف او که

[The first verse will be more clearly understood by placing the vowel points and separating the letters, thus:—

در آن در که که که و که که آمد که

In that royal Court where oftentimes a mere straw has the importance of a mountain, and at other times even a mountain is held to be insignificant, do not feel thyself secure if thou knowest well the effects of the anger and of the clemency of the king.

حجّام پسری بخوبی ورعنائی . در آئینه چو رخ نمود بزیبائی
 گفت صنما در برت آیم شایم . فریاد بر آورد که نائی نائی

A barber's son possessed of a graceful person, while showing to a damsel her face in the mirror, said, "My beloved! it is fitting that I should come to thy arms." She exclaimed: "*Don't come! Don't come!*"

[The underlined Persian words if read as Hindustani mean—
 "*Thou art but a barber! thou art but a barber!*"

شوخی هندویہ بین کودین بہرہ از خاص و عام .
 رام من ہرگز نشد ہر چند گفتم رام رام .

See how roguish is that Hindu girl who makes men forget their religion! She does not become the least fond of me how much soever I greet her with the salutation '*Rām Rām*' [or—I say to her '*Be thou my pet! Be thou my pet!*']

رفتم بنماشای کنارِ جوئی . دیدم بلب آب زنِ ہندوئی
 گفتم صنما بہای زلفت چہ بود . فریاد پر آورد دردِ موئی
 (امیر خسرو)

While I was taking an excursion along the banks of a river I saw there a Hindu woman sitting. I said to her: "Sweet-heart!

"What is the price of thy ringlets?" She cried out : "*Every hair a pearl's worth !*"

[The underlined Persian words if taken as Hindustani, mean "Away ! away ! you villain !"]

پنبہ دہنا چہ خوب روئی . وی چہ ذقنا کدام کوئی
از ہر طرفی ترا بجستم . سوزن پلکا کدام سوئی

O thou with lips soft like cotton-wool, how beautiful thou art !
O thou with the chin-pit like a well, in what street dost thou dwell ?
I have been seeking thee in every direction. O thou with needle-like eyelashes ! In what direction art thou ?

[The peculiarity of the above verses is that the underlined words روئی , کوئی , پنبہ , سوزن and چہ occurring in the respective lines.]

The following verse reads backwards and forwards the same :—

ز نطنز آمد رختِ خردِ ما ز نطنز . ز نطنز ز نطنز ز نطنز

I was born and bred in Natanz. I am from Natauz; I am from Natanz.

از شوق قدش استاده در راه الف . بہر ذقنش فکادہ در چاہ الف
ماہ رخ دوست گر بینی بینی . بینی بر رخس چنان کہ در ماہ الف

From love of her *thousands are waiting on the roadway*, and for the sake of her chin *thousands have fallen into pits*. If you look at the pretty face of the beloved, you will see a nose on the face, like the letter 'a' (*alif*) on the surface of the moon [or—From love of her stature, the letter 'alif' (which is itself a symbol of straight stature) is standing still in the midst of the road (for, 'a' is just in the middle of the word *راہ*) And for the sake of her chin the letter 'a' has fallen into a well (for 'a' is exactly in the midst of *چاہ*). If you look at the pretty face of the beloved you will see a nose on the face, like the letter 'a' in the midst of the word *ماہ*.]

همی گشت در شهر شخصی و جرجان که قاضی شود صدر راضی نمی شد
 برشوت خری داد تا گشت قاضی . اگر خرنمی بود قاضی نمی شد
 (میر عبدالاسحق استرابادی)

A person came from Jurján to our city, and went about trying to become a Kázi, but the minister was not willing to make him one. So he gave to the minister an ass, as a bribe, and thus got the post. *Had there not been an ass, he would not have become a Kázi* [or,—‘had he not been an ass, he would not have become a Kazi.’]



In the following specimens there is no double meaning involved in the play on words; the punning is similar to that in these lines of Theodore Hook:—

Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed,
 Although from *boar* prepared,
 Nor can the *fowl* on which you feed
Fowl-feeding be declared.

The *dyer* who by *dyeing* lives
 A *dire* life maintains;
 The glazier, it is known, receives
 His profits for his *pains*.

Translation will be of no use in such cases, and I have omitted it.

تا رها کودی ازان زلفین مشکین نارها .
 پارها کودی دلم اما نکردم پا رها .
 مارهای زلف تو مارا چو ماران می گزند .
 ما رها کی می شویم از دست چندین مارها .

آن ما برخان که اصل شان از چگل¹ است . آیا که سرشت پای شان از چر گل² است
 دلرا ببرند و قصد جان نیز کنند . این است بلا دگر زیشان چر گل³ است
 (شیخ نجم الدین کبری)

[1. Name of a place. 2. What clay? 3. What complaint?]

ای دلبر میسلی نفس ترسائی .: خواهم که پیش من تو بی ترس آئی
 که چشم ترم بر آستین خشک کنی .: که بر لب خشک من لب ترسائی
 (مسیحی)

دردیست اجل که نیست درمان اورا .: بر شاه و وزیر است فرمان اورا
 شاهی که بحکم دوش کرمان می خورد .: امروز همی خورند کرمان اورا
 (کمال الدین اسمعیل)

On the appearance of down on the cheek.

لشکر مور است بررو می دود .: لشکر زنگ است بررو می دود

بعید شاد هم خلق و من بعید زیار .: چون بعید زیارم مرا بعید چه کار

بعید شاد ازان نیستم که یار بعید .: مبادا هیچ کس زیار خود بعید بعید

چو شمع جمالت چرا غم بود .: مرا در دو عالم چرا غم بود

به زرد زمهر است و من زمهرم زرد .: او زمه و مهر و من زمهرمه خویش

[1. Sun. 2. Love.]

لب لعل تو یا قوت است یا قوت است مر جان را

مین چشم تو بادام است یا دام است مستان را

On a similar principle are the following lines, by me,

ON CHESS.

بیا یار من یک دو بازی کنیم .: بر این عرصه گردن درازی نکنیم
 زوی عرصه فرشی دورنگی بر او .: که شصت و چهار است خانه در او
 نه خانه که گیری تو در وی مقام .: نه دیوار و پایش نه سقف و نه بام

••	بپهلوی شب روز روشن نگر	••	حیاء است گریک سفیدی دگر
••	یکی ز اهل زنگ و دگر رومیان	••	چمر عرصه که آمد دولشکر بر آن
••	ولی رای و تدبیر فرزانه وار	••	نه مردی و زور آید اینجا بکار
••	فریب است و حیل ازان خوبتر	••	نه شمشیر باید نه تیرو تبر
••	که اسب آب گردد ز بیم سپه	••	نه اسباب جنگ اینجا چنین آمده
••	ولی پهلان بین ببازوی شاه	••	نه روئین نیست اندرین رزمگاه
••	ولی شهرخ آید کند رستمین	••	نه تیمور بینی بجنگ و ستیز
••	اگرچه پداده به اسبی رسد	••	نه اینجا سواری پداده شود
••	به از جنبش و جنگ زور آوران	••	زهی رزم و پیکار دانشوران
••	کزان فتح اکثر بدست آیدت	••	بیا خدعه الحرب بنمایمت
••	اگر پشم باشند بازی کنند	••	بدان طور آنان که بازی کنند
••	همین لشکر زنگ با من سپار	••	تو این لشکر رومیان را بهار
••	اگر لشکرت را شود شاه مات	••	ببینم که رنجش چه آید ز مات
••	و گر هر دو کشته شود رخ — متاب	••	تو از هول من زین وفا رخ متاب
••	اگر مات ناید کنم عزم برد	••	نه هر دم بود بر توام دست برد

[A—پهلان 'A person having a body like that of an elephant'—a nickname of Rustom. پهل is also a name of the piece in chess, called in English—'Bishop.'

B—Name of a son of Tamerlane. It also means, 'a check given by a knight, when a Rook is also attacked at the same time.'

C—(1) A foot-soldier can procure a horse.

(2) A pawn can become a knight.

D—Game.

E—Deeds of a hawk.

F—From me to you.

G—Checkmate.

H—Do not turn thy face from.

J—Rooks.

K—Dot not be annoyed.

L—In the oriental game of chess, a species of victory that is inferior to checkmate.

- بهرگ سپاه وشم- ماتم کنی . : از آن به که تو شاه ماتم کنی
 اگر مهره گم کنی در وغا . : نه پیچید باید چو ماری ترا
 بلی مار را مهره آید بکار . : تو افعی نمی چه شوی دلفگار
 ترا شاه را شه چو خواند کسی . : نباید که رنجه دل تو بسی
 چه جای غم است ار شهت خورد . : که لازم بود انس را کشت خورد
 چو بینی شهت را بدریای غم . : ز جور سپاهان - ز میدان موم
 کم افتد که کشتی بدست آوری . : کزان بر حریت شکست آوری
 تفکر بسی کن تو ای رزم ساز . : دوا سپار چه داری دوا سپه مغاز
 صدر را پیاده چو فرزین شود . : بکن سعتی کشتن که فرض این شود

The following lines by me, on "*The pronunciation of the Yazadees*," were suggested by my coming across the following verses:—

الف را واو گویند اهل ایران . : زبان اهل ایران پس زبون است

* * * *

The pronunciation of the Yazadees.

زبان یزدیان دانی زبون است . : کمر نان اندر دهان شان چو * نون است
 اگر بینند مردی نیک دانی . : بگویندش که مردی نیک دون است

M—You lament.

N—You give me checkmate.

O—Any piece in chess.

P—A brilliant stone supposed to be in the possession of snakes.

Q—(1) Calls your king a king.

(2) Gives check to your king.

R—Received a check.

S—Eating what is sown.

T—(1) You can procure a boat.

(2) * You can obtain a check.

U—Quickly.

* The pronunciation of ن, other meaning—'fish.' The other underlined words have similarly double meanings. -

وگر بینند نادر گلستانی .: بگویند این چه زیبا گل ستون است
 دو معنی دار باشد گویند .: هران چه گفت هرکس را عیون است*
 اگر حور جان در خلد بینند .: بگویند این که حور اندر جنون است

* This line, read as it is, means "What did Haroon say?—That every one has eyes." But if taken as the pronunciation of هران چه گفت هرکس را عیان است it means "whatever he said is evident to every one."



RIDDLES. معما

Under this head I have put together what are known as معما, in which the name of a person or thing is to be found out from the verses by a process of counter-changes, as is best exemplified in the following well-known English riddle on an 'onion':—

“Charge, Chester, charge: on, Stanley, on!”
 Were the last words of Marmion.
 Had *I* but been in Stanley's place,
 When Marmion urged him to the chase,
 A tear might come on every face.

on—I—on

There are other varieties also, which will be found included herein.

To solve these kinds of riddles, a knowledge of Persian is essential. Translation, being no help whatsoever, to one unacquainted with the language, I have omitted, merely adding a few notes here and there to elucidate the meaning.

It will be useful to remember that in معما, the first letter is generally indicated by any one of the following words:—

اول × مبدأ × کلاه × افسر × تاج × لب × سر; the middle letter by the words—وسط × میان × مغز × مرکز × دل; and the last letter by the words—بن × انجام × پایان × حد × دامن × قدم × پا

For the extreme letters the words پوست and جامه are sometimes used, and for the middle letters مغز

The words گوهر or دانه or خال refer to the diacritical points; and the words نقش or صورت indicate letters similar in form.

If the order of the letters in a word is reversed, it is indicated by such words as بازگشتن and دل × قلب × عکس

The letter م is called شکل دهن and س is شکل دندان and ن is شکل لال or شکل ابرو

The word زلف may indicate the letter ج or ل or د ; while the word سرو or قد or علم may point to the letter ا

The word چشم indicates ع and sometimes ص

1

چشم بکشا زلف بشکن جان من . بهر تسکین دل بریان من

Answer i. e., بکشا . ی دل بریان and ل زلف ; ع چشم { علی apply the vowel فتح ; بشکن i. e., apply the vowel کسر ; and تسکین is not giving articulation to any vowel sound.

تا ز اسم قلب یار آگه شدم . دل ز فکر بیهوده پرداختم

Answer — مسافر { اسم قلب is مسافر and taking away the دل from فکر leaves

3

کف شاه محمود عالی ثبار . نه اندر نه آمد سر اندر چهار

نه اندر نه is 81, and سر اندر چهار is 12 which taken together make 93. Now in the language of signs, 90 is represented by bending the forefinger under the thumb, and 93 by bending the other three fingers also, so that the whole has the appearance of a fist. The line therefore means 'King Mehmood is close-fisted, or a miser.'

4

دي درميان قصه بي انتهاي دل . گفتيم نام دلبر و هستيم ازان خجل

Answer — قصه بي انتهاي { صديق which when reversed makes صديق in which دي comes in and makes

5

جان فدا کرد براهت شرف ای محل گسل . چه شود گوز سرولطف دبی ویرا دل

Answer — ولي { سرولطف is ل which make the heart of وي [محل گسل means breaker of promises, and شرف is the name of the author of the riddle.]

6

بازي کم بود بر سردست تو چو شای . شاید که شرف طعمه دهد از دل ریش

Answer — بایزد { سردست is د on which place بازي and introduce within it دل ریش i. e., ي

7 -

ما در دل خویش نام دلبر رانیم . وز بیم وزبان خلق پنهان خواهیم

Answer—ما } within the reverse of itself.

8

در کعبه و صالت اگر می دهند بار . ارکان حج تمام کن و شکر حق گذار

Answer—حج } حاجی محمد . i. e., that of which حج is made are the letters ح and ج which when written in their entire form are حمد is شکر حق ; حا جیم

9

از نیمه مه ولی تمامش . در شب بطلب نشان نامش

Answer—شهاب } Half of مه is ه—its complete form is ه which place in the midst of شب

10

صبحا مرد چوبی صبریابی از غم یار . بنام دوست صبحی کن و شراب بیار

Answer—احمد } from the words مرد صبحا take away the letters صبر forming صبح

11

اشک خونین در گریبان خواستم پنهان کنم . قطره بی ره رفت و در دامن محبوب افتاد

Answer—قطب } قطره without ره is قط and ب دامن محبوب is

12

دوشین لبم چو در نامت می سفت . چشم تو چها کرد لب یارم گفت

Answer—باشم } چشم تو چها کرد . i. e., turned چ into ب in the word چشم

13

قصه قدرت شری هنگام وصف . از کسل گوید سمایین عجب

Tr.—Sharaf, in narrating the history of the creation, out of laziness, speaks only of the sky, and this is strange.

Answer—کمال } کمال از کسل گوید سما . i. e., says ما in place of س in کمال

14

خرابی ره گرت باشد ضرورت . ورت نبود ز بهر نام کن یار

Answer—خضر } خرابی را . i. e., خرا without را is خ and ضرورت without ورت is ضرر

15

صورت حالی که دور از روی او دارد شرف .: لال باشد و ابله و ابکم خورد در وصف آن

Tr.—The intellect is deaf, dumb and stupid in describing the condition that Sharaf is in owing to his not being able to see her face.

Answer—خالی is صورت حالی { خلیل الله which ought to be remote from روی او i. e., leaving خلی Add to this لال and ابله which makes خلیل الله now ابکم باشد is ابکم باشد i. e., اب is to be subtracted from the result, leaving خلیل الله

16

زاهد همه تزویج و ریا می داند .: اسم و ره عاشقی کجا می داند
در خرقة اش این دغل که از حد بگذشت .: در دلق مغان نیست خدا می داند

Answer—دغ is دغل از حد گذشت { لقمان which take away from دلق مغان

17

نی سحر چون گشت نالان راز او گردد نهان .:
وقت نازک بود دروی سترابی حد شد عیان .:

Answer—حسین { In this riddle the answer can be derived from either verse, thus:—Take the word نی سحر which invert, as indicated by the word گشت. This leaves ر حسین Now راز او گردد نهان means that i. e., the letter ر should be hidden out of sight, leaving حسین

In the second verse وقت نازک is what is termed in Arabic حین in which bring سترابی حد i. e., س

18

تا عقیق یمنی دید لب لعل ترا .: قای تا قای دهم قیمتش و مشتری است

Answer—لب لعل and ق and ق and bring in عقیق { علی From عقیق remove ق and ق and bring in لب لعل i. e., ل

19

چون دلارام در میان آید .: گر نباشی توهم دلا شاید

Answer—مید دلارامان is میان دلارام { میرامان from which remove دلا

20

ماره بسرای دوست بودیم بنام .۰ در پیش سرای باز گشتیم تمام

Answer— بهرام } Begin to write the words *ماره بسرای* and just before writing the word *سرای* pause and *turn back*, as indicated by the words *پیش سرای باز گشتیم*. So the letters written *ماره* inverted, become بهرام

21

دائما فکر شرف اندوه دلداری بود .۰ چون نصیب اوست می کوشد که آن باری بود

Answer— آن باری بود } should be read separate نصیب } آن باری بود
i. e., turn ب into ر in نصیب

22

لعل بیدل شد ازان هر دو لب لعل شرف .۰ گوهر نام ترا چون در نظم سازد صدی

Answer— امام } are the two ل which written together are لال from which remove بیدل
i. e., لال

23

چون ساربان همی گشت احوال مهد آن ماه .۰

واله بسوخت اما خیر است حمد الاله .۰

Answer— احمد } From احوال remove واله

24

اگر چه سیم باشد نقد دگان .۰ بگاه ستم شد محتاج سندان

Answer— محسن } should be read separately محتاج سندان } محسن
i. e., place مح above سن دان

25

تا شرف دل برگرفت از ابرویش در طی آن .۰

محو شد ز آغاز و انجام دو عالم نقش غم .۰

Answer— ابوالمعالی } From ابروی remove the دل i. e., which leaves ابوی now نقش غم is غم which remove from the beginning and end of عالم and المعال is left. This joined to the previous remainder makes ابوالمعالی

26

کودی آشفته و شیدا هم شیدایانرا. ساختی بی سرو پا بی سرو بی پایان را

Answer—اختی is ساختی بی سر { اختیار—
and is پا بی سر and را without the last letter, is e. e. بی پایان را

27

گریبان می درد جانم ز شوق دامن افشانی.

بدوز از دامن دامن گریبانرا گویانی.

Answer—گریبان { which attach to the دامن دامن { نجیب—
جیب called in Arabic of گریبان (front)

28

پوست از مدعی و مغز از دوست. خواه—کین مغز آمد و آن پوست

Answer—مغز دوست are د and م are پوست مدعی { موسی—
پوست the د and م the central letters or مغز and س. Make و and س

29

عاجزاند از درک نامش خاص و عام. و ر بقا باشد شرفی قادر شود

Answer—بقا در in the word بقا is changed into قا, e. e. قادر شود { بدر—

30

دیدم مہی خرامان زان برده دل وزین سر.

معالم شد شرفرا نام شریف دلبر.

Answer—مہی خرامان { Write the words مہی خرامان and from the
word مہی remove the middle letter, and from خرامان the top letter.

31

چون می شود سوار بر رخس ستم زکین.

سرمی رود تو صورت این ما چرا ببین.

Answer—میرخس { rides on رخس making Now
ین which leaves کین remove the top letter from زکین, e. e. سرمی رود
We have now میرخشین and take the صورت of it, and we have
میرخشین

32

بامید کامی که آید بکف .: بسی نقش بر دل نگارد شرف

Answer—بشیر { of بسی is بشی which place on the heart of
ر. e., شرف

33

گر در وسط فصل شتا از ابر عطایت .: یک قطره چکد سرو بر آید ز کنارش

Answer—افضل { Place a قطره or point on the middle of فصل and
place before it سرو e., the letter ا.

34

از چشم من چو ریخت هر آن گوهری که بود .:

در چشم قطره بار زد دریا دری کشود .:

Answer—حسام { is چشم قطره بار دریا without
ا. e., دری

35

رایت وصف رفیعت چون بر اندازد شرف .:

از حیا دارا بیندازد علمها را به .:

Answer—حیدر { From the words حیا دارا remove the 'flag-
stuffs,' i. e., the three ا.

36

دانها بهر نثار افشاند و دل بر سر نهاد .:

شمع در بزم تو و دودش ز سر بگذشتم بود .:

Answer—مسعود { From شمع throw away the دانها i. e., the points,
and شمع is left. Now place the دل or middle word at the top and
we have مسع. Now دود without its head is ود which added to مسع
makes مسعود.

37

خالها داری تو و گردد بزیرب عیان .:

از شرف جز صورت بی دل نماند آن زمان .:

Answer—یوسف { In the word خالها or points from
the top to the bottom. This makes یو The صورت of شرف is سرف
from which if you remove the heart, سف is left.

38

حریم چشم مرا سروت از بازار آید . کند نثار بر آن گوهری که دارد چشم

Answer—حسام } سرو is which place in the midst of چشم removing the points.

39

بتم محسود خوبان است نامش هم عیان بودی .

بجای شکل دلدانش اگر شکل دہان بودی .

Answer—محسود } م is شکل دہان and م is شکل دلدان } Change م into م in محسود .

40

بر ما فتن ای شاه کرم چشم عنایت . کز درد تو در مانده درین شهر بماندیم

Answer—عنا } ع is the letter ع for عين , in Arabic, means 'eyes.' Again در مانده در that is در remaining behind from درد leaves د . So, place ع on ما and add د .

41

تشنه ایم و جهان پر آب حیات . چون سبوی تہی بر کنار فراط

Answer—سبوی } سبوی تہی , i. e., the word سبوی with the inside taken out is سی , and کنار فراط is ف .

42

بقیع ار می کشی شاید ولی پیوند را مگسل .

بلا بردل خوش است اما سردوری ندارد دل .

Answer—بلا } بلا is سردوری } Place بلا on دل deprived of د

43

لب ساقی و لطف بی حد او . گر باشد گو مباش می بمان

Answer—لب ساقی } لب ساقی is س and لطف بی حد is میان } لب ساقی without می is ان

44

دوشینه شوی نام شریف تو بیان کرد . بہر من دلسوختہ بود آنچه عیان کرد

Answer—بہر من } بہر من دل سوختہ , i. e., the word بہر من with the heart (i. e., the letter ر) burnt out.

45

گر ے تو سوخت جان شرف نام لیک یافت .:

مچران جان گداز ترا مزد ے حد است .:

Answer—مزد without end and ے is جان without مچران } هر رمز —
is مز

46

دل بي مارتد بادیده .: ره چونم بود باز گردیده

Answer—مرد چهر } Take the word ره چونم and turn back or
invert the order of words.

47

احسان بي پايان او گر عکس بر قاف افکند .:

سيمرغ را همچو شرف در دام الطاف افکند .:

Answer—احسا the عکس of which is احسان بي پايان } اسحاق —
which place on ق

48

ممسک ار راست بود کش ندارندش دوست .:

ور سخی گر قلب بود تاج کرم بر سر اوست .:

Answer—کیخسرو } Invert ور سخی and place on it the top letter
of کرم

49

آه قلب الدر میانه شب .: نام آن سرو ما پرو باشد

Answer—شهاب } آه قلب i. e., the reverse of آه is ه which place in
the middle of شب

50

از میان برخیزاي سرو روان .: جاي تو اینست بالا تر نشین

Answer—امین } Remove the سرو or the letter ا from the word
میان and place it at the top.

The following specimens, though not coming strictly under the head of معما are placed here, since the solution depends on a manipulation of the words.

1

دو مرغ از مرغزاری کرد پرواز .: بقصدِ هردو شان آهنگ کردم

یکی را پا بویدم گشت بی سر .: یکی را سر بویدم لنگ کردم

Answer—بیسرا a species of hawk, and کلنگ a crane } Cut off the last letter of the former, and the top letter of the latter, and you have بيسر and لنگ

2

چيست آن نام كه بر حری نخستينش الفی .:

زيادت كني ای خسرو دين دال شود .:

ور فصیحی بخرد باقی آن لفظ بزرگی .:

بر زبان بگذراند بيقين لال شود .:

Answer—جلال } The first letter is ج whose numerical value is four, and if you add to it ا whose numerical value is one, it becomes five, which is represented by د. The remaining letters, as ingeniously mentioned in the verse, are لال.

3

چهار حوی است نام مطلوبی .: كه تمناي اهل عالم گشت

بست جاری چنان عجب كه از او .: دو اگر بفكنی بماند بهشت

Answer—بهشت } If you take away 'two' which is represented by ب, then هشت is left.

4

نام یارم سه حوی دان بی رنج .: هر یکی در حساب پنجاه و پنج

Answer—طیّب } $ط = 9 = ن = و + ۵ = 50 + 5$

$ی = 10 = د = د + ۵ = 4 + 5 = 9 = ن = و + ۵ = 50 + 5$

$ب = 2 = د = د + و = 4 + 6 = 10 = د = د + ۵ = 4 + 5 = 9 = ن = و + ۵ = 50 + 5$

5.

چه چیز است آن را گر راست خوانی .: بود در باغ ای گنج فراست
و گر خوانی تو قلبش کرده آنرا .: بیا بی برفلک ای ماه حکمت

Answer—لال reverse of which is لاله.

6

رنگش چو رنگ زعفران .: بریان چو جان عاشقان
پا دارد و پریم بدان .: جانان من گو چیست آن

Answer—۶۱۶۵=پاپرو.

7

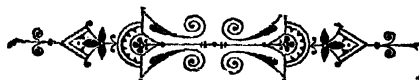
چه چیز است آن که باشد گرد و غاطان .: دو نام زنده دارد لیک بدجان
خر آن باشد که این معنی نه فهمد .: ز بز کمتر بود آن مرد نادان

Answer—خربز.

8

چیز است آن موعی که پرد در هوا .: چار صد سوده شکم دویست پا

Answer—تیر. The head, belly, and the feet refer to the 1st, the 2nd, and the 3rd letter of the word, whose equivalents according to the ا ب ج notation are 400, 10, and 200.



چستان ENIGMAS.

These differ from the riddles given above in this, that the description and appearance of a certain thing are given, and the name of the thing is to be found out from the data.

These enigmas can bear translation.

1

On a Chess-board.

چه شهر است آن که مردم جمله بیجان . . گهی آباد گردد گاه ویران
 بوقت جنگ تو آباد بینی . . بوقت صلح باشد شهر ویران

Which is that city that is populated by lifeless men? It is sometimes flourishing and sometimes desolate. You will see it prosperous in the time of war, and desolate in the time of peace.

2

On a Rupee.

چيست آن ماهرخی محبوبی . . به عالم فدای دیدارش
 هر کرا وصل او نصیب شده . . گشت آماده مقصود و کارش

Which is that moon-like beauty with whom all people are in love? Whosoever is fortunate enough to have her, can obtain all he wishes for.

3

On a Lamp.

یک مدّور حوض دیدم مار سیمین در میان . .
 مار سیمین خفته در وی مرغ زرین در دهان . .
 آب باشد قوت مار و مار قوت مرغ دان . .
 مار گری قوت باشد مرغ میرد در زمان . .

I saw a circular cistern in which was lying a silvery snake with a golden bird in his mouth. The water forms the food of the snake, who in his turn, is the food of the bird. When the food of the snake is exhausted, the bird dies in a moment.

4

On the Nipples.

حوضی که در آن موئی ننگد بمیان .: نوشند ازان آب همه جانوران
آن جانوران نه که بپزند در باد .: اسپ و شتر و گاو خرو آدمیان

There is a fountain in which not a single hair can enter, yet all animals can drink therefrom;—not those animals that fly in the air, but such as horses, camels, oxen, asses, and mankind.

5

On a Lamp.

نهنگی دیدم اندر قعر دریا .: گرفته در دهان یک دانه گوهر
عجب باشد که او شکمی ندارد .: ولیکن می خورد دریا سراسر

I saw, in the depths of an ocean, a whale with a pearl in his mouth. It is very strange that though he has no belly, he can drink up the whole ocean.

6

On a pair of Weighing-scales.

یکی اسپ عجب دیدم که شش پا و دو سم دارد .:
عجایب تر ازین بشنو میان پشت دم دارد .:

I saw a strange kind of horse, who had six legs and two hoofs, and, strangest of all, he had a tail in the middle of the back.

7

On an Onion.

چیست آن گنبد لطیف و نکو .: خوردن مردمان نیکورو
در برش جامهای سرخ و سفید .: می کند گریه با کشنده او

Which is that good and elegant dome-shaped body that is eaten by even handsome persons? It is clad in red and white garments, and whosoever kills it has to weep for it.

8

On a Mehomedon Bier, with Corpse and four Corpse-bearers.

چیست آن جانور صد انگشتان .: پای ده دارد و به پشت روان
پنج سردارد و جالش چار .: این عجایب که دیده ام بجهان

What is that animal that has hundred fingers and has ten legs, but moves only with eight? It has five heads, but four souls. This wonder is to be seen in this world.

9

On the Flame of a Lamp.

گلی دیدم که او بی خار باشد . نه دارد بو نه از گلزار باشد
نه اورا کسی خورد نه کسی فروشد . ولی بو تخفّ بازار باشد

I saw a rose that was without a thorn. It had no perfume, nor was it culled from a garden. No one buys it, and no one sells it, but notwithstanding that, it is to be seen in every shop in the bazar.

10

On a Reed-pen.

قویبی از بیابان شد بشهری . سیم کردند روی و سر بریدند
سوارش بر سه مرکب کرده اورا . بیدان از سوی سر بر کشیدند

A stranger came from the forest to the city. His head was cut off and his face was blackened. He was then mounted on three horses and was dragged through a field with his head sweeping the ground.

11

On a Quilt.

عجب دیدم دو شوهر یک نسائی . میان هر دو باشد آشنائی
و لیکن هر دو شوهر زاده اوست . روا باشد به هر مذهب نکاحی

I saw two husbands who, though married to one wife, were on intimate terms with each other. Both the husbands are offsprings of the wife, but still the marriage is valid according to the laws of all religions.

12

On a 'Bira' of Betel-leaf.

چار کسی با سی و دو کردند جنگ . کشته گشته خون شده در قعر تنگ

Four persons fought with thirty-two, and being all killed, the narrow pit wherein they fought, was filled with their blood.

The four persons are—the betel leaf, the betel-nut, slaked lime, and catechu.

On a Spinning Top.

سوفلي مخلوق دیدم تیر خورده در جگر .: کو بکو می گرده و دستار بندد بر کمر

I saw a Spofee whose liver was pierced with an arrow. He roams about the streets, and binds his turban round his waist.

On a Pen.

سوار سه اسبم پیاده دوان .: بمیدان کافور عنبر فشان

تذش رومی و چهره چون زنگیان .: خود اینجا و حکمشن بماندزان

Though it rides on three horses, it is running on foot, and scattering amber on a field of camphor. Its body is like that of a Roman, but its face like that of Negroes. Though it remains here, it can govern a remote province like Mázingráu,

On the Moon and the Sun.

چيست آن پادشاه هفت اقلیم .: به هزاران سوار می گورد

ناگهان یک سوار زرد علم .: آمد و فوج شاه برهم زد

Who is that king who moves about with a retinue of thousand of knights, but whose forces are all dispersed on the appearance of a single knight with a yellow banner?

On a 'Hukkd.'

بوالع دیدم عجایب در زیر و انش بر سر

I saw a very wonderful thing, which has water underneath and fire on the head.

On the Eyes.

جفتی ز کبوتران ابلق .: بستند جدا جدا معلق

پرند بچرخ جا نمایند .: وز خانه خود برون نیایند

There are a couple of black-white doves, who are tied up separately. In their flights they reach the skies, but nevertheless they never come out of their nests.

On a Coconut.

گنبدی سر بسته دیدم گنبدی دیگر در او
بست او را سه دریچه یک کشاده بسته دو

I saw a sphere containing another sphere within itself. It has three windows, of which one is open, and the other two are closed.

On a Rosary.

جاری که بود صنعتش از صنع خدا . در صد سوراخ باشد او را ما را
هرگاه که ما پیاں بر او جمع شوند . سوراخ روان گردد ما راست بجا

There is a snake, who is one of the wonders of creation. It dwells in a hundred holes; Whenever he is attacked by fishes,* the holes begin to move, but the snake is stationary.

On Water.

(جمال الدین اصفهانی)

آن جزم پاک چیست چون ارواح انبیا . چون روح با لطافت و چون عقل با صفا
گردنده مطیع و خروشدند خاموش . مرد افکن ضعیف و سبک قیامت روا
خالی ز نقش و رنگ و چو صوفی کبود پوش . فارغ ز رنگ و بوی چو پیران پارسا
گم خوار گم عزیز گهی بست و گم بلند . گم تیره گاه صافی و گم درد گم دوا
گم همعنان باد صبا گشته در سفر . گم در رکاب خاک زمین گشته مبتلا
مقصود جستجوی سکندر بشرق و غرب . مطلوب آرزوی شهیدان کربلا
فرعون گشته از دم او باطل الوجود . مانده خضر ز شربت او دائم البقا
گای چو جبرئیل بخاک آمده از ابر . گای چو مصطفی ز زمین رفته بوسه

What is that thing that is pure like the souls of the prophets, full of gracefulness like a disembodied spirit, and chaste like the intellect? It is roving and stationary, noisy and quiet, powerful and weak, very cheap and at the same time in great demand. It has no form or colour, but puts on a blue garment like the Soofees; and like old devotees it cares not for colour or perfume. It is sometimes unappreciated, and sometimes highly esteemed, sometimes high and

* i. e., the fingers.

sometimes low, sometimes dirty and sometimes pure, sometimes a disease and sometimes a remedy. At times it travels with the breeze, and at times it is imprisoned under ground. Sikandar searched for it round the world, and the Martyrs of Karbalá most ardently wished for it. It was the cause of death to Pharaoh, but of perpetual life to Khizr. Like Gabriel it sometimes comes down on the earth from the heavens; and like Mustafá it sometimes ascends to heaven from the earth.

21

On a Mirror.

(فریدالدین احول)

- منور چیست آن مری گل رخسار از گلشن
 چو شب یک روی آن تاریک چون روز آن دگر روشن
 همی خندند خوبانش بروز بزم بر چهره
 همی بندند مردانش بعزم رزم بر جوشن
 اگر بومش زنی برخ شود چینی رخسار گلگون
 وگر آتش کشی برخ شود رویش چو ابروین
 شود گر دم زنی رویش بیکدم چون چراغ از باد
 شود از بنگری رویش چو چشم از مردم آستن
 مراورا حلقه در گوش لیکن گوش در پشتش
 مراورا هست پشت و روی لیکن نیستش گردن

What is that shining thing like the moon, with a face like that of a flower? One of its faces is dark like the night and the other is bright like the day. Ladies, when going to a gathering, laugh at it to its very face; and men, when going to battle, tie it on the armour.* If you kiss it on the face, its Chinese face will become rosy, but if you sigh, its face will look like that of a demon. If you puff at it, its face resembles the flame of a lamp flickering in the wind; but when you look well at it, its face becomes pregnant with a human being, like the eye with a pupil. It has an ear-ring in the ear, but the ear is situated behind the back. It has a face and a back, but it has no neck.

* Alluding to the polished steel plate of the armour, shining like a mirror.

On a Reed-pen.

(حکیم ناصر خسرو)

آن زرد تن لاغر گل خوار سیر سار
 زرد است و نیاز است چنین باشد گل خوار
 تا سوش نبی نکند میل برفتن
 چون سوش ببری برود زود نگوئسار
 گنگ است چو شد مانده گویا چوروان گشت
 زیوار جدا نیست ز گفتارش رفتار
 مرغیست و لیکن عجبی بی پرواز ایراک
 خوردش به قار آمد و رفتش بمنقار
 مرغی که چو در دست تو جنبد و ببیند
 در جنبش او عقل ترا مودم هوشیار
 دشوار بود بانگ تو از خانر بدلیز
 و آسان بود آوای وی از بلخ بدلیار
 راز دل من باری یکسر به با اوست
 زیرا که امین است و سخندان و بی آزار

Look at that yellow bodied, lean animal that eats mud, and is black-faced! Aye, mud-eaters are always in this condition. It will not be inclined to jog on unless you cut off its head, when it will begin to run with the head downwards! When it is tired, and rests, it is dumb; and it keeps talking when in motion, for its talk cannot be separated from its motion. It is a wonderful bird, but without wings. Its food is nothing but pitch, and it walks, not with its feet but with its beak. When this bird flutters in your hand, wise men can thereby gauge your intellects. Your voice can hardly reach from your rooms to the outward court, but its voice can be heard from Balkh to Bulgaria. I have confided all my secrets to it, for it is trustworthy, wise, and harmless.

On Tears.

(مجدد مهر)

چیست آن گوهر که می زاید ز دو گوهر روان
 صورت او گوهر اما باشد از جزع یمان
 همچو باران لیک او را از دو خورشید است ابر
 کان دو خورشید جهانیدن را از او باشد زبان
 همچو شمع است از صفا و شعرا زان صورتی
 گاه افتد در بدن که ریزد اندر شمعدان
 باشدش روز وداع از چهره دلبر لکن
 باشدش شبهای بجزان دامن عاشق مکان
 طفل خورد است و روان و گرم رو افتان برو
 وز عزیزی دل بود همراه او در هر مکان
 لعبتی گویان و گو پوشد در او کسی حله
 از لطافت باز نتوان یافتش در پرنیان
 او چو زبیق می رود از سویم و من می کنم
 گاهش اندر آستین و گاه در دامن نهان
 گوهرش آب و چو آتش خانه سوز و پرده در
 آب را دیدی که سوزد همچو آتش خانمان

Which is that pearl that is born running, from two pearls? In form it is a pearl, but its origin is from black heads of Yamán. It is like rain, but two suns form its cloud; and these suns it is capable of injuring. It is spotless as a candle; and the candle too possesses a similar substance which sometimes falls on its body and sometimes in the candlestick. On the day of parting the face of the sweet-heart is its candlestick, and during nights of separation the skirt of the lover is its abode. It is like a small child in motion, falling on its face in attempting to run. The heart, from love of it, is its companion everywhere. It is a naked being, and if any one covers it with a garment, it disappears, and cannot again be seen. Like quicksilver it runs from me, and I conceal it sometimes in my sleeve, and sometimes in my skirt. Its nature is like that of water, but like fire it can make men's bosoms burn; and it is also a tell-tale. Have you ever seen water, that can, like fire, consume a household?

*On a Candle.**

(Written in the form of an address).

(منوچهر شصت کلمه)

۱. ای نهاده بر میان فرق جان خویشتن
 ۲. جسم ما زنده بجان و جان تو زنده بتن
 ۳. گر نه کوكب چرا پیدا نگردي جز بشب
 ۴. و رنهي عاشق چرا گرئي همی بر خویشتن
 ۵. پیرهن در زیر تن پوشي و پوشد هر کسی
 ۶. پیرهن بر تن تو تن پوشی همی بر پیرهن
 ۷. گرمیوي آتش اندر تو رسد زنده شوی
 ۸. چون شوي بیمار گردي بهتر از گردن زدن
 ۹. بشكفی بي نوبهار و پژمري بي مهرگان
 ۱۰. بگرئی بی دیدگان و باز خندی بی دهن
 ۱۱. تو مرا ماننی بعینه من ترا مانم همی
 ۱۲. دشمن خویشیم هر دو دوستدار انجمن
 ۱۳. خویشتن سوزیم هر دو بر مراد دوستان
 ۱۴. دوستان در راحتند از ما و ما اندر محن
 ۱۵. هر دو گریانیم هر دو زرد و هر دو در گداز
 ۱۶. هر دو سوزانیم و هر دو فرد و هر دو همتان
 ۱۷. آنچه من دو دل نهادم بر سرت بینم همی
 ۱۸. آنچه تو بر سر نهادي در دلم دارد وطن

O thou who hast placed thy soul¹ in the midst of thy head! Our bodies are alive owing to our souls, but thy soul is alive owing to thy body! If thou art not a star, how is it that thou appearest not but at nights? And if thou art not a lover, why is it that thou art constantly weeping? Thy shirt² is *within* thy body! Strange! that when every one covers his body with a shirt, thou coverest thy shirt with thy body. When thou diest thou canst again become alive, on being set fire to, and when thou art ill, thou canst be cured by being beheaded.³ Thou blossomest without Spring, and

* This is the best enigma that I have come across.

¹ The flame.

² The wick.

³ Snuffing the candle.

witherest without Autumn; thou weepest without eyes, and thou laughest¹ without a mouth. Thou resemblest me, and verily I resemble thee, for we both are our own enemies and are friends of the assembly. We both burn ourselves in order to gratify our friends. Our friends are in comfort owing to us, but we ourselves are in trouble. We both are weeping and pale, burning and melting, lonely and undergoing an ordeal. That² which I have placed within my heart, I see on thy head, and what thou hast placed on thy head has its abode in my heart.

25

On a Watch and chain.

(Lines by the author).

- . . . یکی خوش صوفی دیدم که چون بلبل زبان دارد
 . . . هم او بر سینه یارم یکی نغمه آشیان دارد
 . . . مدّور پیکری زرین نغمه خورشید رخساری
 . . . که بر سر کاکلی دلکش چو چینی لعینان دارد
 . . . ببین کوه دست دارد دو که باشد هودش بر رو
 . . . ولی حیوان منم زان کو چرا آهن کمان دارد
 . . . رخ پر خالهایش در نقاب آبگین آمده
 . . . ببین برق که بر طور فونگی شاهدان دارد
 . . . نه این برق به آن آمده که پوشه رویش از مردم
 . . . که رو مصیون ز خاک و گرد و آسب و زیان دارد
 . . . زهی صوفی که در ایام پیشین کس ندید او را
 . . . نه کس بشنید آوازش که رنگین داستان دارد
 . . . نه خاموش است یک ساعت مبادی مردم و هرگز
 . . . که گوئی از سرود خود یکی رود روان دارد

I saw a nice little bird which speaks like the Bulbul, and has a snug little nest on the breast of my friend. It has a round shape, a gold body, and a face like that of the Sun; and like the Chinese

¹ An allusion to the flickering of the candle.

² Fire.

damsels it has a nice pigtail¹ on the head. See, it has two *hands* which are constantly on its face. I wonder, why it possesses an iron *bow*.² Its face tinted with mole spots³ has a crystal covering over it: look at the veil which it has put on like the European beauties. For the veil is not meant for concealing the face from the gaze of mankind, but rather serves to protect it from dust and injury. What a singular bird, whom no one saw in ancient times, nor any one heard whose melodious voice. It is not silent for a single moment, it sings at all times and at every place; you might say, its tune is a flowing stream.

¹ The watch-chain.

² A pun on the Persian word *کوس* which also means a watch-spring.

³ The figures on the dial.



DATES (A. H.) OF SOME MEMORABLE EVENTS,
IN اَبجد NOTATION.

Death of	کاشف سر آله جاعی
„	خاک مصلی حافظ
„	طوطی شیرین مقال امیر خسرو
„	خاص سعدی
„	میوه فردوس فردوسی
„	بادشاه شعرا بود اہلی اہلی
„	شاه مرو سلطان سنجر
„	وداع شہر یاری امیر تیمور
„	بہشت روزی باد بابر
„	ہمایون پادشاه از بام افتاد ہمایون
„	فوت اکبر شاه اکبر
„	جهان از جهانگیر رفت جهانگیر
Ascension of	نصرت اکبر اکبر



THE DEFINITIONS OF MULLA DO-PYÁZAH.

These definitions are remarkable for the caustic wit contained in them. A somewhat similar, but very much larger, work in the English language, is *The Tin Trumpet*, by Horace Smith. I give below some specimens from this charming book also, so that the reader can see the similarity for himself.

Ambiguity.—A quality deemed essentially necessary to the clear understanding of diplomatic writings, acts of parliament, and law proceedings.

Destiny.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies.

Eye-glass.—A toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

Kitchen.—The burial place of the epicure's health and fortune.

Satire.—A glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own.

National Debt.—Mortgaging the property of our posterity, that we may be better enabled to destroy our contemporaries.

Scandal.—What one-half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and other half in believing.

Definitions of the Mulla.	Words.			
چغل مخفی	فرشتہ
کابل زمان	بادشاہ
ہدی تیر آہ بیچارگان	وزیر
گرہ منظر سورخ موش	واقع نویسنہ
تازہ روزگار	خوشامدگو
مچھہ دروغ	وکیل
عملدار بادیاں	بیوقوف
پیک اجل	طبيب

Definitions of the Mulla.	Words.		
تختۀ مشق طبیبان	بیمار
تعریف گرشوهر پیشین	بیوه ...
گدای ملنگتر	شاعر
دایم گرسنه	ملا ...
ریشخند روبرو	آئینه
دستگیر در ماندگان	رشوت
التفات پادشاهان	داروی بیهوشی
حاکم خلوت نشین	آفت سماوی بر سر خلایق
گرسنگی بر سر بی روزگاران	شمشیر خدائی
گرداب فریب	صوفی
یعنی شما برخیزید و مرا تعظیم کنید	سلام علیک ...
شوهر زود طلب	بیوه نوحمرگر
در خواب گاهان خلک انداز	موذن
روپیه	یار وفادار
واقعۀ طلب	بهادر
دست آویز مکر	ریش دراز سفید
دشمن همه کس	راست گو
نیم رضا	خاموشی
خرد در گل	قرضدار
خود را از همه دانا تر شمردن	حماقت
در هر سخن بالآه	گذ آب
اختیار خود فروختن	فوکری
کاری کاران	شکار
پیغام اجل	مرض
نصف الملاقات	مکتوب
جاسوس نزدیکی	خوشدامن
منظر آواز طبع	مهمان

Definitions of the Mulla.	Words.			
نتیجہ کدخدائی	فلاکت
نصیب بی روزگاران	گر سنگی
— — — — —				
آنچه مردم را بی فایده بیمار کند	فکر ...
آنکه عقل معاش ندارد	دانشمند
ملاک الموت اطفال	معلم
مطالعہ اشعار ناخوب	امّ النورم
آنکه همه را بیمار خواهد	عطار
آنچه صوفیانرا در وجد آرد	بنگ
ظرفی که به هیچ پر نشود	چشم ممسک

Words.	Definitions of the Mulla.			
Angel	A hidden tell-tale.			
King	The idlest man of the time.			
Wazier	The target for the arrows of the sighs of the oppressed.			
Reporter	The cat lying in wait for the mouse to come out of its hole.			
Flatterer	One who drives a thriving trade.			
Advocate	One ready for any lie.			
Fool	An officer, for instance, who is honest.			
Physician	The messenger of death.			
Ill man	The slate on which the physician learns his alphabets.			
Widow	One who is in the habit of praising her former husband.			

Words.	Definitions of the Mulla.
Poet	A proud beggar.
Mulla	One who is always hungry.
Mirror	One that laughs at you to your face.
Bribe	The resource of those whose cause is lame.
Intoxicating wine	The favour of kings.
National calamity	A ruler given to the pleasures of the Harem only.
The Sword of God	The hunger of the unemployed.
Soofee	A whirlpool of deceit.
Salutation	A polite hint to others to get up and greet you with respect.
Weeping widow	One who is in great haste to get another husband.
Muezzin	One who disturbs the sleep of the lazy.
Faithful friend	The rupee.
Brave man	One who seeks dangers and accidents.
Long, white beard	A trap for the unwary.
Truthful man	One who is regarded as an enemy by everyone.
Silence	Half consent.
Debtor	An ass in a quagmire.
Stupidity	Regarding one's self as wiser than the rest.
Liar	One who makes a frequent use of the expression 'I swear by God.'
Service	Selling one's independence.
Hunting	The occupation of those who have no work to do.
Illness	The message of death.
Epistle	A half visit.
Mother-in-law	A spy in your house.
Guest	One who is impatient to hear the clatter of the dishes.

Words.	Definitions of the Mulla.		
Poverty	The consequences of marriage.
Hunger	That which falls to the lot of those who are out of employ.
◆			
Anxiety	That which uselessly makes a man ill.
Learned man	One who does not know how to earn his livelihood.
School-master	One whom the children regard as the Angel of Death.
Soporific	Reading the verses of a dull poet.
Druggist	One who wishes every one to be ill.
'Bhang'	That which causes religious ecstasy in the Soofees.
Miser's eye	A vessel which is never full.



PART II.

HUMOROUS STORIES.

1. Asmaee, a wit of the time of Haroon-al-Rashid was once dining with his royal master, when "Fuloodch" was brought on the table, whereupon Asmaee observed that many of the desert Arabs were unacquainted even with this well-known dish. Haroon said, "I cannot believe this to be true, unless you bring forward some proofs."

It happened after this that Haroon once went a-hunting along with Asmaee, and they saw an Arab approaching towards them from the desert. Haroon told Asmaee to bring the Arab to him ; so, the latter went to the Arab and said,

"The commander of the faithful sends for you ; come with me."

"Have the faithful a commander ?" asked the Arab.

"Yes," replied Asmaee.

"I cannot believe it," said the Arab, "and I will not come."

Asmaee hereupon began to abuse him, which very much incensed the Arab, who caught hold of him by the collar ; and then the two began to struggle with each other, Haroon all the while witnessing the scene and laughing. At last the Arab managed to drag Asmaee to where Haroon was standing, and said, "O commander of the faithful ! this man has abused me ; I seek justice at your hands."

"Give him two *direms*," exclaimed Haroon, with a view to have some fun.

"Give him two *direms* !" exclaimed the Arab ; "Subhan Allah ! it was *he* who abused me, and am *I* to pay him money for it ?"

"Even so," replied Haroon ; "such is my judgment."

The Arab then turned towards Asmaee and abusing him twice said, "Give me four *direms* now, according to the decision of the commander of the faithful."

Haroon laughed heartily and ordered that the Arab should be conducted to the palace. This was done, and soon afterwards dinner was brought in, to which all sat down to do justice. After

the Arab had partaken of several of the dishes, a dish of "Faloodeh" was brought in, on which Asmaee whispered to Haroon—"I am sure, the fellow does not know what the dish consists of."

"If it be so," said Haroon, "I'll give thee a purse of money."

The Arab was all the while devouring the "Faloodeh" with great relish, and with all the eagerness of a man who had not tasted the like before.

"Can you tell me, O Arab!" said Haroon, "what is it that you are eating?"

"By God! I do not know," replied he. "But God speaks in the Koran of '*fruits and dates and pomegranates*.' Dates I have seen, therefore I believe this must be a pomegranate."

"O commander of the faithful!" said Asmaee, "give me two purses now, for not only does the fellow not know 'Faloodeh' but he has not even seen a pomegranate!"

The Khaleef ordered that two purses should be given to Asmaee, and likewise a handsome present to the Arab.

2. A learned man, who had a very ugly face, was once asked whether he was ever put out of countenance.

"Yes," said he, "once a woman caught hold of my hand, and took me to the shop of a worker in metals, and then went away. I asked the master of the shop what the woman meant by this conduct, and he replied, 'The woman has long since asked me to make for her an image of the Devil, but having no idea of what his sable majesty looked like, I asked her to supply me with a model, which she promised to do; and accordingly she brought *you* to me to-day.' Well that was the day on which I felt heartily ashamed of myself."

3. A man with a very ugly face was once praying, asking forgiveness for his sins, and requesting God to exempt him from the

tortures of hell. A person overhearing him said, "Friend, how canst thou be so uncharitable? Hast thou the heart to withhold from the fires of Hell even such an ugly mug as thine?"

4. A man with a very large nose got married. One day he boasted, in his wife's presence, of his good qualities, mentioning specially his patience and forbearance.

"I know it, I know it," said his wife; "for had you not had these qualities, you could not have carried such a big nose for so many years."

5. A Courtier once said to Behloul, a buffoon of the court of Haroon-al-Rashid, "Rejoice, my friend, for the Caliph has made thee a ruler over all assess and pigs."

"Is it so?" said Behloul; "then why dost thou not make obeisance to me, for thou art one of my subjects?"

6. In the reign of an oppressive king a wealthy man died. The Vazier of the tyrant sent for the son of the dead man, and asked him what his father had left behind.

"That which he has left behind," said the youth, "consists of—first of all, *myself*, your humble slave, and secondly, such and such property, of which he has appointed your noble self the sole heir."

The Vazier laughed, and ordered that the property should be divided into two equal portions, of which one was to be given to the son, and the other to be taken possession of in the name of the King.

7. A school-master was asked whether *he* was older or his brother. He replied—"at present, I am older than he by one year, but after that period, his age will be equal to mine!"

8. A person, after finishing his ordinary prayers, was addressing a prayer to God to give him Paradise after death. An old woman who was standing behind him, and was listening to his words, said, 'O God! make me a partner in what this man wishes for himself. The man, on hearing this, said, "O God! Let my death be on the scaffold, or so order it, that I may be flogged to death." The woman exclaimed hurriedly "Oh God! save me from the fate this man has wished for himself." The man then turning to her said, "Thine is a strange sort of partnership—participating with me in all that is pleasant, but remaining aloof in all that is unpleasant!"

9. Jooji was once brought before a Kázi by a person to whom he owed a hundred *dirams*.

"Have you any witness?" asked the Kázi of the suitor.

"No," said the suitor.

"Well then, let the defendant be put on his oath to tell the truth," said the Kázi.

"But no reliance can be placed on his oath. He is a man who can swear to anything," exclaimed the suitor.

"O Kázi of the faithful!" here interposed Jooji, "if no reliance is to be placed on my oath, well, there is, in the mosque situated in our street, an Imam who is very holy and virtuous—let him be called for, and let him be given the oath in my place, to satisfy this man."

10. Several friends forming a picnic party, went to a garden, and finding a suitable place, spread the dinner cloth. A dog who was somewhat far off, on seeing these preparations for dinner, came running to the place, whereon one of the party took up a piece of stone, and threw it towards the dog, with the voice and gesture of one throwing a morsel of bread. The dog sniffed at it for a while, and then, to the astonishment of all present, ran off again, without once looking back, and paying no heed to their repeated calls.

One of them said to his companions: "Do you know what the dog said to himself as he turned back?"

"No. What did he say?"

"He said: 'These miserly wretches cannot afford to eat anything more nourishing than stones—of what use is my staying here in expectation of a morsel?'"

11. A poet showed a poem of his to a critic. The poem was full of plagiarisms, almost all lines having been stolen from other poets. The critic, after reading the poem said: "You have brought me a wonderful caravan of camels tied together; let any one but untie the cord wherewith they are tied, and each of them will return to his original master."

12. An old woman came to the Prophet Mahomed, and said: "O Apostle of God! intercede for me with God, so that my sins may be forgiven me, and I may be admitted into Paradise."

"Do you not know," replied he, "that old women obtain no entrance into Paradise?"

The woman, on hearing this reply, began to cry and lament, whereupon the Prophet added with a smile,—"because old women are first changed into young virgins."

The old woman went away satisfied.

13. Once a woman came to see the Prophet. She was asked who was her husband. She replied such and such a one.

"Oh! the man with the whiteness in his eyes?" asked the Prophet by way of a joke.

"Oh no; my husband has no such defect," she replied.

"But he has," rejoined he.

So the woman, on returning home, began to look long and searchingly into the eyes of her husband, whereat he inquired why she acted in this manner. She replied: "The Prophet has said that there is whiteness in your eyes."

The man laughed and said : "He told you the truth. Don't you see that the white portion of my eyes occupies a far larger space than the black portion?"

14. A tribe of nomad Arabs once shifted their quarters, and during the journey from one place to another, a camel and an ass belonging to them were somehow left behind. The two animals lived at ease in the woods for some time, but one day the ass said to the camel: "I am overpowered with the love of music, and I want to sing."

"Don't do it!" exclaimed the camel. "God has been merciful to us, and has just released us from the hands of men. If you sing, that will be a clue for men to find out our whereabouts, and we shall again be captured."

But the ass would not listen to the advice of his companion, and gave utterance to his musical notes, on hearing which, some travellers, who were going along the road, came up to the place, captured the two animals, and loaded them with their baggage. After a time the ass, who was overloaded, grew faint, and was unable to move a bit. Accordingly he was relieved of his burden, and was placed on the back of the camel. On passing through a narrow and steep pass on the ridge of a mountain, the camel said to the ass: "I am seized with a fit of dancing. Your musical notes have given liveliness to my limbs."

"Oh don't!" said the ass, "or at least wait till we are out of this pass. Have you not the fear of God before your eyes?"

But the camel would not listen to the ass, and began to dance, whereupon the ass fell from his back, and rolled down the steep sides of the mountain.

15. The Caliph Mansoor Abbasi once said to the Commander of his forces, who had just made a demand for the pay of the troops, "It has been rightly observed that a dog should be kept hungry, so that he will follow his master wherever he goes."

"You are right," rejoined the Commander, "but then you should remember, that if another person were to come and offer the dog a morsel, there would be every probability of the dog quitting his master and following the other man."

The Caliph was wise enough to take the hint.

16. An inhabitant of Baghdad went to Kazwin. As his stay at the latter place was prolonged beyond what he had originally intended it to be, he wrote a letter to his family, mentioning everything about himself and his affairs; but, as he could not find any messenger, he determined to take the letter himself to Baghdad. Accordingly he took up the letter, and arrived with it at his house, but stayed outside the door. The members of his family were glad to see him, and asked him to enter the house; but this he would not do, saying, "my object in coming here was merely to bring this letter;" and with these words he left again, leaving the letter with them.

17. A Syrian went to a carpenter's workshop, and asked him to make a door for him. The carpenter wanted to know the length and breadth of the door, whereupon the Syrian went home, measured the breadth of his doorway with his extended arms, and, keeping the arms so outstretched, began to return to the carpenter. But on his way back he encountered a wag, who, by way of a practical joke, tripped him up, and laid him flat on his back, on the ground. Even then, the Syrian would not make use of his arms, but kept them extended, and being unable to rise in this position, went on abusing the man and requesting the passers-by to pick him up. When some one offered to raise him, he shouted out, "Don't take hold of my arms or you would destroy the measurement of my door. Take me up by the beard." So he was picked up in the way suggested by himself; and he went away quite a happy man at the thought, that in spite of all difficulties he had preserved the measurement of his door.

18. "I say, do you believe that men will again be made alive, after death?"

"I do."

"Well then, lend me a thousand *ashrafs*, and I promise to return them to you when I am again made alive."

"That I can. But you must first bring me some security that you will not be made to appear on that day in the form of a dog or a pig; for I do not believe that a man like *you* will ever be allowed to reappear in human form."

19. Caliph Omar used to walk about the streets in disguise at night time, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the people he governed.

One night he heard some noise proceeding from a house, and as the door was locked from inside, he climbed up an adjoining wall, and looked into the house from a window which was situated at the top. He saw a man and a woman engaged in drinking wine and singing; and as indulgence in wine is prohibited in the Koran, he cried out in anger, "Man, art thou not ashamed to sin in this way? Dost thou think that thy sin is concealed from the sight of God?" The man, who had recognised Omar, bowed and replied, "O Commander of the Faithful! I demand justice from thee. If I have committed one sin, thou hast committed three." "If thou canst prove that," said Omar, taken aback, "I will forgive thee." "Why," replied the man, "the Lord has said, 'thou shall not pry into the affairs of thy neighbours,' and thou hast just broken this commandment; secondly, the Lord says, 'when thou enterest a house, greet the people within with a peace-salutation,' and thou hast not done so; and, thirdly, the Lord says, 'when thou enterest a house, enter through the door,' and thou hast entered through the window."

Omar laughed, and went his way, but first exacted a promise from the man not to indulge in wine in future.

20. A woman had lost by death five husbands, and had married for the sixth time. It happened that her husband fell ill, and was nigh unto death, whereupon she began to cry and lament, saying, "O husband, dear, if (God forbid!) you should die, what will become of me? Whom do you leave me to?" The man smiled and gasped out,—“To the seventh unfortunate man who may marry you.”

21. Some men of Koofah went to Caliph Mámoon to complain of a ruler he had appointed over them. But the Caliph paid no heed to their complaints and remarked that the governor was a just, kind-hearted, and able man, and that he had no equal in these qualifications. Hereupon, one of the men of Koofah got up and said: “O Caliph! if the governor is really the man you have described him to be, why should he be reserved for one province only?—why not send him to other provinces one after another, so that all your subjects may be equally benefitted? You have already made him stay with us too long.”

Mámoon laughed and said, “Well, if you do not like to have him, I’ll not force him upon you.”

22. It is mentioned in the Hadees that he who offers up a single prayer with *undivided attention* may get all his prayers accepted by God.

A Mahomedan saint relates—“When I learnt this Hadees, I determined to go to the Mosque of Koofah and to recite the prayers there, since the mosque is reckoned as one of the holiest in the country, and there is not much disturbance from men during prayer time. Well, I went there, and had scarcely proceeded with two or three lines, when a thought occurred to me that it was a pity that such a holy mosque should have no suitable minaret. Then I thought of what difficulties there were in the way of constructing a minaret—for instance, stones could be procured from such and such a place, mortar from this place, and bricks from that. Then I thought of a competent architect to undertake the work, who would perhaps have to be brought from Isfahán; and, in short, I was in the

midst of these reflections when I came to the conclusion of my prayers. I then flung my turban on the ground and said, 'By God! it seems as if I came here to project the building of a minaret instead of to pray!'

23.* A cock and a dog were good friends, and were journeying through the woods. One night the cock roosted on the bough of a tree, while the dog slept at the foot of it. When it was nearly dawn, the cock, according to his habits, began to crow, on hearing which, a fox, who was in the neighbourhood, came to the foot of the tree, and, not noticing the dog who still slept, said to the cock, 'O thou *Pesh-nimáz*, † come down so that we may offer up together the prayers of Jumná'a.' The cock replied: "I am merely the Muezzin whose duty it is to call up the Faithful to prayers; the *Pesh-nimáz* is sleeping below; awake him, so that he may join you in your devotions." The fox, on looking about, saw the dog, who was just waking from his sleep, and so he turned about to run away. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked the cock. "Oh! I have forgotten my ablutions," said the fox, "and I am running home to perform them."

24. A person, who claimed to be a second Moses, was brought before the Caliph of the time. The Caliph said to him: "Moses could change his staff into a serpent; if thou art Moses, where is thy staff?"

"Moses performed this miracle," replied the man, "because Pharaoh claimed to be God. If you, too, lay claims to Divinity, I will show you my miracles, not otherwise."

"Thou art a fool," said the Caliph.

"Don't you know," replied the man, "that a prophet and the people in the midst of whom he appears are sprung from the same stock? As the people, so the prophet."

The Caliph laughed and bade him go his ways.

* Similar to a fable of La Fontaine.

† The leader of prayers in a mosque.

25. A Soofee brought some quantity of wheat to a miller and requested him to grind it for him. The miller replied that he had no leisure.

"If you do not grind my corn," said the Soofee, "I shall curse you and your ass."

"Do it, and welcome!" replied the miller, "for, had your prayers for good or evil any value, you would not have come to me for getting your corn turned into flour, but would have asked God to do so."

26. A party of thieves entered the house of a poor man, and although they ransacked the house from top to bottom, they could not find anything worth carrying off. The owner of the house awoke, and coolly said to them, "What a pack of fools you are, to search in the dark for such things as I cannot find here in the broad daylight!"

27. A beggar came near a group of persons engaged in taking their meals, and greeted them with, "Good morning, O ye misers!"

"How do you know we are misers?" asked one of the party.

"If you are not," replied the beggar, "why don't you prove me to be a liar by offering me some of your food?"

28. A beggar went to the house of a rich man and asked for a morsel of bread. The master replied that the bread had not yet come from the baker's.

"Give me some quantity of flour, then."

"It is all consumed."

"At least give me some water; I am thirsty."

"The water-bearer has not brought it yet."

"Well, give me some oil to rub over my head."

"We have none in the house."

"Well, since you do not seem to have anything in the house, come with me—we shall go a-begging together!"

29. Nowsherwán was informed that a person calling himself one of the lowliest of Arabs wanted to see him. The king ordered him to be admitted, and, when he came, asked him who he was and whence he came.

"I am one of the noblest of Arabs," replied he.

"But you just now said to my porter that you were one of the *lowliest* of Arabs!" said Nowsherwán in some surprise.

"True, your Majesty," replied he, "I was but an insignificant man then, but now that I have had the honor of seeing your royal countenance, I am the noblest of the Arabs."

The king smiled at this delicate flattery, and ordered some reward to be given to the Arab.

30. A beggar came to the house of a rich man and solicited alms. The master of the house said aloud to one of his slaves, "O Mubárak, go and tell Kambar to say to Yákoot that he should ask Bilál to inform the beggar that there is nothing in the house."

The beggar, on hearing these words, exclaimed, "O God, order Gabriel to make known to Michael that he should tell Israphael to say to Azrael that he should take the life of the master of this house."

31. A king was going along a road on horseback, when he encountered a man, on seeing whom the horse shied, and the king was thrown on the ground. The king got up enraged, and ordered that the man should be executed. The poor fellow asked for what fault of his such a punishment was to be inflicted on him.

"You possess an evil eye," said the king, "and the sight of you brings ill-luck, for I fell from my horse."

The man replied, "At the sight of *me* you fell to the ground, but got up without much harm; while at the sight of *you*, I am going to be executed. Now, do me justice, O king, which of us twain is now the bird of ill-omen?"

The king laughed and let him go.

32. A person was sitting bareheaded by the side of a wall, and saying, "O God, send me a hat from thy hidden store-house, so that I may put it on my head." It happened that a scavenger who was engaged in removing the filth from a neighbouring house, found a dirty old hat lying in the midst of the filth; this he picked out, and flung it high in the air. By a strange coincidence, the hat came down and fell on the head of the bareheaded man, just as he had finished his request to God. The first feelings of the man were those of surprise, that his prayers should have been so readily answered, but when he saw the condition the hat was in, he flung it away from him in disgust (throwing it towards the sky), and said, "O Lord! this hat is not a suitable one for me. Place it on the head of Gabriel if thou likest, but send me a better one."

33. Two persons who had a dispute regarding the possession of a date-plantation, laid their case before the Kazi. The plaintiff brought forward several witnesses, who were asked by the Kazi whether they knew the number of date trees in the plantation.

They replied that they did not.

"Well, then, I ought not to accept your testimony," said the Kázi.

One of the witnesses hereupon came forward and said, "O Kázi How many years have you been sitting in this Court?"

"For more than five years," replied the Kázi.

"Do you know how many pillars are there in this building?"

"I do not know."

"Well, since you cannot tell the number of pillars in this building that you have occupied for upwards of five years, how can you expect us to tell you the number of date trees in a field belonging to *another* person?"

The Kázi laughed and accepted their testimony.

34. A thief one night entered a house, and, spreading his cloak on the ground (with the view of tying up in it whatever valuable article he might come across), he went his round of the house. He could not find anything worth carrying off, except some quantity of flour which he took up in his hands, and he returned to the place where he had spread his cloak. In the meantime, the master of the house who pretending to be asleep had been quietly watching the movements of the thief, had got up and noiselessly possessed himself of the cloak. When the thief returned to the place, the master raised a cry of "thieves ! thieves !", and the thief was obliged to fly. But, as he went, he said to the master of the house, "I leave it to thy conscience to decide whether *I* have been the thief or *thou* !"

35. A desert Arab was present at the dinner table of one of the Caliphs. The dish of "Faloodeh" pleased him so much that he began to stuff himself with it, not caring to taste any of the other viands. One of those who were present said to him : "Don't eat too much of this Faloodeh, or it will be the death of you." The Arab withdrew his hand from the dish, remained thoughtful for a while, and then saying to the men present, "I bequeath to you the care of my family," again fell to the dish with renewed vigour.

36. A debtor was brought before a Kázi by his creditor. The creditor said to the Kázi : "This fellow owes me a certain sum of money which has long since been due, but he has put me off from time to time on various pretences. I request your excellency to order an immediate payment of the sum due." The Kazi turned towards the debtor, and asked him what he had to say. "This man speaks the truth," said the debtor ; "I only ask you to give me some *time*, so that in the interval I may sell off my cows and sheep, my house and furniture, and my garden. I shall then pay him from the proceeds." "This is all a lie," interposed the creditor, "the fellow possesses nothing of all that he has described ;—he is quite poor. This is merely a pretence to have the payment deferred."

"When my creditor himself testifies to my pauperism, O Kazi," said the debtor, "ask him what is it that he wants from me."

The Kazi dismissed the suit.

37. An impostor, clad in the garb of a religious man, arrived at the village of Jám, (the birthplace of the celebrated poet Jámý), and, by his pretended asceticism and devotional life, gained the favour and confidence of the people ; so much so, that he was appointed to the post of the Imám, which, till then, was in the hands of Jámý. The latter warned the people against being led away by the outward devotion of this Sheikh, of whom they knew nothing, and who appeared to be devoid of learning ; but his words were ascribed to jealousy, and some of the people were even bold enough to suggest that, if Jámý had so much confidence in his own powers, he had better enter into an intellectual discussion with the stranger. This the poet Jámý agreed to, and, accordingly, the discussion was appointed to take place in a mosque at a certain time. Both the rivals presented themselves on the appointed day, and it was decided that the Sheikh should ask the first question, to which Jámý should reply.

The Sheikh turning to Jámý asked, "Can you tell me the meaning of the Arabic phrase لا ادري."

"I do not know," replied Jámý.

Now the very meaning of the phrase is "I do not know ;" but the people, who could not boast of any Arabic scholarship, were led away with the notion that Jámý had acknowledged his defeat by confessing that he did not know the meaning of the phrase. Accordingly, they raised cheers for the Sheikh ; and ere Jámý could utter a single word in explanation, he was hooted out of the assembly.

Jámý, who was thus baffled by a trick on the part of the adversary, after two or three days, gave out that he was going on a journey, and went out of the town. Some of his followers and disciples went out along with him. Outside the town, Jámý turned to his followers, and said, "One of you should go to the Sheikh, and

after informing him of your intention to go on a journey, request him to give you a single hair out of his holy beard, so that it may be preserved as a charm against the dangers of the road."

This was done, and the hair was brought to Jámý, but the circumstance got wind, and the doors of the Sheikh were thronged by person of all classes, anxious to possess a single hair of this beard of miraculous properties. The Sheikh good naturedly complied, but in a few days he was left without a single hair on his chin; and now, far from looking a venerable man, he cut a very sorry figure. So the people soon lost faith in him, and began to see certain defects which they had not remarked in him so long. Accordingly he was driven out, and Jámý was recalled and re-instated in his former place.

38. A person from Hajáz had come to Shiraz. On the eve of the first day of the month of Ramazán (the month of fasting) he saw the new moon which ushers in every month. The sight of it aggravated our sage, who said angrily to the moon,—“Hast thou come back to torment and annoy mankind by obliging them to keep fasts? May God kill me, if I do not avoid thy malign influence by departing immediately from this city!”

39. A man, who was remarkable for his stupidity, once purchased an antelope for eleven direms. He was taking the animal home, when he encountered on the road an acquaintance, who asked him how many direms he had given for the animal. The fool outstretched his palms, and drew out his tongue, to indicate eleven. But as he had lost hold of the antelope during this pantomime, the animal escaped.

40. It is mentioned of the prophet Mahomed that a man came to him and requested him to give him an animal to ride on; “for,” said he, “my legs are weak and I am unable to walk much.” The prophet replied that he would give him the offspring of a camel.

"O Apostle of God!" said the man, "how can the young one of a camel bear the load of a big man like me? Give me one of the camels that I see before me." "And is not each of these, the offspring of a camel?" asked the prophet with a smile.

41. A wag named N'aeemán, once saw an Arab hawking honey in the streets. As he knew well that a certain Sheikh of his acquaintance was fond of honey, he brought the man to the house of the Sheikh, and knocked at the door. The door was opened by some of the servants, who were told by him to take the honey and carry it to their master. The servants thinking that N'aeemán had brought the honey as a present, did as they were bid. In the meantime, the wag after telling the Arab that he would be paid by the people of the house, went away.

The Arab, after waiting for a long time and not seeing anyone coming back to pay him the money, cried out: "O people of the house! if you do not approve of my honey, return it to me; and, if you have kept it, pay me the value of it."

When the Sheikh was informed of this, he guessed N'aeemán had played him a *trick*, and ordered the money to be paid to the Arab. On meeting N'aeemán on another occasion, the Sheikh asked him what led him to act in the manner he did. N'aeemán replied, "O venerable Sheikh! I knew you were fond of honey, and so, I simply brought it to you—*along with the Arab!*"

42. A man sent for a porter and said to him, "Take this box, full of bottles, to my house, and for wages I shall give you three valuable bits of advice." The porter agreed to the terms. When about a third of the way was passed, the porter asked the man to fulfil a part of his contract by giving him the first bit of advice. "If any one tells thee," replied the man, "that an empty stomach is better than a full one, do not believe him."

When another third of the way was passed, the porter asked him for the second bit of advice. "If any one tells thee," said the man, "that trudging on foot is better than riding on horseback, do not believe him."

When the house was reached, the porter asked him for the third bit of advice. "If any one tells thee," said the man, "that there is in the city a cheaper porter and a greater blockhead than thou, do not believe him."

The porter then threw the box on the ground, so that all the bottles got broken; and, turning to his employer, said he, imitating his style, "If any one tells thee that even a single bottle out of this lot has remained whole, do not believe him."

And with these words he left.

***43.** A person had a dog, of whom he was very fond. When the dog died, his master had him secretly buried in the cemetery of the Mahomadaus. This circumstance came to the ears of the Kázi, who sent for the man, and reprimanded him severely for his irreligious act, threatening to burn him alive. The man said, "I have a few words to say to you in private. After you have once heard me, I shall willingly submit to any punishment that you may deem fit to inflict on me." The Kázi accordingly took him to his private chamber.

The man then said, "O Kázi ! when my dog was on his death-bed, I asked him whether he wanted to make a will and to leave a legacy to anyone. He replied, 'In return for my long and faithful service to you, I only ask that you should, after my death, take to the Kázi, and present to him, a very fat sheep from our flock, so that he may offer up prayers for my soul.'"

The Kázi, on hearing of this legacy, said, "May God forgive him ! Let me know by and bye what was the illness of which he died ; in the meantime get up and execute his will. May God give thee a good return, and may He have merey upon the soul of the deceased."

Rutebeuf, a French wit of the 13th century, has a similar story, wherein a priest who buries his ass in the churchyard is called to account by the bishop.

44. Two men came to a Kázi for judgment on a suit. One of them had sent beforehand some quantity of oil to the house of the Kázi, while the other had sent a sheep. The Kázi was aware of the former present, but not of the latter. So he gave his judgment in favour of the sender of the oil. The other party wanted to inform the Kázi of the present that he had sent, and hit upon the following mode. He said to the Kázi: "Your honour, the people of your house have come to inform you that the sheep has spilled the oil." The Kázi now knew that he had brought a sheep, so turning to him he said, "Let me see; repeat your plea; I did not attend to you properly—my thoughts were elsewhere." When the man for the second time urged his claim, the Kázi gave decision in *his* favour.

45. One day Ali saw in a mosque an Arab, who seemed to be in a great hurry to get over his prayers, and who showed great haste in his prostrations and genuflexions. Ali becoming angry, raised his whip to strike him, on perceiving which, the man began reciting his prayers over again with a slower accent and with the proper prostrations. When he ended, Ali asked him whether the first prayer was the better one or the last. "The first was the better," replied the Arab, "for that I offered from fear of *God*, and the second one from fear of *you*."

46. Two fools were companions in a journey. One of them said to the other: "Come let us amuse ourselves by *wishing* for something and building castles in the air. Now, what do you wish to have?"

"I wish to have some sheep, so that I might make use of their flesh for eating, and their wool for clothing."

"In that case, I wish to have a pack of wolves who may devour the whole of your flock of sheep."

The one who had the first wish hereupon abused the other, and said: "Fie upon thee! is this the way thou performest the duties of a companion?"

In short, words led to blows, and while they were engaged in belabouring each other, there arrived on the scene a man with an ass loaded with two leather-bags of honey.

On seeing him, the two ceased fighting, and decided to lay their case before him, to see who was in the right and who in the wrong. Accordingly each of the combatants laid his case before the new comer, who, when he had heard both the parties, placed his leather bags on the ground, and tearing them open, so that the honey began to flow out freely, exclaimed, "May my belly be torn like these bags, and may my blood flow like this honey, if you are not a couple of fools!"

47. Ali had a brother named Akeil, who had gone over to the side of Moawiyeh, the enemy of Ali. One day Moawiyeh said to Akiel, "Your brother Ali has discarded you, and I have taken you under my protection. Well, I shall be best pleased with you when you publicly curse him." "Very well," said Akeil, "come and listen to what I shall say." He then mounted the pulpit and said to the people: "O ye people! I have been commanded by Moawiyeh bin Abu Sufyan to curse my brother Ali bin Abu Táleb : May God curse him." He then came down from the pulpit. But Moawiyeh was not satisfied. "I am in doubt," said he, "whether you have fulfilled your promise, for the curse might as well apply to me as to him."

48. One day Ibn-e-Jouzi was on the pulpit, delivering a sermon. His audience, consisting of both Shiahs and Sunnis, wanted to know which sect the preacher belonged to. They therefore put to him this question—"Whom do you consider to be the noblest of men, next to the Prophet?" He replied, "من بئته في بيته" which may mean either "He whose daughter is in his house," thereby alluding to *Abubekr* whose daughter was married to Mahomed; or it may mean, "He in whose house is his daughter," thereby alluding to *Ali*, who was the husband of the Prophet's daughter. The people were still left in doubt: the Sunnis thought he meant *Abubekr*, and the

Shiahs thought he meant Ali. So he was again asked—"How many persons do you regard as the true successors of the Prophet?" Ibn-e-Jouzi replied, "*Four, four, four.*" But the people were unable to understand whether he meant four successors only, whom the Sunnis recognized, or twelve successors, as the Shiahs believed.

49. Some friends of a miser asked him on an occasion when they had paid him a visit: "How should we know that you are tired of our company and you want us to depart?" "Nothing more simple," said the miser; "whenever I tell my servant to bring me my dinner, you may know that you have overstayed your time: you know my habits—that I do not offer food to any one."

50. An author relates that when he was in the city of Koofah he saw a person wrangling with his neighbour and abusing him. "I asked him," says he, "the cause of the quarrel, and he replied, 'A friend of mine had come to see me, and, in order to treat him hospitably, I had sent for a cooked sheep's-head. After we had eaten together, I left the bones outside my door, so that the people may know I am one of those who can afford to eat good food, and I may thereby be honoured in the sight of men. But this rascally neighbour of mine has removed the bones to his own door, so that the people may imagine it was *he* who lived so sumptuously.' "

51. Caliph Hároon had a discussion with his Wazier as to which was more delicious—'fáloodah,' or, the confection of almonds. It was decided that Kazi Abu Usuf should be called upon to pronounce his judgment on the disputed point.

The Kázi came, and, after hearing both sides, remarked: "It is not proper to deliver a judgment in the absence of the things contended for. Have the two dishes brought before me." Accordingly the two dishes were brought before the Kazi, who partook of each and ate till he was satisfied. Hároon then said to him: "Now decide which is the better dish." Abu Usuf smiled, and, stroking his belly,

replied: "O, Commander of the Faithful! both the 'fáloodah' and the confection of almonds are now lying peacefully together inside my stomach. Then, where is the necessity of my causing a rupture between the two, by giving a decision in favour of any of them!" Hároon laughed and gave the Kazi a thousand Ashrafees.

52. A miser was asked whether he could give any example of 'pleasure after pain.' "Yes," said he, "for instance, if a guest were to come to my house and I were to have to offer him food—that would be 'pain.' But if the guest were to reply he could not partake of the food owing to his having observed a fast—that would be 'pleasure after pain.'"

53. A person said to his friend: "Come with me to my house, and partake with me of my bread and salt." The friend, knowing that 'bread and salt' was a colloquial term for substantial food, went with him. The master of the house laid before him merely some pieces of bread and some grains of salt, which the guest was obliged to eat, albeit, with a very wry face. At this juncture a beggar came to the door and began asking for something. The master of the house told him to go away, saying there was nothing in the house. But the beggar was importunate; so the master threatened to belabour him with a stick if he did not go away. Here the guest interposed, saying to the beggar, "Go, my friend, go! The master of this house is a man of his word; whatever he says he does—as *I have found to my cost to-day!*"

54. A Caliph went abunting, and in the ardour of the chase he became separated from his followers. He arrived at the tent of an Arab, and, dismounting from his horse, asked for food. The Arab took him into the tent, and laid before him a piece of oaten bread and a quantity of milk. The Caliph, after doing justice to the repast, said to the Arab, "Brother, do you know who I am? No? Well then, know that I am one of the confidential servants of the Caliph."

*The Caliph then asked for some wine, which was given him. After taking a cup or two, he again said: "Brother, do you know who I am? I am the Caliph." He then asked for more wine, but the Arab refused to give it to him, saying, "Friend, I am afraid that if I give thee more wine, thou wilt now claim to be a prophet." The Caliph laughed heartily at this reply. At this juncture some of his followers arrived at the tent, and recognizing the Caliph, made him obeisance, on observing which, the Arab was overwhelmed with confusion at the recollection of his impertinent reply to the Caliph; but the latter reassured him, and gave him costly presents.

55. A desert-Arab, named Moosa, stole a purse, and then came to a mosque to offer up the usual prayers. The 'Pesh-nimáz' was at that time uttering this verse of the Koran—"What is there in thy hand, O Moosa?" which, when the Arab heard, he exclaimed: 'I swear by God that thou art a conjurer'; and flinging away from him the purse, he immediately left the mosque.

56. A foolish Muezzin was seen running with all his might, immediately after uttering his morning call, of summoning the Faithful to prayers. He was asked where he was going in such haste. He replied, 'I am going to see how far the sound of my voice reaches!'

57. One day when Nowsherwan was taking his dinner, a slave, in bringing a dish, spilled some gravy on the royal dress. Nowsherwan turned towards the slave with a dark frown, whereupon the slave emptied the whole dish on the robe of the king. After the first moment of surprise and anger, Nowsherwan asked the slave what he meant by such conduct. The slave replied, "O king! from your eyes I could see that you intended to put me to death. I was afraid that the people would accuse you of injustice, saying, that for the offence of merely spilling a drop of gravy on your dress you killed a man. I, therefore, committed a greater offence, so that (since I am to die in any case), people may not call you cruel or unjust."

Nowsherwán smiled and forgave the slave

58. An author relates, that in a certain city he paid a visit to the cemetery, and saw there a tombstone, on which were engraved the following lines :—

"I am the son of that man who had air under his command. He could imprison it or let it loose whenever he liked."

This led him to imagine that the father of the man buried must have been some great magician. But on turning to depart he saw another tombstone exactly opposite the former one, and bearing this inscription: *"Let no one be deceived by the boast of the man buried opposite, for his father was a mere blacksmith, who could confine the air in his bellows, or let it loose therefrom."*

The author here adds, "I went away very much astonished to find that there are men who pursue each other with their hatred, even after death."

59. A person claimed to be a prophet. He was asked by some persons to give some sign of prophethood. He said, "Let every one of you think upon something, and I shall be able to tell you your thoughts." They said, "we have each thought of something. Now tell us our thoughts." He replied, "Well, all of you are thinking that I am a fool, and that I am telling you a falsehood." They acknowledged that for once he was right in his conjecture.

60. A person said to Mazeed, "Whenever you see yourself attacked by a dog, recite such and such verses from the Koran, and the animal will not be able to harm you." "I had better keep a stick with me," replied he, "for, you know, all dogs do not read the Koran."

61. A grammarian, while crossing a river in a boat, asked the boatsman whether he had ever studied Syntax. The latter replied that he had not. "Then, one-half of your life has been simply wasted."

*It happened that a violent storm arose, and the boat began to dance upon the waves. It was now the boatman's turn to ask: "Have you ever learnt to swim?" "No," replied he grammarian. "Then," retorted the boatman, "the whole of your life will now be simply thrown away."

62. Caliph Hároon once asked his buffoon Behlool whether he would like to be a Caliph. "No," replied Behlool. "Why not?" asked Haroon. "Because," replied Behlool, "I have seen the funeral of three caliphs, but you have not seen the funeral of a single Behlool."

63. A Hamadáni was seen wandering about in a desert, as if in quest of something. He was asked what he was in search of. He replied, "I had buried my treasure somewhere here, but now I cannot find it."

"Did you not place some mark near the place?"

"Oh, I thought there was no need for it, as I had observed a peculiar shaped cloud exactly over the place. But, unfortunately, I cannot see the cloud now."

64. A boy saw his own image while looking into a well. He immediately ran to his mother and said, "Mother, come with me: there is a thief in the well." The mother came to the well, and looking into it observed, "By God! thou art right: and look, *there is an old hag, too, with him.*"

65. A person seeing for the first time a very high tower, expressed his wonder, saying, "How tall the men must have been who constructed such a lofty tower!" Another wise man who was with him, hereupon observed, "Oh no! no one could have been so tall as that. I am sure this tower must have been built up lengthwise on the ground, and then set up erect in its present position!"

66. A courtier once said to a king, "I have seen no one so lazy as you are."

"How so?" asked the king. "Because," said he, "you could very easily have given utterance to an order to give me, say, a hundred thousand direms; but you have been too lazy to give so much trouble to your tongue."

The king smiled, and ordered something to be given to him.

67. A witty poet once praised an Ameer. The Ameer ordered that the poet should be given, as a reward, the pack saddle of an ass. The poet returned thanks, and placing the saddle on his shoulders, came out of the hall. He was asked by his friends what reward he had obtained by praising the Ameer. He replied, "I praised him with the best of *my* verses, and he rewarded me with the best of *his* dresses."

68. Abu Hâreth used to ride on a miserable nag. He was once asked, "Have you, while riding on such a sorry animal, ever out-distanced your companions?" "Yes," said he, "I was once going with a caravan, when, coming to a place where the passage was blocked up, we had all to turn back; and I being the last man, now rode *foremost*, for some time."

69. Khosru Perwiz once ordered 8,000 direms to be paid to a fisherman, as a reward for bringing to him a very large fish. When the fisherman rose to depart, one of the direms fell from his hand and rolled on the ground; and so he stooped to pick it up. Sheereen, who was with the king, whispered to him, "Look at the meanness of the fellow, he does not let go even a single direm." Khosru accordingly recalled the fisherman, and said to him, "Were not those 8,000 direms sufficient for you, that you stooped low to pick up even a single direm, that had rolled away from your hands?"

"The reward of your Majesty has made me rich," replied the fisherman, "but I was afraid that if the coin remained on the ground, the auspicious name of your Majesty, on the coin, might get trampled upon."

Khosru was surprised at this ready wit, and ordered that 4,000 direms more should be given to the fisherman.

70. On the day of the 'Eid of Sacrifice,' a desert-Arab sacrificed a camel; and he boasted of his sacrifice wherever he went. On being remonstrated with for showing so much conceit, he replied, "*SubhanAllah!* God sacrificed but a single *goat*, that He substituted for Ishmael whom Abraham was going to sacrifice. And this sacrifice of the goat has been mentioned several times in the Koran. Should I not, therefore, mention as many times, a greater sacrifice that I have made—the sacrifice of a *camel*?"

71. A person claimed to be a prophet. The Caliph sent for him, and asked him whether he could perform any miracles. "Yes," said he, "if you demand anything from me, I can give it to you."

"Well, then, give me a melon, though this is not the season for it," said the Caliph.

"Give me three days' grace," said the man.

"No! No! Not even an hour," said the Caliph.

"It is very strange," said the would-be-prophet, "that when God Himself, with all His omnipotence, does not make the melon within *three months*, you don't give me time for even *three days*!"

The Caliph laughed and let him go.

72. A farmer came to the governor of the province, and said, "The produce of my farm is merely ten maunds, but your subordinates have estimated it at one hundred maunds, for revenue purposes." The governor became angry and said, "Are you not

ashamed, with ten maunds of beard on your face, to tell me such lies? Can any one put down a hundred maunds for a produce that is only ten maunds?"

The farmer replied, "Since you yourself do not scruple to estimate my beard at ten *maunds*, when it hardly weighs five *mishals*, I cannot now find fault with your subordinates."

The governor laughed and said, "Get thee gone! I will have *thy* estimate accepted as the right one."

73. Abu Ayoob, the theologian, was once asked, "If one may have occasion to pray in a desert, and if he do not know the Cardinal points, in what direction should he turn his face?" "Towards his baggage," was the reply, "so that it may not be stolen."

74. A poet wrote a very wretched ode, and read it to the celebrated poet Jámy. He then conceitedly added, "I want to have it hung up on the gates of the city, so that it may become known to all." "Ay," said Jámy, "but how will the people know the poem is yours, unless you too are hung up there along with it?"

75. A philosopher tried to enter into conversation with a handsome youth, but the reply of the latter were given in a rude and surly tone. "Humph!" said the philosopher to himself, "here is a vessel of *gold* full of *vinegar*."

76. A person was exceedingly ugly. Once he was asked how he could bear to live, having such an ugly face. He replied, "Why should I not find pleasure in my existence? *I* never have occasion to see my own face: the annoyance of it is to *others*, who see it!"

77. An ugly man fell ill, and sent for a doctor. The doctor, on examining him, said, "If you can manage to vomit, you will soon be well." The man replied, "I cannot do it, though I have been trying to, so long." A wag, who was present, exclaimed, "If you but see your face in the mirror, it will immediately turn your stomach."

78.* An old lion was hungry. Going about in quest of some prey, he came upon a strong-bodied mule. "It will not be easy," thought the lion, "to overcome the mule with force: I had better use some strategem." Accordingly he approached the mule, and by way of opening the conversation asked, "Brother, what is your age?" The mule replied, "I do not know. But my late revered father used to say, that the date of my birth was written on the hoofs of my hind legs. You may read it if you like." When the lion approached the heels, in order to be able to read, the mule made such a good use of his hind legs, that there was not a whole bone left in the body of the lion.

79. Two friends were sitting together, taking their dinner, under a tree. They had before them three fried fishes, one small and the other two large. The friends saw a third person approaching, whereupon they concealed the two large fishes in a pot, and on the stranger's nearer approach, invited him to join them in the dinner, which the stranger agreed to.

As the stranger had got a glimpse of the larger fishes, he after partaking of two or three morsels, asked his hosts whether they knew all the particulars of the story of Jonas who was swallowed by a whale. They replied that they did not. "Allow me, then, to question this fish," said he and bringing his ears very near the fish, he remained in a listening attitude for a while, and then said, "This fish says, 'I am not so very well acquainted with the details. You must question the two larger fishes that are lying inside the pot.'" The men laughed, and brought forth the other two fishes also.

* La Fontaine's fable of the wolf and the horse is similar to this.

80. A king was very fat, so much so, that the slightest exercise fatigued him. He summoned together the best doctors in the country, and asked them to cure him of his fatness. Every one of the doctors tried his skill, but it was of no avail. One day a wise man came to the Court of the King, and said: "I have heard that your Majesty is trying to get lean. I am a physician and also an astrologer. If you give me permission, I shall take your case in hand. But as the treatment will last a long time, I shall first try to learn to-night from the aspect of the stars whether your life is sufficiently long for the effects of my treatment to show themselves." The permission was given.

Next morning the man again came to the King, and said with a sorrowful face: "The stars inform me that only one month is left of your Majesty's life on this earth; and as the time is too short for my treatment to be effective, I must be excused from taking your case in hand. Meanwhile, if you have any doubt as to the truth of my words, keep me confined, and give instructions to your men to liberate me after one month, if my prognostication is true."

The King kept him confined. But the dread of approaching death made the King very sorrowful. He gave up all pleasures, and day by day his fatness decreased as his grief and anxiety increased.

After 28 days had elapsed, he sent for the astrologer and said to him: "Only two days are now wanting to the period assigned by you. Now, what say you?" The man replied: "How can I foretell the future, your Majesty? I do not know the period of my own existence, how can I then predict the death of others? I knew your Majesty wanted to be lean, and I knew also that nothing makes a man lean so much as sorrow and anxiety. My foretelling your death was but a *ruse* to bring about the desired end. I ask your Majesty whether now you are not quite as lean as you desired to be, and whether your health has not improved all round."

The King, on learning that, after all, he was not to die so soon, became very joyful, applauded the man for his ingenuity, and gave him a very handsome reward.

81. The poet Abu Daláneh wrote a panegyric ode of the Caliph, and read it before him. The Caliph asked him what reward he would like to have in return. "Give me a hound," said Abu Daláneh. "A hound? why, that is nothing! Ask something else," said the Caliph. "Sire, I should like to have the hound first," was the reply.

A hound was accordingly ordered to be given to him. Abu Daláneh then said: "A hound would be useless for hunting purposes without a horse: I cannot follow the chase on foot."

The Caliph gave him a horse.

"Many thanks, Sire, for the horse," said Abu Daláneh, "but I have no one to attend to the animal."

The Caliph ordered that a slave should be given to the poet.

The latter then added: "When I return from the chase, I should like to have some one who can cook for me the game brought."

The Caliph gave him a female slave.

"But, Sire, where shall I lodge all your presents?" demanded the poet.

The Caliph ordered that a good capacious house should be purchased for the poet and be given to him.

"Now, Sire, I have but one difficulty left, and that is—how to feed all these people," said the poet.

The Caliph ordered that an acre of land overgrown with date trees should be given to him.

The poet then kissed the hand of the Caliph and went out.

82. A woman came to Kais-bin-Saad and said: "I have to complain to you of the circumstance that there are no mice in my house. Kais smiled and said: "I understand; this complaint means that you have generally very little food in your house." He then sent to her house some quantity of bread, meat and butter.

83. A person asked his slave, "What day of the week was it when we offered the prayers of Jumaa in the Mosque of Baghdad?"

The slave, after racking his brains for a great length of time, said, "It must have been Tuesday!"

[The prayers of Jumaa are offered only on Fridays.]

84. "Can you tell me, Sir," said one man to another in a street, "how many days have elapsed since the new moon?" "Oh, I am not of this city; I am a stranger here, so I am unable to give you the information."

85. A person purchased some quantity of flour from the bazar, and in order to have it taken home, he called for a porter, and placed the bag of flour on his shoulders.

The porter, on finding an opportunity, when his employer's attention was turned elsewhere, ran away with the flour and disappeared.

After some days the owner of the flour unexpectedly came across the same porter, but instead of giving him in charge for the theft, himself ran away from him.

A friend of his asked him the reason for such conduct, and said! "Why did you not demand back from him your property?" He replied, "I was afraid he would demand from me his portorage."

86. An astrologer was sentenced to be hung on the gallows. He was asked whether he had foreseen this fate. He replied, "The stars informed me that I was to be in an exalted position at the time of death; but I did not know that the exalted position was due to the height of the gallows."

87. The philosophers have said, that whenever any person comes forth from his house in the morning, and says, "That which is nearer unto God is better," or words to that effect,—you may know for

certain that there has been some festivity in the house of his neighbour, to which he was not invited.

And when you see a group of persons issuing from the Court of the Kazi and saying to one another, "We testified to what we had actually seen and heard,"—know for certain that they have just been giving some false testimony, which the Kazi has not accepted.

And when you hear a bridegroom say on the morning after his marriage that "continence and piety are preferable to all things," it is a sure sign that he has discovered* his bride to be very ugly.

And when you see a person coming out of the house of the ruler of the province, and saying, "The hand of God is far mightier than that of any one else,"—you may infer that he has just been bastinadoed.

88. A person said to a youth, "I want to marry such and such a girl" "Don't do it," said the youth, "for I have seen a man kissing her." So the would-be husband gave up the marriage. After a time he saw her married to the very youth who had dissuaded him from marrying her. So he went to the youth and asked, "How is that *you* married the very girl whom you wanted to prevent *me* from marrying?" "Oh!" said the youth, "I knew the man whom I saw kissing her: he was her father."

89. A person was accused of heresy and brought before Haroon-al-Rasheed, who asked him, "Is it true what the people say of you?"

He replied: "How can the people know of my belief or unbelief? The fact is, I am regular in the performance of the daily prayers, and in keeping fasts according to the dictates of religion."

Haroon said, "If you do not acknowledge your heresy, I shall have you flogged to make you confess it."

* Among the Persians, the bridegroom is never allowed to see the face of his bride, till after he is married.

The man replied, "O Caliph! your cousin used to flog persons in order to make them acknowledge the truth of Islam, and do you intend flogging me to make me confess to heresy?"

The Caliph felt ashamed, and let him go.

90. In an assembly in the house of an Ameer, while all the others took part in the conversation, an Arab kept silent. The Ameer said to him: "Why have you been silent?"

He replied, "A man's income (*i.e.*, of wisdom) is through his ears, while whatever passes through the lips goes to enrich others." "You have spoken, and well spoken," said the Ameer.

91. A poet recited in the presence of Hashshám-bin-Abdulmalek a poem in his praise. Hashshám said to him: "Our Prophet has forbidden us to praise any one to his face." The poet artfully replied, "I have not *praised* you. I have simply enumerated the good qualities God has blessed you with, so that you might be thankful." Hashshám said, "These words of thine are better than thy poem," and gave him a suitable reward.

92. "I will not tell a single lie even for a thousand direms," a man was observing to a company.

"Except this one that you have uttered without getting for it a single direm," retorted a bystander.

93. One day Behllool, the Court fool of Haroon-al-Rasheed, came to Haroon's palace, and seeing no one in the audience chamber, went and seated himself on the vacant throne.

When the slaves of Haroon came there, they at once pulled him down from the throne, and began to belabour him. The cries of Behllool brought Haroon to the scene, on seeing whom the slaves let go their hold of Behllool. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Haroon. Behllool replied, "I simply sat on your throne, and your

slaves have beaten me for it." "Well, don't cry," said Haroon; "I shall punish my slaves for treating you thus."

"Oh, it is not the pain of the blows that makes me cry: I am crying for *your* sake," said Behloul.

"How can that be?" inquired the Caliph.

Behloul replied: "If I suffered so much for sitting on the throne for a mere quarter of an hour, how much must you be suffering who are doomed to sit on it for your life time! For I doubt not you receive a similar treatment at the hands of your slaves every morning."

94. A thief entered the house of a poor man, a Fakeer. But there was nothing in the house except a cooking pot, and a blanket with which the Fakeer had covered himself. So he took the pot and went out. The Fakeer, who was awake, immediately got up and followed. The thief, in crossing a street, turned to look behind him; and seeing the Fakeer following leisurely, said: "O Fakeer! where are you going?" "I am merely shifting my quarters," replied the Fakeer, "and I have to thank you for offering your services as a porter for carrying my pot, while I carry my blanket." The thief laughed, and made off, leaving the pot on the ground.

95. A thief entered a house, and saw a youth sleeping on the ground. He spread his scarf, that he had brought with him to tie up the stolen things, and then went to ransack the house.

In the meantime, the youth, who was awake, with a roll of his body lay himself down on the scarf, that was spread near where he was lying.

When the thief returned without finding anything worth stealing, and saw the youth, who was a strong well-built man, lying on his scarf, he deemed it prudent to beat a retreat, leaving his property behind him. As he was passing out, the youth said, "O thief! please shut the door behind you, so that no one else may enter."

"No ! by my soul, no !" replied the thief, "I will not shut the door; for some one may bring you a blanket in the same manner that I brought you a bed-sheet."

96. A person was holding ten eggs in the folds of his skirt. He met a fool, whom, for the sake of a joke, he said "If you can tell me what I hold in my skirt, one of the eggs is yours; and if you can tell me how many there are, all the ten are yours." The fool replied: "O brother, I am not an angel so as to be able to know hidden things. At least give me *some* hint so that I may be able to guess rightly." The man replied, "there are certain yellow things inside of white things." "I know, I know," replied the fool, "you have got some carrots in the midst of radishes!"

The above story was once related in an assembly, and was greeted with roars of laughter. After the laughter had subsided, a Khorasani noble, who was present, asked with a perplexed look: "But what was there in the skirt after all?" This query was a fresh source of laughter to the men present, and those who could not previously believe the story to be true, believed it now.

97. One night the foot of a blind man slipped, and he fell down near the door of a house. He cried out, "O ye people of the house ! bring a light, so that I, a poor blind man, may be able to go in safety." A person said to him, "If thou art blind, of what use is a light to thee?" He replied, "I want a light, so that he who brings it may help me to rise, and may not himself stumble in the dark."

98. A group of persons were praying together in a mosque. One of them uttered some word which did not form a part of the prayer, whereupon the man next him reproached him saying, "Thou hast spoken in the midst of thy prayers, so thy prayers are cancelled. Thou wilt have to begin again." The third man laughed and said, "The prayers of *both* of you are cancelled."

The fourth man said: "All three of you have spoken and your prayers will have to be recited again." "Thank God"! exclaimed the fifth man, "that *I* have not spoken a single word."

99. A fool found a mirror lying in the middle of the road. He picked it up, and on seeing his own image reflected in it, again left it on the ground, saying "I beg your pardon, Sir, I knew not that this thing belonged to you."

100. A constable, on his midnight round, found a drunken man lying in the gutter. He caught hold of his sleeve and said to him, "Come, get up; let us be going." The drunken man asked, "Where shall we be going, brother?" "To the lock-up," replied the constable. "Then, for God's sake let go my sleeve, for had I been able to walk, I should have gone home instead of lying here."

101. A villager came to a city. After wandering about in the streets, staring hard at every object he saw, in order that on his return home he may be able to narrate before an admiring audience the wonders he had seen, he entered a mosque. He heard the preacher speaking of the powers of the Almighty who can turn an atom into a sun a piece of stone into a ruby, and a Durweish into a Sultan. The villager on hearing these words said to himself: "Thank God! I can now see my way to earn a livelihood without going under the obligation of any one. I shall pray to God, and ask him to give me one thousand dinars quickly."

So, the next morning he again came to the mosque, and spreading the skirts of his robe on the ground, said, "O God, send me 1,000 dinars, for my family need it very much." He waited the whole day with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, but the poor fellow did not see anything except some quantity of dust, which fell now and then from the crevices of the ceiling and made him jump up in the hope that it was gold. His patience being exhausted by evening time, he said, "O God, I know well now, I have no need of 1,000

dinars, which are in excess of my requirements. I want only 500 dinars, out of which a hundred will be required for my marriage, a hundred for purchasing a house, a hundred for furnishing it and laying in stock the necessary provisions, and two hundred for my trading capital."

With these words he again drew upon his patience, and waited till the morning, but not finding himself in any way nearer to the object of his desire, he said with a forced smile, "O God, I now understand that the objection on thy part is to the sum of two hundred dinars mentioned last, for which I have not much real need. Well then, give me the remaining 300 dinars, without which I cannot do." And with these words, he again held up his skirts to receive the expected treasure.

It happened that at this time a sparrow passed over his head, and in its flight dropped its excrement in his skirt. The man in his stupidity attributed this to a practical joke on the part of God, and said laughing, "O God, is this a time for jesting and joking?"

In short the fellow waited in the mosque for full two days in expectation of the treasure, but on the third day, owing to hunger and weariness, he became tired of the job, and said angrily: "O God, if thou send now even 1,000 dinars, I swear by the souls of my father and mother that I will not hold it in higher estimation than a mere clod of earth." Saying these words he rose, and prepared to go out, but nevertheless he now and then glanced towards the ceiling in the hope that it may perhaps be rent asunder and a shower of gold fall therefrom.

It happened that just as he was slowly and reluctantly moving away, the shock of an earthquake laid him prostrate on the ground. As he had never before experienced the shock of an earthquake, nor heard of its name, the villager was at first terrified. But presently taking courage, he said, looking behind him, "O God! I am of my own accord going away from this place. There was no need of kicking me out!"

102. A thief went into a garden, and plucking the fruits from the branches, filled his skirts with them. At this time the owner of the garden suddenly came there, and catching hold of the thief said, "Why hast thou come here uninvited?"

"I have not come here of my own accord," replied the thief; "but a strong hurricane got hold of me and has brought me here, much against my will." "And why did you pluck the fruits?" asked the gardener. "Oh, that too was the work of the hurricane," replied the thief. "Granted," said the gardener, "that the wind brought you here and threw down the fruit from the branches; but how did the fruit come into your skirt? and who tied the skirt to your waist?" The thief smiled, and replied, "Friend, I swear by thy dear soul that this is what puzzles me too!"

103. A man flushed with wine was standing in the Bazar at midnight, leaning on a post for support, as the world seemed to spin round him. An acquaintance of his, seeing him there, asked, "Why do you not go home?" He replied, "Friend, do you not see that the houses are all moving round and round, and passing near me? I am waiting for my house to appear, when without the least trouble, I shall jump down into it."

104. A soldier went to a tailor with a piece of silken cloth just sufficient to be made into a cloak. The tailor, who was a wag, wanted to know how many cloaks he wanted made out of the piece. "Can you make more than one?" asked the soldier, a little surprised. "Yes, if you want cloaks a little shorter and tighter, I can make two with ease."

The words "*with ease*" excited the covetousness of the soldier, who said, "O Ustád, think well, perhaps it is possible to make three cloaks out of this piece." "Well, yes, if the cloaks' being short and tight is of no matter to you, and if you give me permission, I can make four cloaks, or more, out of the piece."

The soldier smiled, and said, "O Ustad, the tighter the garments of a soldier, the greater the facility and activity with which he can move about on the battle field. Now try your best and get five cloaks made out of this piece." With these words the soldier went away, and returned after a week. The tailor brought to him five small cloaks, which looked just as if they were made for dolls. The sight of them made the world appear dark in the eyes of the soldier. He looked at the tailor with astonishment, and said: "For whom have you made these cloaks, or rather, these toys?"

"For you," replied the tailor.

"O Ustad, did you not say that you could make five cloaks out of the piece I gave you?"

"Yes; such is even now the case. If you take a little trouble to count, you will find they are exactly five: if they be less than five you can ask back the piece you gave me."

"Yes, yes, I see they are *five*, but these are not cloaks."

"Look well again; if these be shirts, or trousers, or anything else claim damages from me."

"To the devil with your joking! I know these are cloaks, but they are exceedingly small."

"Brother, that is not my fault. I told you they would be very small and tight, and you said that for soldiers the tighter the garment the better. You yourself know well, that if from a piece, which can with difficulty be made into one cloak, you get five cloaks made, they can hardly be bigger than these that I have made for you."

105. Fakhruddowlah, the ruler of Iraq-e-Ajam, was, on his death, succeeded to the throne by his son Majduddowlah; but the latter being a minor, the reins of administration were in the hands of his mother Seyyedah, a very shrewd woman. From the above province Sultan Mahmood Ghaznawi wanted to levy a tribute, and accordingly wrote a letter to Seyyedah, requiring her to submit to an annual

tribute, and to send her son Majduddowlah to the royal court at Ghizni; and he threatened to overrun her province with a large army if she acted otherwise. Seyyedah received the envoy with due honours, and then sent him back with the following reply :—

“During the lifetime of my husband Fakhruddowlah I was afraid to make an enemy of Sultan Mehmood, who is a great king and a powerful warrior, and whose sway extends over Persia and Hindustan. But the death of my husband has removed the cause of my fear, for I know well that the great and renowned Sultan Mehmood will not send an army to attack a *woman*. If he be misguided enough to wage war with me, this much is certain that I will fight to the last; and then if I come off victorious, I shall be crowned with everlasting glory. On the other hand if Sultan Mehmood come out victorious in the strife, it will not redound to his credit, for men will say he defeated an old woman! I am sure Sultan Mehmood is too wise and sensible to try to carry out the threat held out to me, and with this assurance I can very well rest at ease.”

The Sultan, on reading this reply, was very much struck with the shrewdness of the queen, and vowed, that as long as she was alive he would not invade her territory.

106. An Arab stole some musk from the shop of a perfumer, and being caught, was brought before the Kázi. He confessed his crime, whereupon the Kázi asked him what led him to be guilty of such an act. The Arab replied: “I have come across a religious tradition that ‘Whatsoever a thing a man stealeth, that very thing shall appear in judgment against him and shall *hang from his neck* on the Day of Judgment. Well, as I am rather fond of perfumes, I thought it advisable to provide for me some perfume in the next world.”

107. A person went to see a friend who was ill, suffering from some pain in the knee; and said, “The learned doctor Avicenna

has written a couplet containing a prescription for this disease. I have forgotten the first verse, but that will not matter much, since I remember the second." "And what is that?" asked the sick man. "The second verse is—

'And this will surely cure thy aching knee!'"

108. A tailor became a soldier, and, in a battle, was wounded in the head, with an arrow. The surgeon told him not to fear the result, for the arrow had not penetrated to the brain. "I had no fear of that," said the tailor, "for had I the least particle of brains, I should not have left my profession and come *here*."

109. In Isphahan there was a madman who, standing in the bazár, used to beat the passers by, saying "Why don't you all take one side of the road?" As he would not listen to reason, and as using force against him was out of the question, owing to the Persians regarding a madman as one rapt in Divine ecstasy, a wise man advised the men to bring forward another madman to argue with this one. This was done; and when the first madman asked the above question to the passers by, the other replied, "You know, the earth is like a shield floating on water. If all the people were to go on one side, that part would become too heavy, and the earth would be overturned."

Strange to say, this reply satisfied the first madman, and he gave up annoying the passers by

110. In the reign of Malik Zouzan, a man appeared, who claimed to be a prophet, saying that the Angel Gabriel came to him frequently and talked to him. He was brought before the king, and the people wanted to have him killed. But the king ordered that he should be taken to a hospital, and be treated there for insanity.

After some time the king paid a visit to the hospital, and saw that the man had recovered, and had now the look of a sane man. So, with a smile the king asked him, "Does Gabriel come to you now?" "Yes," replied the man. "And what does he say to you?" "He says, 'since you get here good bread, and rich broth, and sweet sherbets, take care not to go away from such a place.'"

111. Mouláná Kutbuddeen asked a squint-eyed man whether it was true that squinting men saw double. "Yes," replied the man; "and in proof of it I may say, that you appear to me to be a *quadruped*."

The Mouláná was dumbfounded by this reply.

112. A person fell from a terrace on the head of Mouláná Kutbuddeen who was passing through the street at the time, and broke the Mouláná's neck. Kutbuddeen was taken home, and laid on his bed, where his friends came to see him. "How do you feel yourself?" asked they. He replied with a smile: "What a bad condition is mine, that another man falls from a terrace, while it is I who get my neck broken!"

113. A person was observed to repeat, after offering his usual prayers, the words "Shukr Allah, Shukr Allah" (*i. e.*, Thanks be to God) a hundred times; and after that he repeated the words "aklash, aklash" (*i. e.*, at least, at least) ten times. He was asked what the latter expression meant. He replied: "I do not know. But in the prayer book it is so mentioned." On opening the book, the sentence found therein was to this effect: "After this prayer the words 'Shukr Allah' should be repeated a hundred times—at the least ('aklash') ten times."

114. One of the kings of Egypt had erected two domes in his capital, and had given orders that everyone who might have to pass

that way should offer up prayers there. Whosoever transgressed this law, whether knowingly or unknowingly, was put to death ; but on the other hand, any two things that he wished for were granted, provided he did not wish for the throne, or for exemption from punishment.

One day a washerman, riding on an ass, and with his professional cudgel in his hand, passed by that place ; and as he was not aware of the law, he did not offer up any prayers there. The guards arrested him, and took him to the king, who rebuked him for his setting at defiance the law of the land.

The washerman brought forward as an excuse his ignorance of the law, and urged that had he been aware of any such law, he would have offered up a thousand prayers instead of one. His plea was of no avail ; the king told him to prepare for death, but at the same time informed him that any two of his wishes would be granted, provided he did not ask for his life or for the kingdom.

The washerman looked from the king to the nobles, requesting them to intercede for him, and began to weep, but all was of no avail.

He then said : " My first wish is that ten thousand dinars should be sent to my family this instant." This was done, and the receipt duly signed by his wife was presented to him. He then said : " My second wish is that every one of you, from the king downwards to the sentinels, should submit to three blows from my cudgel, one a light blow, one a medium blow, and one a hard blow. And I want to commence with the king."

The king with a perturbed look turned towards the waziers, and asked them what was to be done. They advised him to submit to the treatment, since the law said that the wishes of the culprit should be granted.

So the king came down from the throne, and told the washerman to begin. The washerman laid his cudgel with such force on the shoulders of the king, that the king fell down, and became in-

sensible. When he came back to his senses after a time, he asked the washerman what sort of blow it was—whether it was light, or medium, or hard. “That all depends,” said the washerman, “on how Your Majesty feels the second blow. The second blow will give the necessary information.”

The king said to himself: “If this was a light stroke, by God! I shall die of the medium one.” Then turning towards the guards who had brought in the washerman, he said: “You rogues! You villains! How did you know that this man did not offer up his prayers? I am sure he did, and that too in such a manner that no one else up to this time has prayed with similar devotion.”

The king then gave orders that the washerman should be liberated, and the domes destroyed.

115. An ugly and vixenish woman fell sick. She said to her husband: “If I die, how will you be able to live without me? He replied: “That is not the worst of it. What puzzles *me* is—how shall I be able to live if you *do not* die?”

116. A person stole a goat, had him killed, and for several days feasted on the mutton. A friend of his, getting an inkling of the affair, rebuked him, saying: “How will you face the owner of the goat, when he will charge you with the theft on the day of Judgment.” “Oh, I will deny all knowledge of the theft.” “But the goat itself will be there to give evidence.” “In that case I shall catch hold of it by the ears and return it to its owner!”

117. A Turk sent his son to school, to learn Arabic. After some time, when he had spent a considerable sum on the education of his child, he asked him what he had learnt during the interval. The son mentioned the names of certain books. “Let me see,” said the father, “bring me one of your books, and translate to me the passage that I point out to you.” A book was accordingly brought.

The Turk, who was himself unacquainted with the Arabic tongue, opened the book at random, and, pointing with his finger towards the beginning words of the top line, told his son to translate the words.

It happened that the words were لا اعلم signifying in Arabic—— ‘I do not know.’ The boy accordingly said: “I do not know.” “What!” exclaimed the father; “has so much time and money been simply wasted, that you come to me and say you do not know the meaning of the first two words that I point out to you?”

The son tried to explain, but the father would not listen to any explanation, and soundly thrashed the poor little fellow for no fault of his!

118. A Kázi died, and his post was given to his son, who, in addition to being illiterate, was wanting in common sense. Accordingly, his friends and relations persuaded him to learn Arabic; and a qualified teacher was duly engaged. In going over the Arabic grammar, the tutor, in order to explain the construction of a sentence, told the young Kázi to bear in mind the sentence “Zaid struck Omar,” wherein Zaid is the subject and Omar the object.

“But why did Zaid strike Omar?” here interposed the young Kázi: “the latter must have done something wrong.”

“This is merely an example to illustrate the construction of a sentence,” said the tutor. “The striking mentioned here has not really taken place.”

“Oh, you cannot make me believe *that*,” said the Kázi. “Go and fetch this Zaid, and also the lawyers. The good man who wrote this book positively asserts that Zaid struck Omar.”

“But, my dear Sir! This Zaid has not been created by God, nor has this Omar been born of any mother. These are imaginary per-

"Nonsense! You must have been bribed by that Zaid to say so. I must make an example of you. I cannot allow such unjust doings during the time of my Káziship."

And forthwith the poor tutor was put into prison, whence the relatives of the Kázi got him liberated, after much trouble.

119. A person brought a complaint before a Kázi, saying "Such and such a person insulted me and said, 'Do not be an ass.'"
"Did he?" said the Kázi; "the fellow is a fool. Do not mind him at all: he has no right to hinder you from doing whatever you like with yourself!"

120. A poet wrote a panegyric poem about one of the Abbaside Caliphs, and read it to him. The Caliph said to him, "What reward would you prefer for your verse—would you have these three hundred dinars, or would you like to hear instead, three wise sayings, each of which is worth a hundred thousand dinars?"

The poet, for the sake of flattering the Caliph, said he would give preference to the wise sayings.

"Well then, listen," said the Caliph; "the first bit of advice is, that when your socks get old and dirty, put on new ones, because old socks mar the effect of one's dress."

"Alas!" sighed the poet, "if this is your wise saying, I have simply thrown away a hundred dinars." The Caliph smiled and continued,— "The second advice is that when you apply attar to your beard, do not apply it on the under part, or your collar will become stained with the oil."

"Alas!" sighed the poet, "two hundred dinars have I lost."

The caliph laughed, and wanted to give utterance to the third saw, when the poet interposed, saying, "For God's sake, O King, keep the third philosophical bit in your own treasury, and give me instead the remaining hundred dinars, which I now prefer to a thousand wise saws."

The Caliph laughed and gave him two hundred dinars in addition to the three hundred dinars.

121. A thief stole the door of the house of a witty man. The latter, when he did not see the door in the morning, went to a mosque, and taking out a door from its hinges, brought it home, and set it in the place of his own door. He was asked what led him to commit such a sacrilege? He replied: "The door of my house has been stolen. The Lord knows the thief. Let Him put the thief into my hands, and take back the door of His own house."

122. It is said that in an art-gallery in China there are three portraits, representing men in different postures. In one of them there is a man in a sitting attitude with his head hung low, deep in meditation. In the second there is a man who seems to be striking his forehead and pucking his beard; and in the third, a man is seen, dancing and laughing. Under the first portrait is written: "This man is thinking of getting married." Under the second is written: "This man has married and repented; and under the third: "This man has divorced his wife."

123. Three pious and learned brothers were journeying together. They came across a camel driver, who asked them whether they had seen his lost camel. One of the brothers asked whether the animal was blind of one eye; another brother asked whether the animal had lost a front tooth; while the third brother asked whether the animal had received some injury in one of its feet. All of these questions the camel driver answered in the affirmative. The brothers then informed him that, if he searched for the camel in the direction whence they were coming, he would most probably get back his camel.

The camel driver went in the direction pointed out, but his search was not successful; so he turned back, and overtaking the brothers, reported to them his want of success.

Again the brothers asked him, one after another, whether the camel was not loaded with honey on one side and corn on the other, whether there was not a woman riding on the camel, and whether the woman was not far advanced in pregnancy. The camel driver acknowledged that such was the case, and showed his conviction that the brothers very well knew where the camel was. But the brothers said that they had not even seen the animal. The camel driver would not believe these words, and accused them of robbery; and so all of them went to the ruler of the province to have his adjudication on the matter.

The latter after making the preliminary enquiries had the brothers sent to jail on suspicion.

A day or two afterwards, the camel driver came across the camel, who had been straying in the woods, and the innocence of the brothers having been thus proved beyond a doubt, they were released. The governor, however, before parting from them, requested them to inform him how they were able to tell all the indications of the lost camel, without having seen it. They replied, they all of them possessed keen powers of observation, and that while walking on the road, they had seen the foot-prints of a camel. As the impression of one of the feet was all along very faint, they were led to conclude that the animal must have been lame. Again, the herbage on one side only of the road was devoured by the animal, which led them to the conclusion that the camel must have lost one eye. And on the grass and on the leaves browsed by the animal there were indications that the animal had lost its front tooth. As to the load of the animal, they were led to the belief that it consisted of honey and corn, from seeing bees and ants on the opposite sides of the road, busy in removing something that had evidently fallen from the load. Again, the person riding on the back of the camel had alighted for some purpose, as appeared from human foot-prints near a certain place. And the size of the foot-prints, as well as a stray lock of hair lying on the ground, had

convinced them that the rider was a woman. They had gathered that she must have been far advanced in pregnancy, from the circumstance that in rising from the ground she had made use of her hands to support herself, as was apparent from the marks of the palms of her hands on the ground.

On hearing this explanation the governor, who could not but admire their powers of observation, was very well pleased, and after giving them suitable presents allowed them to go.

124. Sultan Mehmood Ghiznawi, when he was a boy, was one day strolling in a garden with a companion, Ahmed Husein Meimandi. Mehmood saw another person, somewhat in advance of them, who was likewise strolling in the garden. "Ahmed!" said Mehmood turning to his companion, "who could that man be, strolling yonder?"

"He seems to be a carpenter," replied Ahmed.

"And can you tell me his name?"

"I think his name also is Ahmed."

"Then he must be one of your acquaintances?"

"No. I have never seen him before this."

"Then what led you to suppose that his name is Ahmed and that he is a carpenter?"

"When you called me by my name, I saw him turn as if to reply. This led me to conclude that *his* name also must be Ahmed. And I have been remarking that he pays no heed to the various fruit trees, or to the flowers: only large trees, that can be cut up into timber, engage his attention. From this I infer that he must be a carpenter."

"This is indeed surprising! But if you can tell me now what he has eaten to-day, I shall have a higher opinion of your powers of observation."

"He has eaten either honey, or some sweetmeat."

Mehmood then called the man to him, and asked, "Do you know this youth?"

"No!" replied the man.

"Let me ask you two or three questions," said Mehmood. "In the first place, what is your name? In the second place, what is your profession? And lastly, what have you eaten to-day?"

The man replied, "My name is Ahmed; I am a carpenter; and I have eaten honey to-day."

Mehmood was astonished; and after dismissing the man, asked his companion, "How did you guess that he had eaten honey?"

Ahmed replied: "He was constantly wiping his mouth, and smacking his lips, and driving away the flies that frequently annoyed him by hovering about his lips. I judged from this that he must have eaten something sweet to-day."

125. In the time of Abdul Malik Marwán, there were two lovers, Jameel and Shabiyeh, who were well known all around for the intensity of their passion for each other. One day Abdul Malik, who was curious to see what sort of beauty was Shabiyeh, had her brought to his court. Finding her dark-skinned and lean, he asked her: "What beauty did Jameel see in you that he took a fancy to you?" She immediately retorted—"And what merit did the people see in you that they elected you to rule over them?" Abdul Malik Marwán was silenced.

126. The munificence of Mehdi Abbasi towards his followers and relatives was very well known. But nevertheless one of his relations was always in poor circumstances, which fact was made known to Mehdi. Mehdi said, "If this is the case, the fault does not lie with me but with his destiny"; and in order to prove his words, he ordered that a purse of gold should be placed in

a very conspicuous position in the middle of a bridge, and the man was sent in that direction on some trivial affair. The man, however, returned without having seen the purse, which very much surprised those who were present. On being asked how he could not see a purse placed in so prominent a place, he replied, "When I was going to cross the bridge, a thought occurred to me that I should try to do so with my eyes shut, so that I may know whether I should be able to cross the bridge if I were to become blind. And so, both in going and returning, I went over that part of the road with my eyes shut!"

127. The celebrated doctor Avicenna once came to Jurján, where he was informed that the nephew of the governor was seriously ill, and that the most skilful physicians of the city were unable to diagnose his disease. Avicenna was taken to the sick bed, and he, after examining the pulse and the urine of the patient, came to the conclusion that the present state of the patient was due to his being madly in love, and to his being obliged to conceal his passion. The doctor then sent for a man thoroughly well acquainted with all the streets and lanes of the city, and ordered him to enumerate all the principal divisions of the city, and the principal streets in each division. The doctor kept his hand all the while on the pulse of the patient. When the narrator came to the name of the street where the sweetheart of the youth resided, the pulse was felt beating faster. Avicenna then ordered that the names of the owners of the houses in that street should be enumerated, and again the pulse made known to the doctor the house of the sweetheart. The names of all persons residing in that house were then ordered to be enumerated, and by this process, without asking a single question of the patient, the doctor learnt who he was in love with. Avicenna then went to the governor, and told him that if he wanted his nephew to recover, he should have him married to such and such a lady. The governor was astonished, but

nevertheless agreed, and came to the bedside of his nephew to give him a hint of what he was going to do if the nephew recovered. From that time the patient made very rapid progress towards recovery.

128. A person travelling on foot became tired, and therefore turning his face towards the sky, he said, "O Lord! send me a horse." At this juncture there came in sight a horseman, who had with him a small colt also. The colt was exhausted with marching, and could with difficulty be made to move on. The horseman, on seeing the pedestrian, beckoned to him to come near, and then with threats forced him to take up the colt on his shoulders. The poor fellow after marching for a while in this fashion, turned his face towards the sky, and said, "O Lord! I asked Thee to give me an animal *to ride on*, but Thou hast sent me an animal *that rides on me*. Either "Thou hast heard wrong, or I made some mistake in uttering my wish."

129. Khusro Parveez had at his Court a musician named Bárbad, who was unequalled for his skill in playing on musical instruments, and Bárbad had again a slave who was gifted with a most enchanting voice. Khusro always took great delight in listening to the instrumental music of Bárbad and the singing of the slave; but by and bye a feeling of jealousy crept into the heart of Bárbad with reference to the slave, and he had him killed.

Khusro, on hearing of this incident, became very much excited and said to Bárbad, "Wretch! What is it that thou hast done? Half of my delight had its origin in thy play on the instruments, and the other half in the singing of thy slave: now, that thou hast destroyed the source of this half of my enjoyment, thou shalt be punished with death for the offence."

Bárbad, though trembling for his life, had the presence of mind to reply, "Your Majesty, I out of folly and in a fit of passion

deprived you of half of your enjoyment; but is it not strange that you, in all your senses, are now bent on depriving yourself of the other half of your enjoyment by putting me to death?"

Khusro was struck with the reply, and forgave him.

130. The poet Majd Hamgar left his old wife in Yezd, and came to Isfahán, where he settled for good. His wife, not being able to bear the anguish of separation, followed him to Isfahán shortly afterwards. Majd was informed of this circumstance by a pupil of his, who said, "I bring you good tidings—your wife has come down to your house." "Oh!" said Majd, "had the house come down on *her* that would have been good tidings indeed."

These words of Majd were reported to his wife, who, when she saw him, began reproaching him, saying, "Is this the way one greets his wife? Have you not the example of others before you? Remember that there have been men before our time, and how chivalrously they—" "Stop!" interposed Majd, "there have been men before *my* time, certainly; but I doubt very much whether there have been any men before *your* time," alluding to her old age.

131. The horse of a soldier was stolen. A person said to him, "It was *your* fault: you ought to have locked up the animal securely." Another man said, "The fault lies with your servant; he ought not to have left the doors of the stable open." The soldier lost patience, and exclaimed, "Aye, aye, it is all *our* fault; but, pray, have you no fault to find with the *thief*?"

132. A soldier was seen running away from a battle-field. Those who saw him said, "Where art thou flying, O coward?" The soldier replied, "I prefer that men should say of me 'He fled: May God curse him!' to their saying 'He died on the battle-field: May God have mercy on his soul!'"

133. A Caliph had a roast lamb laid before him on the table, and was just commencing his dinner, when he saw a wild Arab coming from the desert. The Caliph had him brought to his presence, and invited him to partake of the dish.

As the Arab was very hungry, he began to devour his food greedily, whereupon the Caliph smiled and observed, "You are eating of the lamb in such a manner, that men might be led to infer you are taking your revenge on the animal for its father having once butted you with his horns." "And you," said the Arab, "eat of it so squeamishly, that one might imagine its mother had suckled you!"

The Caliph laughed and presented him with a thousand dinars.

134. An Arab gave evidence before a Kázi in a certain suit. The defendant, wanting to have the evidence set at naught, said: "O Kázi! this man notwithstanding that he is rich, has not yet performed the pilgrimage to Meccah. He is no true follower of the Faith, and therefore little weight should be attached to his evidence." The Arab said, "This man lies. I made the pilgrimage in such and such year." The Kázi, in order to test him, said to the Arab, "If what you say be true, tell me where is 'Zamzam'?" The Arab replied, "The saintly old man is to be found sitting on the door of the 'Arafát.'" "Nonsense!" said the Kázi; "you ought to know, you stupid ass, that 'Zamzam' is a well, and 'Arafát' is a desert without any doors." "That may be," replied the Arab, nothing daunted, "but when I made the pilgrimage, the well had not yet been dug, and Arafát was then a garden having gates!"

135. An Arab lost a camel. He proclaimed loudly that he would give away the camel as a reward to any one who brought it to him. People said to him, "Of what use then is your taking so much trouble to get back the animal?" He replied, "Don't you know that the pleasure of finding a thing is greater than the value of the thing itself?"

136. A pious and learned man went to a rich man and said, "It has come to my ears that you have set apart some of your riches to help needy and worthy men. I am worthy of your assistance, and am very much in want." The rich man, who was somewhat stingy, said that the money was set apart for blind persons only. "You are not blind," said he, "and I cannot help you." The man replied, "You are wrong. No one can be more blind than I, who, turning away my face from the Giver of livelihoods have turned towards a miser like yourself." And with these words he turned back. His words produced a very remarkable effect in the mind of the rich man, who now ran after him, and tried his best to persuade him to accept some money, but without success.

137. A man buried at the foot of a tree in a forest, uncoined gold weighing 1000 *miscals*, and went on a journey. On his return he found that the root of the tree had been partly dug out, the ground laid open, and the gold removed from it by some one. So, with his heart full of grief, he came to Kázi Sharih, and related to him in private all the circumstances. The Kázi told him to come back after three days, but to take care not to mention the affair to any one during the interval.

The Kázi then sent for the most skilful physician of the town, and asked him in private whether the root of such and such a tree had any medicinal uses. The doctor mentioned some of the principal uses. The Kázi inquired whether he had prescribed that root for any one of his patients recently. "Yes," said the doctor, "about a month ago I prescribed the root for a man. He procured the root and got well." The Kázi asked the physician to bring the man into his presence.

When he came, the Kázi took him to a private room, and asking him to sit down, talked on miscellaneous subjects, interlarding his remarks with bits of religious advice, and then skilfully drew out from him the confession that he had found a

treasure. The Kázi then ordered him to give it back to its rightful owner.

133. A person went to a physician and complained of some pain in the stomach. "What have you eaten to-day?" asked the doctor. "Three pounds of oats, roasted and nearly burnt," replied the man. "Then you ought to go to a *veterinary surgeon*" said the doctor, "for the treatment of *beasts* is his speciality. I treat *men* only."

133. Baisunkor Mirza was a patron of the poet Mowláná Lutfi, who once wrote in his praise a panegyric ode, which was an exact parody of a 'Kaseidah' of the poet Muzaffar Hirawi, wherein the word '*bawjhi*' (or 'garden') forms the burden (*i. e.*, the repeated part) of the rhyme.

The Mirza asked Lutfi to parody another 'Kaseidah' of Muzaffar, wherein the burden of the rhyme is '*sar'ái*' (or 'mansion'). Lutfi replied, "I must see first what fruit his *garden* yields me and then I shall think of entering into his *mansion*."

The Mirza laughed, and taking the hint, gave him a good reward

140. A Khwajeh fell ill. A friend of his, a poet, did not even once come to see him during the period of his protracted illness. When the Khwajeh recovered, he went to the poet, and reproached him for not having come even once to inquire after his health during his illness. The poet replied: "Excuse me, my friend, I was serving you in another way—I was engaged in writing an elegy in anticipation of your death!"

141. A barber was shaving the head of a Khwajeh, when a little shaking of the barber's hand occasioned a slight cut from the razor on the head of the Khwajeh. The latter hereupon exclaimed, "You

rascal! you have cut my head!" "Hush! hush! my friend," replied the barber, "a man with his head cut (off) never speaks."

142. A person, who was somewhat of a bore, went to see an acquaintance who was ill. After unconsciously causing him much annoyance with his protracted presence, he said: "Now tell me, my friend, have you any wish nearest your heart? Out with it. Don't let your wish be smothered in your bosom." "My sole desire is," replied the patient with a grim smile, "that I may die, and be thus released from the torture of your visits."

143. A physician saw a person eating together two kinds of food opposite to each other in their effects; and so he warned him against doing so, as the foods would not agree with him. Next day the physician heard that the man was ill. He went to his bedside and said: "Did I not tell you that these two foods would not agree?" "You did;" replied the man with a groan, "but, by God! they seem to have *agreed* between themselves *now*, and have made common cause to torture me out of existence!"

144. A wit married a lady. On seeing her face for the first time after the marriage ceremony (according to the usual Persian custom), he was exceedingly disappointed to find that she was very ugly. One day the wife said to him: "You have many brothers and other male relatives; tell me in whose presence I should always appear veiled and in whose presence I may appear with uncovered face." The husband replied: "Oh you need not care to show your face to any one else, provided you always appear veiled before *me*."

145. A wag came to a village which was bounded, on the north by a hill that prevented the northerly breezes from passing through the village. He said to the villagers: "Would you like to have the hill removed so as to make the village accessible to the breezes?" They

replied: "If you can do so, we shall be very much obliged." "Well then," said he, "I undertake to remove the hill on the condition that you feast me and provide me with creature-comforts for the full period of one year. After that period I shall remove the hill." The condition was agreed to, and after feasting him for a whole year they came to him and asked him to fulfil his promise. He said: "Let all the people of the village assemble here, and let me have a rope very strong and very long."

This was done. He then said: "Now take this rope and put it round the hill." They did as directed. Then taking the two ends of the rope in his hands, and turning his back towards the hill, he said: "Now with your united effort, lift up the hill and place it on my shoulders, so that I may carry it to a great distance from your village and throw it in some large cavity." "You are mad," said the villagers; "how can we lift up the hill and place it on your shoulders?" "You are mad yourselves," replied he, "for, since a thousand men like you cannot lift up the hill, how can you expect a single man like me to take it away?"

146. A very avaricious Arab while passing through a desert, came across a large white stone, on which he found this line engraved:—

"Turn me upside down and thou wilt see something to thy advantage."

The Arab in the hopes of getting at some treasure buried there, exerted all his strength, and with much difficulty, and almost exhausting himself in the effort, he succeeded in rolling the stone. He now discovered another line engraved, which ran as follows:—

"Avarice is the root of all evil.

Now turn me back."*

* A similar story I have come across in a book called "Scotch Wit and Humour":—

"In Galloway large craigs are met with having ancient writing on them. One on the farm of Knockleby, has, cut deep on the upper side,—

'Lift me up and I'll tell you more.'

A number of people gathered to this craig, and succeeded in lifting it up, in hopes of being well repaid; but instead of finding any gold, they found written on it,—

'Lay me down as I was before.'

The Arab went away in disgust, cursing the man who had engraved the lines on the stone.

147. A man who was given to jesting, and who would not give up his habits even when he became old, was one day admonished by his neighbours and acquaintances, who said to him: "You had better turn your thoughts towards prayers and repentance; now is not the time for you to joke and jest. Devote your leisure hours to hearing the Hadees (traditions of the Prophet) read." He replied: "Rest assured, gentlemen, I have not neglected the traditions. I have heard many." "Well, narrate to us one of them," said they. He rejoined: "I have heard from Náfa'a, son of Yareed, that our Prophet used to say that there are two qualifications which every one ought to acquire if he wants to obtain happiness both in this world and in the next."

Here our wag paused for a very long time.

"Aye, but tell us what are those two qualifications?" asked the men. "Oh, the narrator, my friend Náfa'a, had forgotten one of them," replied the wag, "and I have forgotten the other!"

148. Once a beggar importunated Abdulmalik-bin-Marwán to give him some alms. Abdulmalik said: "Go, ask the alms of God." "I have already done so," replied the beggar, "and he has referred me to you."

Abdulmalik laughed, and gave him a coin.

149. A Durweish went to the house of a miser and asked alms. The miser said to him: "O Durweish, come to-morrow, for I have then invited some guests, and as a great quantity of food will be prepared for them, I shall give you also something out of it." "Well, but give me something *to-day*," said the Durweish, "so that I may have life enough left in me to be able to come here to-morrow."

The miser laughed and gave him some trifle.

150. Mouláná Arshad was a begging Durweish, and at the same time a very good preacher. Once Malik Hussein wanted to send an envoy to Shah Shujá'a for some diplomatic purpose. His ministers informed him that no one could be a better man for the purpose than Mulla Arshad, who was accordingly called to the Royal presence. Malik Hussein said to him : " I want to send you as envoy to the Court of Shah Shujá'a ; but as you are given to begging, you must first promise me that you will not show this propensity of yours during the time of your stay there."

Mulla Arshad gave the required promise, whereupon Malik Hussein gave him 20,000 dinars, and an additional sum of 5,000 dinars for road expenses.

Mulla Arshad went to Shiráz, to the Court of Shah Shujá'a, and after bringing the subject-matter of his embassy to a successful termination wanted to return. Shah Shujá'a said to him : " The fame of your preaching has preceded you here, and we are very anxious to hear your sermons. Oblige us by appointing a day for your homily." Friday was accordingly appointed. After the usual prayers were over, he ascended the pulpit, and began delivering his discourse in such impassioned words that he brought tears to the eyes of his hearers. But his habit of begging was too strong for him. So he said to them : " Brethren, before I came here as an envoy, I used to beg—even on the pulpit. But those who sent me here have made me take an oath that I would not beg during my stay here. Well, dear brethren, if I have sworn not to beg, may I ask whether you too have sworn not to give me anything?" The congregation laughed in the midst of their tears, and there and then subscribed for him a handsome sum.

151. A man with squinting eyes went to a physician, and said to him : " Objects appear double to my vision, and I want you to cure this defect which has been the cause of much annoyance to me." The physician, looking up, said : " May I ask what are the ailments

of the other gentlemen ? ” “ By God ! ” said the man, preparing to go, “ I must seek some other physician ; for while I see *two* men in place of one, this fellow must at least be seeing *four* ! ”

152. A Kazwini's son fell into a well. The Kazwini went to the well and said to the son : “ *Don't go away* till I return with a rope and take you out ! ”

153. Mowláná Kutbuddén once went to see a great man who was ill, and asked him what was the matter with him. “ I have been suffering from fever, and pain in the neck,” replied the man ; “ but, thank God ! the fever is ‘ broken ’ and now it is the neck only that gives me pain.” “ Cheer up ! ” said the Mowláná, “ that will get ‘ broken ’ too.” And with these words he departed, leaving the patient in doubt, whether he had spoken of the neck getting broken or the pain.

154. In the month of Ramazán, a preacher once addressed his congregation in these words : “ Brethren, the holy month—the month for fasting and prayers—has come again. Bethink ye, when the month was last with us, whether your time was rightly passed, and whether the month departed satisfied with your righteous deeds —.” “ Yes, it went away satisfied,” interposed a wag. “ How knowest thou that ? ” asked the preacher. “ Because,” replied the wag, “ had it not been satisfied, it *would not have returned this time* ! ”

155. A rich man had a Mausoleum built for himself, wherein he wished to have his body deposited after his death. When the structure was completed, he asked the builder whether anything else was wanting to make the building *perfect*. “ Yes,” replied the builder, “ just one thing—your own dead body.”

156. A person went to a Kázi and said : " If I were to eat dates, would it be against the dictates of religion ? "

" No, " said the Kázi.

" And if I were to add a little quantity of water ? "

" It would not be unlawful. "

" And if I were to add some quantity of yeast to it ? "

" It is allowable. There is nothing wrong. "

" Well, then, the date-wine is merely composed of these three things. Why should wine be forbidden ? "

The Kázi said : " If I were to throw a handful of dust at your head, would it hurt you ? "

" By no means, " said the man.

" And if I were to add some water to it ? "

" Still, I don't think it would cause me any pain. "

" Well, and if I were to knead the dust and water, and bake the mixture and make a brick of it, and then throw it at your head, how would you feel it ? "

" It would break my head. "

" Well, then, your question has been already answered. "

157. A Durweish had one day a witty man for his guest. The timbers of the roof being weak creaked now and then, which made his guest apprehensive of their falling. So he said : " O Durweish ! take me to some other house, for I am afraid the roof will come down on my head. " " You need have no fear of that, " replied the Durweish, " the sound that you hear is merely the hosanna sung by the beams and the rafters. " " That may be, " said the guest, " but I am afraid the singing may culminate in Divine ecstasy, when they will jump about and prostrate themselves on the ground. "

158. Mulla Nasruddin, the half wit, once observed to a group of friends that no appreciable difference could be found between the strength that he had possessed in the prime of his youth and the

strength that he had in old age. They asked him what led him to believe so. He replied : "In my house there is a large stone mortar, which I could not move an inch with all my strength when I was young. Now, too, that I am old, I find that I cannot move the stone. It is evident, therefore, that my strength has undergone no change since the days of my youth."

159. Mulla Nasruddin once saw in a dream that a person was offering him nine dinars, and he, the Mulla, was saying, "O generous man, make it ten dinars, for that will be a good round sum."

At this point he awoke, and repenting his greed in asking for more, he again closed his eyes, and stretching out his palm, exclaimed : "Well, let me have even the nine dinars ; I will accept them."

160. On one occasion Mulla Nasruddin was invited to a dinner at a friend's house. A dish of boiled fowl was placed before him. As the fowl was not thoroughly cooked, he partook of gravy only, and said to his friend : "Please have this fowl well cooked for to-morrow, when I shall again be your guest." On the next day the same dish was placed before him, and he found that again the fowl was not well cooked. He, therefore, partook of the gravy, and then placing the fowl in front of himself, began his prostrations and genuflexions as in prayers. "What are you doing?" asked the host. The Mulla replied : "I am going to ask a blessing on this flesh, for the flesh that is placed twice over the fire and is not cooked, cannot be the flesh of an *ordinary* fowl, but that of some prophet or saint amongst them."

161. One day a man said to his wife : "Bring me a bit of cheese, for it gives tone to the stomach and excites the appetite." She replied that there was no cheese in the house. "Never mind," said

to husband ; "so much the better ; for when I come to think of it, causes flatulence, and weakens the gums." "Now, which of your two opinions is the correct one ?" asked the wife. "If you have got the cheese, the first one," replied the husband ; "but if you have it not, the second one."

162. Once Mulla Nasruddin was heard by a neighbour praying to God to bestow on him one thousand dinars and swearing that he would not accept any sum less than that amount even by one dinar. The neighbour who was a Jew, for the sake of a joke took a purse containing 999 dinars, and threw it into the Mulla's house through a window, saying in a disguised voice : "Pick up this sum my faithful servant !"

The Mulla gratified to find that his prayers were accepted, and the boon granted so promptly, took up the purse, and counted the contents.

Finding that there was one dinar short of the sum asked for, he said : "They have perhaps made some mistake in counting, or perhaps the coin is not in stock in the Celestial treasury at present, and I shall be paid hereafter." And with these words he locked up the purse in a box. The Jew who had not looked for this contretemps became very angry, and going to his neighbour's door knocked very loudly for admittance. The door was opened by the Mulla, who inquired what the matter was.

"Restore me my money that you just received," said the Jew.

"The money has been sent by God," said the Mulla, "and the amount is one dinar less than the sum asked for by me ; but I am sure He will pay me the deficit sooner or later."

"You fool ! what nonsense are you talking ?" said the Jew.

"Oh, as to that, any one can see who is acting like a fool," retorted the Mulla coolly.

"But it was I who threw the money into your room for the sake of a joke," urged the Jew.

"I cannot believe it," said the Mulla.

"Well, then, come to the Kázi, and let him judge between us."

"I have no objection to this course, but I have no dress fit to appear in before the Kázi, and moreover I have some pain in the legs. Unless you give me your coat to put on and your ass to ride on, I cannot go with you to the Kázi."

The Jew was obliged to lend him his coat and his ass, and the two men appeared before the Kázi. The Jew laid his complaint, and when he had finished, the Mulla said that all the statements of the Jew were false, adding: "O Kázi, this man is a villain whose business is to annoy the believers in the true Faith, and extort money from them by these and other means. He will perhaps swear, I doubt not, that the coat that I have on, and the ass on which I came to this Court also belong to him." The Jew taken aback at this fresh thrust from the Mulla, exclaimed: "And did I not lend thee these articles even now, just before we came here?"

The Mulla merely smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and looked with a meaning glance towards the Kázi.

The Kázi, who had up to this point heard the case patiently, was now exasperated at this fresh instance of what he deemed to be the rascality of the Jew, and had him bastinadoed and driven from his presence.

So the poor Jew, who wanted to have a joke at the expense of the Mulla, lost not only his money but his coat and his ass into the bargain; and the simple (!) Mulla went away rejoicing at the Jew's discomfiture.

163. A person came to Mulla Nasruddin and asked for the loan of his ass in order to go to a certain town, promising to return the animal within a week. The Mulla expressed his regret at no

being able to gratify him, as the ass had already been lent to another person. At this juncture the braying of the ass was heard from the stable, whereupon the man who had come to borrow the animal exclaimed: "How is this? Whose is that voice, if not your ass's?" The Mulla quietly retorted: "And would you, brother, put more faith in the words of an ass than in those of a venerable man like me?"

164. A learned man came to the city wherein lived Mulla Nasraddin, and asked the people whether there was any man in the city who could try conclusions with him in philosophical discussions. The Mulla was named by some persons present. At this juncture the Mulla came up riding on his ass, and being informed of the desire of the learned man to enter into a discussion with him, said to him: "Question me on whatever subject you like."

The philosopher asked: "Where is the centre of the earth?"

"Just where I am standing," said the Mulla; "if you do not believe it, measure the earth yourself."

The philosopher, marvelling at the reply, put the next question: "How many stars are there in the firmament?"

"As many as there are hairs all over the body of my ass," replied the Mulla; "if you do not believe it, count them."

The bewildered philosopher now put the third question: "How many hairs have I in my beard?"

"Just as many as there are hairs in the tail of my ass," replied the Mulla; "if you want a proof of it, pluck out one hair from your beard and I shall do the same with the tail of my ass, and we can go on doing this till the whole of your beard is plucked out, and you will find that I have said the truth."

The philosopher took to his heels.

165. Once a villager took three pomegranates to an Ameer as a 'peshkash' and received some reward in return. On another

occasion he wanted to take twenty turnips, as a 'peshkash' to the Ameer but was dissuaded by a friend, who recommended him to take figs instead. Accordingly, the villager took some figs to the Ameer, but the latter not being in good humour at the time, ordered his servants to pelt him with the very figs he had brought, and to drive him off from his presence. The peasant, every time that a fig struck him, loudly called down blessings on his friend, upon which the Ameer asked him what he meant. The villager replied: "I intended to bring you a present of some turnips, but thanks to the advice of my friend, I brought figs instead. Had I not done so I should have had my head broken."

The Ameer laughed and gave him some reward.

166. One day the wife of Mulla Nasruddin washed his cloak, and, after wringing it, hung it on a peg in the wall, to dry. When the Mulla came home, it being somewhat dark, he took the cloak for some thief, and bringing his bow and arrow from an adjoining room, let fly the arrow at the supposed depredator.

He then called out to his wife: "Come and see, I have killed a thief with a single shot of my arrow." His wife came, and seeing what he had done, held up the cloak to him, and said: "You stupid fellow! How long am I to put up with your follies?" "Be quiet, woman," said the husband; "you ought to thank God that I was not in the cloak at the time of my discharging the arrow, or you would have been a widow."

167. A beggar came to the house of the Mulla, and seeing him on the terrace beckoned to him to come down. The Mulla came down, when the beggar said to him: "For the sake of God give me something." The Mulla, concealing his displeasure, asked him to come upstairs, and, taking him to the terrace, said: "I swear by God I haven't anything that I can willingly give thee in charity."

The beggar fumed and said: "Why did you not say so downstairs? Why did you bring me here?" "In order to requite you for your courtesy in calling me down," retorted the Mulla.

168. Once Mulla Nasruddin invited some friends to dinner, and took them with him to his house. Leaving them in the front chamber, he went to his wife, and said: "I have invited some friends to dine with me to-day. Have we sufficient food in the house?" "No, we have not;" replied the wife. "Then go and inform my friends who are waiting in the front room that I am not at home." The wife did as she was directed to do. The guests said: "What words are these? He came with us, and we saw him go inside even just now!" The Mulla replied from within: "This house has two doors; perhaps he got out by the other door!"

169. On a moonlit night, a fool saw the image of the moon in a well. Said he: "The poor little moon has fallen into the well. Let me take him out." So he procured a piece of rope, and attaching a hook at one extremity, let it down in the well. After moving about the hook in the water for some time, he found that the hook had become fast to something; and he began to pull. But the hook having caught on a large stone at the bottom of the well, he was not able to make the rope come up. At last the rope, which was rather old and worn out, gave way, and the man was flung on his back. He now saw the moon high up in the heavens, whereupon he exclaimed, "Thank God that after all this trouble I have succeeded in bringing out the poor fellow from the well!"

170. A man whose name was Hasan wanted to have a seal engraved with his name. He went to a seal-engraver, who informed him that he would take one dinar for every letter engraved. "Very well," said Hasan, "I want to have the word *خس* (*Khas*)

engraved on my seal." The two letters forming the word were soon engraved, and the artist was going to put in the diacritical point, when Hasan interposed, saying : " As you have only to put in now the point, I don't think it will matter much to you where you put it." " No, it does not matter," said the engraver. " Well, then, I want to have the point put inside the curve of the letter *س*" This was done, and Hasan took away the seal, paying two dinars. But the change in the position of the point made the name read *حسن* (*Hasan*), and so he got three letters engraved for the charge of two letters only.

171. " I hear your neighbour has some festivity at his house to-morrow," said a friend to Mulla Nasruddin.

" It may be so, but I do not see how that concerns *me*."

" But he is going to invite *you* also."

" And, pray, how does that concern *you* ?"*

172. One day Mulla Nasruddin brought home two fowls. He had them fried in butter, and leaving them in a covered vessel, he went out to invite his friends. In the meantime his wife took out the fried fowls, and placed in their stead two live ones.

When the Mulla returned with his guests, he went to the vessel wherein he had placed the fowls, and took out the lid. No sooner had he done so than, to the astonishment of the Mulla, the fowls jumped out and ran away. The Mulla with an awe-struck face turned towards heaven, and said : " O Lord, thou hast in thy mercy given life to these fowls, and I am thankful that I have been allowed to

* This is similar to an anecdote of Frederick the Great. An officer once complained to him of the conduct of another officer, upon which the king observed : " Well, that is none of *my* business." " But he has spoken disrespectfully of *you* also," said the officer. " Well, that is none of *your* business, sir," rejoined the king.

witness this miracle. But——tell me, O Lord, who is going to pay me for the cost of the fowls and of the butter employed in frying them !”

173. A ruler of a province once wrote some verses, and asked a poet to express his opinion regarding them. The poet remarked that the verses were execrable, which so much enraged the Ameer that he ordered the poet to be taken to prison, whence he was released after a month.

Again, after some time, the Ameer wrote some verses, and asked the poet's opinion regarding them. The poet remained silent for a while, and then said: “ Please order your men to take me to prison again.”

174. A poet took some of his verses to a critic, and asked what he thought of them. The critic said that the verses were very bad, whereupon the poet began to abuse him. The critic merely smiled and said: “ This prose of yours is better than your verse at any rate.”

175. Once, Mulla Nasruddin went to pay a visit to a sick man whose complaint was a sever head-ache. He turned to the members of the family, and said to them by way of *encouragement*, (?) “ Don't be disheartened. Whenever a man reaches this stage of illness, his death is not far off; so you will shortly be released from the trouble of tending and nursing him !”

176. On another occasion the Mulla went to the house of a man of whom he had heard the day before, that he was very seriously ill. Taking for granted that the man must have been dead by this time, he began to offer consolation to the members of the man's family,

"But he is not *dead*!" said they, looking daggers at him. "Oh you need not be down-hearted about that," said the Mulla, "*Insha Allah* (may God grant it!), he will die soon!"

177. On another occasion the Mulla went to see a sick acquaintance, and asked him what was the matter with him. The man replied, "I am suffering from an acute attack of lumbago." The Mulla gravely shook his head and observed: "Let us hope for the best! My father also had an attack of the disease which terminated fatally; his death happened very soon after the attack. If you have any will to make, or any wish to be gratified, tell it to me."

The sick man called his son to his bedside, and said, "I give thee solemn injunctions—to turn this fellow out of doors, and never to allow the wretch to approach my bed."

178. One day Mulla Nasruddin, in a mosque, ascended the pulpit, and addressed his audience: "Oh children of the faithful! Do you know what I am going to say?" They answered: "No." "Well then," he replied, "it is of no use for me to waste my time on so stupid a set of people." Next Friday, he again mounted the pulpit and inquired: "O true Mussalmans, know ye what I am going to say?" "We do," said they. "Then," he continued, "there is no need for me to tell you." The third time his audience thought of catching him, and on his putting the usual question they replied, "Some of us do, and some of us do not." "Well then," replied he, "Let those who do know tell those who do not."

179. Kásam and Hášham were two friends, who were both given to 'drawing the long bow,' but the latter was the cleverer of the two. One day, they determined to go to the king and tell him a big lie in hopes of being well rewarded. So they went to the palace of the king, and demanded an audience. The king ordered them to be admitted, and when they came into his presence, he asked: "What do you want of me?"

Kásam replied : "Sire, we have seen a very novel sight, and we have come to inform you of it. We have seen a big stone floating on a river." "Impossible!" exclaimed the king, "that is a big lie, and I'll have you flogged for your impudence." "It is not a lie, Your Majesty," interposed Hásham; "for I can tell you how it happened." "Well, let me hear," said the king. Hásham rejoined : "It happened in this wise: the stone had been lying for many years on one of the banks of the river, and every time that the river overflowed its banks, mud was deposited on the stone, till the stone became twice as big as before, with the accumulated deposit. One day a seed of the gourd plant was dropped on the stone by a bird in its flight. In due time, from the seed sprouted a plant, and in due time the plant bore fine big gourds. These gourds became dried, and next time when there was an inundation, they served as floats, and buoyed up the stone. And it was in this way that the stone came to float on the water."

This explanation seemed to convince the king, who dismissed the men with rewards.

After a time, Kásam, who had soon reached the bottom of his purse, again went to the king, but without taking Hásham along with him, for he did not want to have the reward divided between two persons, but wanted to have the whole of it himself. The king on seeing him said : "What brings you here again?" He replied : "Sire, I have seen another novel sight." "What was it?" asked the king. "I saw that a merchant's bullock went into the river, and was burnt to death;" said Kásam. "Nonsense!" said the king, "you are a great liar."

As Hásham was not there to support him, Kásam did not know what to reply, and was very much confused, whereupon the king ordered his servants to flog him and to drive him out of the palace.

Some time after this, Hásham went to Kásam and said : "Come friend, let us again go to the king, and earn a large reward with another big lie." "I would rather not accompany you," said Kásam.

rubbing his shoulders at the remembrance of the flogging he had received; "you may go alone. And besides, to tell you the truth, I have found that it does not pay to tell lies." "Ho! Ho!" said Hásham, "sits the wind in that quarter? Since when have you become a lover of truth? But I can guess what has happened," said he with a significant glance at Kásam's shoulders; "you seem to have felt the lash *there*; is it not so? Well, this is what comes of trying to get a sly and undue advantage of your friend. But let me hear the details."

Thus pressed, Kásam told him of his recent adventures. "Well, we shall soon put this right," said Hásham, "come with me to the king and repeat the same lie; I will corroborate your assertion." "But I shall be flogged again!" "You will not be: I tell you. You may rely on my ingenuity."

So the two went again to the king, and Kásam repeated his tale of the merchant's bullock having been burnt to death in the midst of the water. "Ha!" said the king, "was not that flogging sufficient for you, that you dare to come to me again with your cock-and-a-bull story?" "He tells the truth, Your Majesty," interposed Hásham; "I myself was an eye-witness of the occurrence, and can explain to you how it happened." "Go on, my ears are open," said the king. "The circumstances were these," said Hásham, "the bullock was loaded with bags of quick-lime, and in attempting to cross the river, he stumbled and fell; the bags were moistened, and —" "O, you need not add more. I can understand what followed," said the king; "the quicklime coming in contact with water gave out heat, and the poor bullock was roasted?" "Just so, Your Majesty." "This is no lie then, as I thought first," said the king, and dismissed them with rewards.

180. A certain lawyer had a very ugly daughter, who was marriageable; but although he offered a considerable dower, no one was inclined to wed her. Through necessity, he married her to a blind man. In the same year there arrived from Ceylon a physician who was reputed to be able to restore sight to the blind. They

asked the father why he would not have his son-in-law cured. He said : " Because I am afraid that if he should recover his sight, he would divorce his wife."

181. Some of the servants of Sultan Mahmood asked Hasan Meimandi what the king had said to him about a certain affair. He answered : " Are you also acquainted with it?" They replied : " You are the prime minister of the empire ; whatever the king says to you he does not think proper to tell to such persons as we are." He replied : " He tells it to me in the confidence that I will not declare it to any one ; why then do you ask me?"

182. A certain poet went to the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited verses in his praise. The chief ordered him to be stripped of his clothes, and expelled the village. The dogs attacking him in his rear, he wanted to take up some stones, but they were frozen to the ground. Thus distressed, he said : " What a vile set of men are these, who let loose their dogs, and fasten their stones!" The chief having heard him from a window laughed and said : " O wise man, ask a boon of me." He answered : " I want my own garment, if you will vouchsafe to bestow it. I have no further expectation from you. I am satisfied with your benevolence in suffering me to depart." The chief of the robbers ordered his garment to be restored and added to it some reward.

183. An astrologer entered his own house, and seeing a stranger sitting in company with his wife, abused him, and used such harsh language that a quarrel and strife ensued. A shrewd man, being apprized thereof, said : " What do you know of the celestial sphere, when you cannot tell who is in your own house?"

184. A certain person, who performed gratis the office of Muezzin in the mosque of Sanjaryah, had such a voice as disgusted all who heard it. The intendent of the mosque, an Ameer, a good humane

man, being unwilling to offend him, said: "My lad, this mosque has Muezzins of long standing, each of whom has a monthly stipend of five dinars; now I will give you ten dinars to go to another place." He agreed to this proposal and went away. Some time after he came to the Ameer and said: "O my lord, you injured me, in sending me away from this station for ten dinars; for where I went they will give me twenty dinars to remove to another place, to which I have not consented." The Ameer laughed, and said: "Take care, don't accept of the offer, for they may be willing to give you fifty."

185. A little man, being afflicted with a pain in his eyes, went to a farrier, desiring him to apply a remedy. The farrier, applying to his eyes what he was used to administer to quadrupeds, the man became blind; upon which he complained to the magistrate.

The magistrate said: "Get away, there is no plea for damages, for had you not been an ass, you would not have applied to the farrier."

186. The son of a rich man, sitting by his father's tomb, was disputing with the son of a durweish, saying: "My father's monument is of stone, the inscription is in gold, and the pavement is made of marble tessellated with turquoise-coloured bricks. What is your father's grave, but a couple of bricks laid together, and sprinkled with a handful of earth!" The son of the durweish replied: "Hold your tongue, for before your father can move himself from under this heavy stone, mine will have arrived at Heaven."

187. An unlucky man once narrated his adventures to a company of men as follows:—

"About three years ago, there was a famine in Isfahan, and we all of us found it very difficult to procure the necessaries of life. One day, on finding my purse empty, and all my stock of provisions exhausted, I took my way towards the mosque, in hopes of obtaining relief from the charity of some rich people. I was walking along

gloomily, when I felt my arm grasped by a veiled woman who said to me, pouring at the same time a handful of silver coins into my palm : " Come with me to the Kazi, and swear that you are my husband, and that you want to divorce me. That is all I require of you. Will you do it ? " I readily promised to do as she desired, and followed her to the court of the Kazi, who after hearing our words gave us divorce. The woman then, to my surprise, took out from underneath her cloak a bundle, which proved to be a living child, and turning to the Kazi, she said : " O Kazi, I have not milk enough in my breasts to suckle this child, nor have I the means of obtaining suitable nourishment for it. Therefore, order my husband to take charge of it. I was accordingly saddled with the bringing up of the child, and I came out of the court with my mind dazed and bewildered. Owing to the concourse of the people in the streets I could not leave the child and run off, and I had therefore to carry it, till I came to a mosque. I deposited my burden on the door steps of the mosque, and made off; but unfortunately I was seen in the act by some people roundabouts, was pursued, overtaken, soundly belaboured, and again made to take up the child in my arms. I wandered about with my burden, till I came to a tomb outside the town. I left the child there and ran off with all my might. As I was very thirsty, I made towards the river, and after allaying my thirst, sat underneath a tree for repose. I had hardly rested a while, when there came a horseman, who beckoned to me, and giving me a jug, told me to fill it with water. As I was filling it in the stream, the jug slipped from my hand, and was carried off; whereupon the horseman became very angry, and began flogging me.

I disengaged myself from his grasp, and fled again, till I came to what seemed to be a building in ruins. On entering, I stumbled, and fell down in a swoon. When I came to my senses, I found myself in a well furnished room. As there was no one present, and I was hungry, I turned my steps towards the kitchen, where I found some eggs and a quantity of butter. I ate as much of the butter and the eggs as I could, and then hastily concealing the remainder of the butter in my breast pocket, and two or three eggs in the folds of my turban, I issued out of the kitchen. But in my hurry I had mistaken the door, and I found myself in a room

wherein an old woman was sitting by the fire, sewing linen. She asked me how I came to be there, and what I wanted. I replied that I was a traveller, and wanted to rest myself a bit, but seeing no one in the front room, had ventured to come here. She therefore gave me a seat by the fire, which I could not decline, although the thoughts of the butter made me very uncomfortable. Presently my garments became greasy and wet, and I seemed to be overflowing with melted butter. The old woman, noticing my condition, became suspicious, and calling me an idiot for spoiling her carpet, dealt me a blow on the head, when—smash went the eggs, and the yolk and the white began to trickle down my face! I could not endure the scene any longer, and I fled.

I went to the river, and washing my garments, hung them up on a tree to dry. A kite attracted by my red turban, pounced upon it and flew off with it. Fearing that I might lose my other garments in a similar way, I hastily put them on again, and turned my steps towards a neighbouring mansion. One of the servants in the house was my friend, and through his recommendation I was engaged there as a servant.

One day my master went out hunting with a hound and a hawk, and I accompanied him. On the homeward journey my master was detained by some villagers, who wanted to entertain him, and so he told me to return with the hawk and the hound. After I had gone some distance, the hawk began to flutter in my hands, and beat me with its wings, which so enraged me that I doubled it up and put it in my saddle bag. Further on, the hound was attacked by some wild dogs, but in the confusion of the moment I forgot to take off his muzzle and let go the leash, and so he was torn to pieces. When I reached the mansion, I alighted from my horse, and took out the hawk from my saddle bag, but the hawk was dead. Fearing the anger of my master, I began to cry and lament, which attracted the attention of my master's wife. She took compassion on me and told me to be quiet, promising to make it up to her husband for the loss of the animals. She then told me to take charge of her child, while she went into the kitchen to attend to the cooking.

After a time the child began to cry, and I forced down its throat a bolus of opium—about the same quantity that I usually took myself—for I had frequently heard my grandmother say, that opium was a good thing for soothing the children. After some time my mistress returned from the kitchen, and took the child into her arms to suckle it, but was horrified to find that the child was dead. She shrieked and fell down into a swoon, and on recovering, began to cry and lament. Presently my master returned, and learnt all the circumstances that had happened. His eyes rolled with fury, and he was going to kill me when his wife interposed, saying: ‘Deal gently with him, husband, for he seems to be an unlucky man. The fault lies more with his fortune than with him.’ So the husband let me go, saying, ‘I forgive you for this time, but let me see you giving more attention to what you are required to do. Now go to the stable, but keep awake the whole night, and look to the sick cow that is there. When you find her on the point of death, cut her throat, reciting the religious formula, so that the use of her flesh may not be unlawful. And also attend to the comforts of my tired horse.’

I went into the stable, and tried to keep myself awake, but gradually dozed off into peaceful slumber. In the midst of the night I awoke with a start, and remembering the injunctions about the cow, I went to look after the animal. But in the hurry I had overturned the lamp, so I had to grope about in the dark, till my hands encountered the side of an animal. From its laboured breathing I felt sure it was the cow in the throes of death, and so I whipped out my knife, and reciting the religious formula, drew it across the throat of the creature. In the morning I discovered that I had slaughtered the horse, while the cow had died of the illness. Fearing to encounter my master I ran off, and have been wandering about ever since.”

188. A person named Fareed had a beautiful wife, whom a Jew was in love with. The husband being poor and without any occupation, remained for the most part in his house, and the Jew could not get any opportunity of laying siege to the affections of his wife. So

the Jew began to devise means of getting the husband away from the city, and accordingly one day said to him, "My friend, why do you remain idle here? Why do you not travel in order to become a successful trader? The little money that I have acquired was by travelling from place to place, bartering the commodity of one place for that of another, and so on." The husband replied, "It is all very well to say so, but you know trading requires money. And who is going to lend me the money necessary for the purpose?" The Jew, hereupon, good naturedly (!) offered to accommodate him, saying, "I will lend you gold weighing one hundred *miscals*, on the condition that you return it to me on the very first day of your return to town from your journey." "But what security can I give to you?" asked Fareed. "None whatsoever do I need, but for form's sake, what say you to a hundred *miscals* of your flesh, which, on your failing to make the payment, I should be at liberty to cut off from your body?"

The condition was agreed upon, and Fareed, with the money in his pocket, left the town with the view of seeing the different commercial centres. On the road he was attacked by robbers, who stripped him of everything valuable that he possessed; and so he was obliged to return, almost naked, to the town. The Jew was very much vexed on seeing him back in so short a time, and demanded back his money. As Fareed had absolutely nothing and could not comply with the demand, he said, "Let us go to the Kázi, and let him decide on this matter." So the two took their way towards the Court of the Kázi.

On the road, they heard a donkey-driver asking for help, as his ass had fallen into a pit, whence he was not able to take him out without the help of others. Fareed good-naturedly offered to help him, and while the owner took hold of the head of the ass, Fareed took hold of the tail, and the two began to pull, when suddenly the tail of the animal came off in the hands of Fareed. The owner of the ass thereupon began to quarrel with him, and said, "Come with me to the Kázi. You must pay me damages." So the three now took their way to the Court of the Kázi.

But as the Kázi's Court was situated at some distance, and as it was already night-fall, they determined to put up in a mosque, for the night. Fareed was locked up in the mosque, and the other two kept guard outside the gate. When it was near dawn, Fareed got up, and going to the terrace on the hind part of the building, jumped down, and came plump on the head of a Fakeer who was sleeping at the foot of the walls. The Fakeer was killed. His son got up and laying hold of Fareed, charged him with the murder. The noise brought the other two persons who were near the gate, and so the four now took their way to the Court of the Kázi.

During the walk Fareed said to himself, "I wish the Court were soon reached; for I am afraid, the longer I am on the road the more will be the mishaps befalling me. I had better move on with a quicker pace." And with this determination he walked faster, followed by his prosecutors. But on taking a turning at the end of a lane, he collided with a pregnant woman, who fell down with the shock, and miscarried. The husband of the woman caught hold of him, and accused him of killing the child, and the five now took their way to the Court of the Kázi.

The Court was at last reached. The Kázi was in his private chambers, and so they all had to wait outside the room, but after a time Fareed getting afraid of another mishap entered the room alone. He found the Kázi drinking *wine*, and so he stood quiet for some time, and then coughed to attract the attention of the Kázi. The latter turned with a start, and asked him what he wanted, saying "How long have you been here and what did you notice?" Fareed discreetly replied that he had merely seen the Kázi drinking *sherbet* (emphasizing the last word), and then related to him his adventures. "Well, well," said the Kázi, "we shall see justice done to you." They then came into the Court, and the Kázi after taking his seat, asked the men what were their complaints.

First came the Jew who claimed his 100 *miscals* of flesh. The Kázi told him to cut it off, but *neither more nor less than* the 100 *miscals*, otherwise he would have to undergo the penalty of being bled to death. The Jew on hearing this decision of the Kázi

wanted to withdraw his complaint, but this the Kázi would not allow, saying "You ought to have thought of that beforehand. You have needlessly put this man to a deal of trouble, and as a penalty you must lay down here one hundred dinars. Only then I can allow you to go." So the Jew laid down his 100 dinars and departed.

Next came the son of the Fakeer who charged Fareed with the death of his father. The Kázi said: "You must take his life in return. Kill him in the same way that he killed your father,—by jumping down on him from the terrace." "But I might get killed myself, jumping down from such a height!" urged the young Fakeer. "I can't help that!" said the Kázi. The Fakeer then wanted to withdraw his complaint, but he was not allowed to do so till he had laid down one hundred dinars.

The husband of the woman now laid his complaint, and charged the accused with the death of his child. The Kázi said to him, "It is but proper that the man should restore to you the young life that he has taken. I therefore order that you should divorce your wife, and give her to this man in marriage. When she is again with child, he shall then divorce her, and you can take her back." So the husband too withdrew his complaint, laying down 100 dinars.

The owner of the donkey had meanwhile slunk away unperceived, saying, as he went, to the attendants in the antechamber, that as he had not the sum necessary for withdrawing his complaint, he was going to bring witnesses to prove that his ass had never a tail!

When the Kázi saw that there was no further complaint against Fareed, he released him, giving him as a compensation for his trouble, 100 dinars out of the sums received.

189. When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she comes, in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him not to be offended—not to be jea-

lous. As, however, she fears he *will* be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place; and having well saturated him, she departs.

190. Behloul, the court-fool of Haroon-ul-Rasheed was enjoined by the Caliph to marry and live discreetly. The jester so far obeyed as to go through the nuptial ceremony; but as he was conducting his wife to her apartment, the uncourteous bridegroom suddenly paused, looked as if he were petrified, and declaring that he had never heard such a tumult in his life, took to his heels, and did not re-appear for months. Meanwhile the deserted wife had procured a divorce, and then Behloul made his re-entree at court. "So!" exclaimed the Caliph with an inquiring air. "Ay, ay!" cried the fool, "you would have done as I did. The tumult scared me away beyond the hills." "What tumult?" asked Haroon. "Why," said Behloul, "as my wife was entering the room, there came from her sounds as of a thousand voices. Amid them I could distinguish the cries of 'rent! taxes! doctors! sons! daughters! schooling! dress! silks! satins! muslins! money! more money! debt! imprisonment!' and 'Behloul has drowned himself in the Caliph's bath!'—therewith," added the jester, "terrified at the solemn warning, and wishing to avoid the profanity of plunging my person into your highness' bath, I fled till the danger was over and here am I, owing nothing, and disinclined to drown myself."

191. A Persian merchant returning from a journey to Europe said to his wives, "What strange creatures these Feringee women are! Would you believe it? they actually carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!" Such was the idea formed of crinoline by this sage of the East!

192. Selim, the first of the Ottoman Emperors that shaved his beard, his predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his bashaws why he altered the custom of his predecessors, answered, "Because you bashaws shall not lead me by the beard as you did them."

193. When Bajazet, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur Lang (Timur the lame, vulgarly called Tamerlane) on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye, Timur burst into loud laughter. The Turk who could ill brook any incivility, said fiercely, "You may deride my misfortunes, Timur, but remember they might have happened to yourself. The disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God, and their state depend on His will." Timur replied with equal haughtiness: "I agree with your observation. I did not laugh at your misfortunes, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind—how little value thrones and sceptres possess in the judgment of God, who has taken a kingdom from a man with *one eye* to give it to another with *one leg*."

194. Ali Hazeen, in his autobiography, assimilates himself, while labouring under sea-sickness, to a *mill-horse*—"My head goes round, puzzled to know why it goes round."

195. A youth meeting one day an old man of a hundred years who, leaning on his staff, formed with his curved person almost the figure of a bow, said, "How much, Sheikh, have you paid for that bow? I want to buy just such another." "Have patience, my son, rejoined the old man, "if you live long enough, you will get such a one for nothing."

196. An Arab of the desert sat at the table of a Caliph, and the latter perceived a hair on the piece of meat which the other was about to devour. "Arab," cried the Caliph, "there is a hair on your meat, you had better remove it." "A table," replied the

Arab, rising to depart, "where the master looks so narrowly at the morsels taken by the guests as to espy a single hair, is no place for a child of Ishmael."

197. A Mulla, preaching one day in a Persian mosque, strongly insisted on the examination which the deceased have to undergo from the angels Nakeer and Munkeer, as soon as the dead are deposited in the tomb. "Don't believe a word of it," cried one of the congregation, "for one of my slaves died a few days since; I filled his mouth with rice, and on digging him up again to-day, the rice was just as I left it. Now it is perfectly impossible for a man to give answers even to angels with his mouth full."

198. It is related of Kareemkhan, a Shah of Persia, that one day, after being harassed by a long attendance in public, hearing causes, he was about to retire, when he was arrested by the cries of a stranger, who, rushing forward, called aloud for redress.

"Who are you?" said the Shah. "I am a merchant, and have been robbed of all I possessed while I slept." "And why did you sleep?" demanded the Monarch in an impatient tone. "Because I made a mistake," replied the trader immediately, "I thought that you were awake." The irritation of the Monarch vanished in a moment. Turning to the wazier, he bade him pay the man's losses from the royal treasury. "It is our business," he added, "to recover, if we can, the property from the robbers."

199. The avarice of the Shah, Ága Mahommed, sometimes betrayed him into awkward and even ludicrous predicaments. On one occasion he himself disclosed a conspiracy to defraud his nobles. When he was riding out with some courtiers, a mendicant met the party, and the king, apparently struck with his distress, ordered a large alms to be given to him. The example was, of course, followed by all, and the beggar obtained a considerable sum. That night the sovereign's impatience betrayed his secret:—"I have been cheated,"

said he to his minister ; "that scoundrel of a mendicant whom you saw this morning, not only promised to return me my own money, but to give me half of what he should receive through its means from others !" Horsemen were instantly ordered in pursuit ; but the fellow took care not to be caught, and the courtiers laughed in their sleeves at his Majesty's disappointment.

200. The celebrated poet Sheikh Saadi and a contemporary poet Humám Tabreezi met accidentally in a bath at Tabreez, without knowing each other ; but entering into conversation, Humám became aware of the birth-place of his companion, and at the same time declared himself a native of the city where they then were. A trial of wit took place, when Humám observed that in Tabreez the Shirazees were more numerous than the dogs in the streets, whereupon Saadi retorted that the reverse was the case in Shiraz, "for there," said he, ' the Tabreezees are held to be *less than dogs*." The double meaning involved in the Sheikh's reply non-plussed Humám. He rallied, however, and observing the baldness of his companion—a personal peculiarity very common among the Sheikh's countrymen—"How comes it," said he, presenting the round-shaped ewer used in ablutions, and turned upside down ; "whence comes it that all you Shirazees have heads like this ?"

"And how comes it," retorted Saadi, presenting his own vessel and pointing to its empty cavity, "that all you Tabreezees have heads empty like this?"

On returning from the bath they entered into some further discourse, in consequence of which Hamám recognised in the stranger the celebrated Sheikh Saadi, and lavished upon him both kindness and honours.

201. An Arab woman on returning from England, whither she had accompanied the children of the British Resident at Bushire, was descanting on the riches and beauty of the kingdom

she had visited. She described the roads, the carriages, the fine horses, and the fertility of the well-cultivated soil. Her audience were full of admiration, and had almost retired in envy, when she happened to mention that there was but one thing wanting to make it perfect. "And what is that?" said they. "Why, it has not a single date tree," was the reply; "all the time I was there I never ceased to look for one, but I looked in vain." The charm was instantly broken,—the Arabs turned away in pity for men who, whatever might be their comforts and magnificence, were condemned to live in a country where there were no date trees.

202. The Kurds, one of the Nomad tribes of Persia, are for the most part entirely unacquainted with the precepts or practice of religion, and scarcely observe its slightest external forms. It is related that a learned Persian who was the guest of one of these barbarians, when he began one morning, according to his custom, to read aloud a chapter of the Koran, was assailed with a stick by his host's wife, who asked him in a rage, if he imagined any of the family to be dead, that he thought it necessary to read the book. The husband, too, while reproving the violence of his wife, blamed his friend, saying that he should have known better than to anticipate misfortune by going through a ceremony *only used at funerals!*

203. The emperor of Constantinople, Mehmood the Fifth, the great rival of Nadir Shah, desiring to humble the vanity of that conqueror, and knowing he valued himself more on his superior bodily power and stentorian voice than on any other qualities, selected, as an envoy to Persia, a porter of extraordinary personal strength and most powerful lungs. The envoy had merely charge of a letter, which he was told to deliver in person to the king, to require an answer, and return. The fame of this remarkable diplomatist preceded him; and Nadir was advised not to receive him as his deputation was deemed an insult. But curiosity overcame all other considerations, and he was introduced one day when there was a very full court. When the Turk approached the throne,

Nadir, assuming his fiercest look, and exerting his voice to the utmost, said: "What do you desire of me?" Almost all started, and the hall vibrated to the sound; but the envoy, with an undaunted air, and in a voice of thunder which made Nadir's appear like the treble of a child, exclaimed: "Take that letter, and give me an answer that I may return to my master." The court was in amazement; all eyes were turned on Nadir, whose frowning countenance gradually relaxed in a smile, and turning to his courtiers, he said: "After all, the fellow certainly has merit." He was outdone, but he could not help respecting in another the qualities he valued in himself. Nadir is stated to have retorted the intended insult, by saying to the envoy, when he gave him leave to depart: "Tell your master, I am glad to find that he has one *man* in his dominions, and that he has had the good sense to send him here, that we may be satisfied of the fact."

* **204.** A thief mounted to the top of a rich man's house, but the latter, hearing his footsteps, and guessing his object, woke his wife, to whom he whispered what had occurred: "I shall feign sleep," said he to her; "do you pretend to awake me, and commence a conversation loud enough to be heard by the thieves. Demand of me with great earnestness how I amassed my wealth, and notwithstanding my refusal, urge me to a confession." The woman did as she was desired, and the husband, evidently with a great deal of hesitation, and seeming wearied with her importunities, confided to her the following secret, making her swear never to reveal it to any one. "Learn, my dear wife," said he, "that all my wealth is plunder. I was possessed of a mysterious charm, by which, when standing on moonlit nights near the walls of the houses of the rich, I could, by repeating the word 'Sholim, Sholim' seven times, and at the same time laying my hand on a moonbeam, vault on the terrace. When there, I again exclaimed 'Sholim, Sholim' seven times, and with the utmost ease jumped down into the house, and again pronouncing 'Sholim, Sholim' seven times, all the riches of the house were brought to my view. I took

* A similar story is to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

what I liked best, and for the last time calling out 'Sholim, Sholim' I sprang through the window with my booty; and through the blessing of this charm, I was not only invisible, but preserved from even the suspicion of guilt. This is the mode with which I have accumulated the great wealth with which you are surrounded. But beware, and reveal not this secret; let no mortal know it, or the consequences may be fatal to us all."

The robber who had anxiously listened to this conversation, treasured up with delight the magic words. After a time, he, believing all in the house asleep, and having got upon the window, called out 'Sholim, Sholim' seven times, and springing forward fell headlong into the room. The master of the dwelling, who was awake, expecting this result, instantly seized the fellow, and after soundly belabouring him asked him who he was. The thief replied: "I am that senseless blockhead that a breath of yours has consigned to the dust." The merchant called in his neighbours, and had the thief delivered over to the police.

205. A shopkeeper of Isfahàn went to the governor of the city to represent that he could not pay an impost. "You must pay it, like others," said the governor, "or leave the city." "Where can I go?" asked the man. "To Shiraz or Kashan." Your nephew rules the one city and your brother the other." "Go to the king, and complain if you like." "Your brother Hajee Ibrahim is prime miniter." "Then go to hell!" said the enraged governor. "The pious Hajee—your father, is dead"—retorted the undaunted Isfahánee. "My friend," said the governor, bursting into a laugh, "I will pay the impost myself, since you declare my family keeps you from all redress, both in this world and the next."

206. A merchant of Isfahán was a great niggard, that for many years he denied himself and his son, a young boy, every support, except a crust of coarse bread. He was, however, one day tempted by the description a friend gave of the flavour of cheese to buy a small piece, but before he got home, he began to reproach him-

self with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese, he put it into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged his child to do the same, with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination. One day that he returned home later than usual, he found his son eating his crust, and rubbing it against the door. "What are you about, you fool?" was his exclamation. "It is dinner time, father; you have the key, so I could not open the door;—I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get to the bottle." "Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal? You'll never be rich?" added the angry miser, as he kicked the poor boy for not being able to deny himself the ideal gratification.

207. Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a Nabab. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Huseinee, who, though beautiful, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Huseinee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the Nabab's palace.

Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune, as they saw, in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely hen-pecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this happy event." "Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends." "Do you really mean to say you are happy?" said Merdek with a smile. "I really am so," replied Sadik. "Nonsense," said his friend, "do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must, no doubt, make her a sweet companion." Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. "My friend," said he, "I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same report as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise: she is a most docile and obedient wife." "But how has this miraculous change been wrought?" "Why," said Sadik, "I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear. After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Husseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in the one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—"a word to the wise;" and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright

ianarce of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with domething of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously stooped to take up the dissevered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from Zeráneh to zenáneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdak saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. "Take that," said she as she gave him another cuff; "take that, you paltry wretch, you should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding day."

208. An inhabitant of Isfahán was once compelled to travel alone at night through a valley which was reputed to be haunted by ghoools and demons. He was a man of ready wit, and fond of adventures, and, though no lion, had great confidence in his cunning. This man, whose name was Ameen Beg, had heard many stories of the ghoools of the valley, and thought it likely he might meet one. He prepared accordingly, by putting an egg and a lump of salt in his pocket. He had not gone far amidst the rocks when he heard a voice crying: "Holloa, Ameen Beg Isfahúnee! You are going the wrong road, you will lose yourself: come this way; I am your friend Kareem Beg, I know your father, old Kerbela Beg, and the street in which you were born." Ameen knew well the power the ghoools had of assuming the shape of any person they chose; and he also knew their skill as genealogists, and their knowledge of towns as well as families; he had therefore little doubt this was one of those creatures alluring him to destruction. He however, determined to encounter him, and trust to his art for his escape.

"Stop, my friend, till I come near you," was his reply. When Ameen came close to the ghoool, he said: "You are not

my friend Kareem, you are a lying demon, but you are just the being I desired to meet. I have tried my strength against all the men and all the beasts which exist in the world, and I can find nothing that is a match for me. I came therefore to this valley in the hope of encountering a ghool, that I might prove my prowess upon him."

The ghool astonished at being addressed in this manner, looked keenly at him, and said: "Son of Adam, you do not appear so strong." "Appearances are deccitful," replied Ameen, "but I will give you a proof of my strength. There," said he, picking up a stone from a rivulet, "this contains a fluid: try if you can so squeeze it that it will flow out." The ghool took the stone, but after a short attempt, returned it, saying: "The thing is impossible." "Quite easy," said the Isfahánee, taking the stone and placing it in the hand in which he had before put the egg: "Look there!" And the astonished ghool, while he heard what he took for the breaking of the stone, saw the liquid run from between Ameen's fingers, and this apparently without any effort.

Ameen, aided by the darkness, placed the stone upon the ground, while he picked up another of a darker hue. "This," said he, "I can see contains salt, as you will find if you can crumble it between your fingers;" but the ghool looking at it, confessed he had neither knowledge to discover its qualities nor strength to break it. "Give it me," said his companion impatiently; and having put it into the same hand with a piece of salt, he instantly gave the latter all crushed to the ghool, who, seeing it reduced to powder, tasted it, and remained in stupid astonishment at the skill and strength of this wonderful man.

Neither was he without alarm lest his strength should be exerted against himself. Under such circumstances he thought his best plan was to conciliate the friendship of his new companion, till he found an opportunity of destroying him.

"Most wonderful man," he said, "will you honour my abode with your presence, it is quite at hand: there you will find every refreshment; and after a comfortable night's rest you can resume your journey."

"I have no objection, friend ghool, to accept your offer; but mark me, I am, in the first place, very passionate, and must not be provoked by any expressions which are in the least disrespectful; and, in the second, I am full of penetration, and can see through your designs as clearly as I saw into that hard stone in which I discovered salt. So take care, you entertain none that are wicked or you shall suffer."

The ghool declared that the ear of his guest should be pained by no expression to which it did not befit his dignity to listen; and he swore by the head of his liege lord, the Angel of Death, that he would faithfully respect the rights of hospitality and friendship.

Thus satisfied, Ameen followed the ghool through a number of crooked paths, rugged cliffs and deep ravines till they came to a large cave which was dimly lighted.

"Here," said the ghool, "I dwell, and here my friend will find all that he can want for refreshment and repose." So saying he led him to various apartments, in which were hoarded every species of grain and all kinds of merchandise, plundered from travellers who had been deluded to this den, and of whose fate Ameen was too well informed by the bones over which he now and then stumbled and by the putrid smell produced by some half consumed carcasses.

"This will be sufficient for your supper, I hope," said the ghool taking up a large bag of rice: a man of your prowess must have a tolerable appetite." "True," said Ameen, "but I ate a sheep and as much rice as you have there before I proceeded on my journey. I am consequently not hungry, but will take a little lest I offend your hospitality." "I must boil it for you," said the demon, "you do not eat grain and meat raw as we do. Here is a kettle," said he, taking up one lying amongst the plundered property. "I will go and get wood for a fire while you fetch water with that," pointing to a bag made of the hides of six oxen.

Ameen waited till he saw his host leave the cave for the wood and then with great difficulty he dragged the enormous bag to the bank of a dark stream which issued from the rocks at the other end of the cavern, and, after being visible for a few yards, disappeared

underground. "How shall I," thought Ameen, "prevent my weakness being discovered. This bag I could hardly manage when empty; when full, it will require twenty strong men to carry it; what shall I do? I shall certainly be eaten up by this cannibal ghool, who is now only kept in order by the impression of my great strength." After some minutes' reflection, the Isfahánee thought of a scheme and began digging a small channel from the stream towards the place where his supper was preparing.

"What are you doing?" vociferated the ghool as he advanced towards him; "I sent you for water to boil a little rice, and you have been an hour about it; cannot you fill the bag and bring it away?" "Certainly I can," said Ameen. "If I were content after all your kindness, to show my gratitude merely by feats of brute strength, I could lift your stream if you had a bag large enough to hold it. But here," said he, pointing to the channel he had begun; "here is the commencement of a work in which the mind of a man is employed to lessen the labour of his body. This canal, small as it may appear will carry a stream to the other end of the cave, in which I will construct a dam that you can open and shut at pleasure, and thereby save yourself infinite trouble in fetching water. But pray let me alone till it is finished," and he began to dig. "Nonsense," said the ghool, "seizing the bag and filling it; "I will carry the water myself, and I advise you to leave off your canal, as you call it, and follow me that you may eat your supper and go to sleep; you may finish this fine work, if you like it, to-morrow morning."

Ameen congratulated himself on this escape, and was not slow in taking the advice of his host. After having eaten heartily of the supper that was prepared, he went to repose on a bed made of the richest coverlets and pillows, which were taken from one of the store-rooms of plundered goods. The ghool whose bed was also in the cave, had no sooner laid down than he fell into a sound sleep. The anxiety of Ameen's mind prevented him from following his example; he rose gently, and having stuffed a long pillow into the middle of his bed, to make it appear as if he was still there, he retired to a concealed place in the cavern to watch the proceedings of the ghool. The latter awoke a short time

before daylight, and rising went without making any noise towards Ameen's bed, where, not observing the least stir, he was satisfied that his guest was in a deep sleep, so he took up one of his walking sticks, which was in size like the trunk of a tree, and struck a terrible blow at what he supposed to be Ameen's head. He smiled not to hear a groan, thinking he had deprived him of life; but to make sure of his work he repeated the blow seven times.

He then returned to rest, but had hardly settled himself to sleep, when Ameen, who had crept into the bed, raised his head above the clothes and exclaimed: "Friend ghool, what insect could it be that has disturbed me by its tapping? I counted the flap of its little wings seven times on the coverlet. These vermin are very annoying, for though they cannot hurt a man, they disturb his rest!"

The ghool's dismay on hearing Ameen speak at all was great, but that was increased to perfect fright when he heard him describe seven blows, any of which would have felled an elephant, as seven flaps of an insect's wing. There was no safety, he thought, near so wonderful a man, and he soon afterwards arose and fled from the cave, leaving the Isfáhaneé its sole master.

When Ameen found his host gone, he was at no loss to conjecture the cause, and immediately began to survey the treasures with which he was surrounded and to contrive means for removing them to his home.

After examining the contents of the cave, and arming himself with a matchlock, which had belonged to some victim of the ghool, he proceeded to survey the road. He had, however, only gone a short distance when he saw the ghool returning with a large club in his hand and accompanied by a fox. Ameen's knowledge of the cunning animal instantly led him to suspect that it had undeceived his enemy, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. "Take that," said he to the fox, aiming a ball at him from his matchlock, and shooting him through the head; "take that for your not performing my orders. That brute," said he, "promised to bring me seven ghools, that I may chain them and carry them to Isfahán,

and here he has only brought you who are already my slave." So saying he advanced towards the ghool; but the latter had already taken to flight, and by the aid of his club bounded so rapidly over rocks and precipices that he was soon out of sight.

Ameen having well marked the path from the cavern to the road, went to the nearest town and hired camels and mules to remove the property he had acquired.

After making restitution to all who remained alive to prove their goods, he became, from what was unclaimed, a man of wealth, all of which was owing to that wit and art which ever overcomes brute strength and courage.

STORIES OF AKBAR, BIRBAL, AND MULLA DO-PYÁZAH.

1. Once Akbar asked a witty courtier of his named Birbal, whether there were more blind men in the world or more men with good eyes. Birbal replied that the number of blind men was greater. On being required to bring proofs in support of his assertion, he asked for two clerks, and accompanied by them he went into the bazar.

Choosing a prominent place, he took his seat there, and began knitting stockings, the materials for which he had provided himself with on the way. Everyone who saw him, came and asked, "Birbal, what are you doing here?" But Birbal, instead of replying, merely turned towards his clerks, and said, "Put him down as a blind man; for though he has eyes, he cannot see what I am doing."

In the evening when Birbal returned to the court, he told the clerks to show their registers to the king. When Akbar saw all the pages filled up with the names of blind persons and learned how they came to be called blind, he laughed and said: "Thou art right, Birbal; I now see that there *are* many blind men in the world."

2. One day Akbar was displeased with Birbal for some reason or other, and therefore the latter, deeming it a wise policy to remain away from the court for some time, left the city and concealed himself in some country town. The emperor's displeasure wore off after some time, and he again yearned for the company of his lively courtier, but the latter was nowhere to be found.

Akbar sent *firmans* to all the provinces requiring the rulers to find out Birbal and to send him up to the court; but still there was no trace of Birbal. The emperor then hit upon a very novel way of discovering his whereabouts. He sent letters to the various provinces to this effect: "We are holding festivities in honour of

the marriages of our seas. Send *your* seas to take part in the festivities. The governors of the provinces and the subordinate officials were all very much puzzled, and they did not know what to do or what reply to send. Now this circumstance came to the ears of Birbal who dwelt incognito in a certain town.

He went to the governor of the place and said, "Your excellency, I can show you a way out of your perplexity. You may write back to the emperor: 'We are sending our seas. Please appoint an *istikbál* of your rivers and wells to receive them.'"

The advice was followed. Akbar at once guessed that Birbal must have had a hand somehow in the drafting of the above reply. The hiding place of Birbal being thus discovered, he was soon brought back to the court, and was again received into royal favour.

3. Once Akbar had a casket got ready, containing rich presents for the Shah of Persia, and told Birbal to take it to the Persian court. Birbal undertook the charge, promising to depart within a week; but at the expiration of that period, he came to the emperor, and said: "I'd like to be excused, your majesty, from going as an envoy to the Persian court, for I think Mulla Do-pyázah would be a fitter man. Besides he being a Mussulman would be more acceptable to the Shah than I who am a Brahmin."

The excuse was accepted, and Mulla Do-pyázah, a celebrated wit of the time, was appointed as the envoy. The Mulla received the sealed casket from the hands of Birbal, and proceeded on his journey, little suspecting that the wily Brahmin had played him a trick, and had skilfully contrived to remove the contents of the casket and fill it with stones and earth.

In due time the Mulla reached the Persian court, and on a day appointed for the purpose, the casket was opened in full court. But what was the astonishment of all present, to find the casket filled with rubbish instead of with jewels! The Mulla was dumbfounded. The face of the Shah, who felt himself insulted, was terrible to behold. "Mulla! art thou tired of life that thou hast dared to come to

me with this rubbish?" demanded he in a voice of thunder. But the Mulla, who had guessed that Birbal had played him this trick, had recovered his presence of mind. "May the Lord forgive us all!" replied he, "for, O king, these things that you call rubbish ought to be the most precious things in the eyes of every right-minded Sheah; these stones and this earth are from the very place where the martyrs fell at Kerbela. It was with great trouble and expense that His Majesty Akbar Shah procured these relics, and he has sent them to you, knowing well that they would be better appreciated by the people here than by the Sunni population of India."

These words had instantly the desired effect. Every one present looked with reverence towards the casket. The Shah was delighted, and was pleased to distribute the contents of the casket among the eager courtiers. And the Mulla, owing to his presence of mind, was saved from an imminent danger.

4. Mulla Do-pyázah overcame, in theological arguments, the learned men of the court of Persia, and this circumstance gave rise to a feeling of jealousy in the hearts of the Persian courtiers, who resolved to do some mischief to the Mulla. Accordingly, they urged the Shah to ask the Mulla in full court, which was the greater king—Akbar or the Shah of Persia; for they knew well that if the Mulla answered one way or the other, the party disparaged would be sure to take revenge on him. So, one day, the Shah said to the Mulla in full court, "Tell me, Mulla Saheb, which of us two—myself and Akbar Shah—is the greater king?" The Mulla turned pale, and for a time he could not give any reply, for well he knew that this was a trick played him by his enemies to ruin him. His silence irritated the Shah, who now said in a stern tone, "Well, Mulla, did you not hear my question? How long am I to wait for your reply?" The poor Mulla, driven into a corner, replied: "Oh, your majesty! what comparison can there be between your august self and Akbar Badshah? You are like the *full moon*, while he is like the *new moon*." This reply pleased the Shah, who, after a few days, dismissed Mulla Do-pyázah with costly presents.

When the Mulla returned to the court of Akbar he found the emperor incensed with him, for he had been pre-informed by some of the Persian courtiers of the circumstances that had happened in the Persian court. "Well, Mulla, what is this that I hear of your doings?" demanded the king; "are you one of those wretches who make holes in the very dish from which they eat?" "What have I done, your majesty?" humbly asked the Mulla. "Did you not disparage me in the presence of the Shah by comparing him to a *full moon* and me to a *new moon*?" "But, your majesty, this comparison is in no way disparaging to you, for while the new moon, day by day, increases in lustre and magnificence; the full moon, on the contrary, wanes and dwindles away. And, besides, your majesty knows well how eagerly the eyes of all men are turned towards the sky at the beginning of every month, to look for the new moon, but no such eagerness is shown, even in the least degree, for the full moon."

This ingenious reply of the Mulla put Akbar Shah into good humour, and he bestowed on the Mulla a robe of honour and other costly presents.

5. When Mulla Do-pyázah was in Persia, he was one day invited by the Shah to look over his portrait gallery. The Shah, who wanted to have a joke at the Mulla's expense, had previously ordered the portrait of Akbar to be displaced from its seat and put up in the royal privy. After showing him over the portrait gallery, the Shah said to the Mulla, "There is now left only one portrait worth seeing. I am sure you will recognise the person in the portrait; my chamberlain will show it to you." The Mulla was accordingly taken to that part of the building and shown the portrait of Akbar. The Mulla felt the insult, and resolved to be even with the Shah, but for the present he said nothing, and returned to the drawing-room.

"Well, Mulla, do you recognise whose portrait that is?" asked the Shah. "Yes, your majesty." "Well, then, tell me who is the subject of the portrait, and also tell me, if you can, why the portrait

is placed in such a place." The Shah expected to enjoy the mortification of the Mulla, but the latter replied calmly, and with dignity, "Your majesty, the portrait is of an awe-inspiring prince, whom you are so much in dread of, that the mere sight of his face acts on you like a purgative. You have, therefore, wisely chosen the site of the portrait so that you may never have to complain of constipation of the bowels!"

The Shah's face, as he heard the reply, was worth studying; but as he had himself been the aggressor, he could not well resent this bold reply.

6. A learned Moulvi of Persia once came to Delhi, with the intention of overcoming, in learned discussion, Mulla Do-pyázah, of whom he had heard so much. The trial of wit was appointed to take place in the presence of Akbar on a certain day. The Mulla prepared himself for the occasion in a very novel way. He got together some asses, buffaloes, and mules, and had them loaded with bricks, stones, sand, &c., and on the top of them he placed some books and pamphlets in such a way that all the panniers appeared to be full of books. On the panniers he placed labels with queer names, such as, 'Gadha-ul-tafseer,' 'Bhensa-ul-rikab,' 'Khachechar-ul-hikmat,' 'Eient-ul-hidá,' Paththar-ul-safá', &c. He then put on an immense turban, the tail or hanging portion of which was so very long that a page was employed to carry it. In this queer garb he appeared in the court, and the beasts carrying his precious library were made to stand in the capacious compound surrounding the palace.

The Moulvi, on seeing him dressed in this fashion, asked! "Mulla Saheb, what is this that you have done?" The Mulla replied, "Don't you know the saying 'Let the size of your turban be in proportion to your knowledge?'" And with these words he took his seat.

A discussion took place, in which the Mulla with his ready wit proved more than a match for the Moulvi with all his learning. The latter then got up, and, with the view of testing the Mulla's know-

ledge of signs and symbols, held up his forefinger. The Mulla showed two fingers in reply. On the Moulvi's again showing three fingers, the Mulla showed four; and on the Moulvi's showing the whole palm, the Mulla showed his clenched fist. The Moulvi seemed to be baffled, but after thinking for a while, he took out an egg from his pocket, and showed it to the Mulla, who, in return took out an onion from his own pocket, and showed it to the Moulvi. The latter hereupon asked, "On what authority do you make this statement?" The Mulla, in reply, mentioned the names of the books—the queer names that he had put on the labels on the panniers. "I hear these names for the first time!" exclaimed the Mulla in surprise, for he being unacquainted with Urdu, the names 'bhense,' and 'eint,' and 'Khachchar,' &c., puzzled him very much. The Mulla replied, with a pitying smile, "If you have not even heard the names of the books, you will have to be as long-lived as Noah in order to master the contents of the books. Just look out from the window, and see how many books I have brought with me." The Moulvi looked out, and on seeing what he thought to be a whole library of books, he returned to his seat, and acknowledged himself vanquished. "You have not belied your fame, Mulla Sahab," said he, "what I had heard of with my ears, I have to-day seen with mine eyes."

All the other persons present had been unable to make out what discussion the Mulla and the Moulvi carried on between themselves by means of signs. So, the Emperror beckoned to the Moulvi, and asked him in a whisper, "What did you say to the Mulla in symbols and what replies did he make?" "Your Mulla is a very clever person," said the Moulvi, "for, when I showed him one finger, meaning that God is one, he showed me two, meaning that He is the Creator of the two worlds 'Kaun-o-Makán', this world and the next. On my showing him three fingers, which meant that in animal *life* there are three important stages—conception, birth, and death—he showed me four fingers to imply that the animal *body* is composed of four elements—earth, water, fire, and air. I then showed him five fingers, alluding to the "panj-tan," or the five persons most blessed by God, viz.: Mahommed, Ali, Fátmah, Hasan, and Husein; whereupon, he showed me his fist, which implied that God was their strength and support. Then I showed him an egg, which is a model

of our earth and the heavens—the shell representing the sky which surrounds the earth on all sides. He showed me an onion, which meant that the sky was composed of layers upon layers, like the layers in the onion. Now I was aware of the heavens being nine, but was not prepared to acknowledge that there are as many heavens as there are layers in the onion; and I therefore asked him on what authority he made that statement. In reply, he mentioned the names of the books which I have not even seen yet, not to speak of reading them. Verily, this Mulla is a very learned man.” The Moulvi then asked leave, and departed.

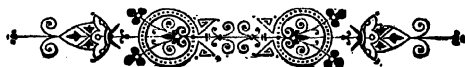
Akbar then called the Mulla to his side, and asked: “What was the conversation that you carried on with the Moulvi in signs?” The Mulla replied, “It was a very simple affair, your Majesty. He pointed one finger at me, from which I inferred that he meant to say that he would poke his finger into one of my eyes. I, thereupon showed him two fingers, meaning that I would pluck out both his eyes. He then showed me three fingers, which said plainly, ‘I should like to give you three kicks’; and I showed him four, in return, which implied that I would return the compliment by giving him four kicks. He then showed me the whole of his palm, that is to say, he wanted to give me a slap on the face; and I showed him my fist, threatening to knock him down with a blow of it. Seeing that I was up to all his dodges, he wanted to be friendly with me, and offered me an egg, whereupon I, determined not to be out-done in politeness, offered him an onion, to make an omelet of it!”

7. Akbar and some of his attendants were once sitting in the garden surrounding the palace, and in front of them was a large cistern, full of water. On the advice of Birbal, Akbar ordered some of the men present to procure an egg each, and to place it inside the cistern in such a manner that it could easily be found when searched for. The order was obeyed; and after some time Mulla Do-pyāzāh came there.

Akbar then turned to his attendants, and said, "Let me see; dive into the cistern and bring me an egg each: I dreamt last night that those who are my faithful servants will not fail to find eggs inside this cistern." The attendants, one by one, dived into the cistern, and came out with an egg each. Akbar then said to the Mulla, "Well, Mulla Sahob, why do you not do as the others do?" The Mulla, thus pressed, stripped himself of his outer garments, and plunged into the water; but though he searched for a long time, he could not find a single egg. He then came out, and moving his arms in the manner of a cock flapping his wings, he cried out "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

"Mulla, what do you mean by this?" asked Akbar. "Your majesty, those that brought you the eggs were hens," replied the Mulla; "I am a cock, and you should not expect any egg from me." Akbar laughed, and had the Mulla well rewarded.

8. Akbar was once seriously displeased with a musician of his Court, and ordered him to quit his dominions. Some days after this circumstance, as Akbar was riding through a forest, he saw a man, who, at the sight of the Emperor, immediately climbed up a tree. Akbar rode up to the tree, and, on looking up, recognised the musician whom he had exiled. "Are you here still?" demanded Akbar; "did I not order you to quit my dominions?" The musician replied from amongst the branches, "Your majesty, I went over the whole world, but wherever I asked the question—'whose dominions are these?' the invariable reply was that they belonged to the Emperor Akbar. So now, I have no other recourse left but to go to Heaven, and to-day you see me already arrived at the first halting station." The Emperor laughed, and forgave the musician.



CORRIGENDA.

Page	Line.	Incorrect.	Correct.
5	20	lopes ...	hopes
10	11	دشمن گذار ...	دشمن گذاز
12	22	ببخشای ...	ببخشای
21	21	cut of ...	cut off
26	4	with first ...	with the first
26	6	inseparately ...	inseparably
27	14	in it some ...	in it, in some
28	7 & 22	interpellations ...	interpolations
30	7	شهد و ناب ...	شهد ناب
30	18	بیپوده ...	بیپوده
30	20	she is is ...	she is
37	19	turquois ...	turquoise
39	23	نبردی ...	نبردی
42	29	نعل ...	نعل
45	29	تواضعها ...	تواضعها
66	26	would not be ...	would not have been
72	12	two first ...	first two
78	21	quarelling ...	quarrelling
78	24	latter ...	latter
91	10	ماده ...	معدده
91	12	از ره بانه ...	از ره بماند
93	7	منبع ...	منبع
102	9	sacrificed ...	sacrificed
114	27	بر ...	بر
129	13	گو ...	گو
129	16	کس ...	کس
135	18	thousand ...	thousands
142	5	concealing ...	concealing
160	20	brough ...	brought
166	6	person ...	persons
166	26	pantomine ...	pantomime
168	31	merey ...	mercy
175	3	he ...	the
175	17	peculiar shaped ...	peculiarly shaped
177	10	sacrificied ...	sacrificed
178	21	reply ...	replies

Page	Line.	Incorrect.	Correct.
182	27	orth ...	forth
184	9	though ...	through
187	30	exhausted ...	exhausted
196	28	posively ...	positively
198	23	nad ...	had
201	23	waa ...	was
203	15	Either " <i>Thou</i> ...	Either <i>Thou</i>
206	17	come ...	came
207	10	panegyrc ...	panegyric
210	19	importunated ...	importuned
213	24	may ...	my
214	27	aint ...	saint
216	last	no ...	not
221	19	sever ...	severe
225	last	intendent ...	intendant
228	1	women ...	woman
228	19	as as ...	as
229	27	riciting ...	reciting
233	14	re-entree ...	re-entry
238	7	countenamce ...	countenance
239	{ 5th from bottom	was a great niggard	was so great a nig- gard
242		1 ianarce ...	radiance
242	2	domething... ..	something
242	10	Zeraneh ...	zenaneh
247	10	overcomes ...	overcome
253	11	Mulla ...	Moulvi
254	18	hould ...	should

Mr. NAJMUDIN TYABJI, one of the University Examiners in Persian, says of the book :

"I have seen Mr. M. N. Kuka's book of 'The Wit and Humour of the Persians' (in manuscript), and I am glad to say that I find it a very entertaining and charming work. So far as I know, this collection is the first of its kind hitherto published from Persian sources; and the author, who has spared no pains to make the book as complete and entertaining as possible, deserves every encouragement. The book will amply repay perusal, and, as the cost is very little, compared with its worth, it ought to command a ready sale."

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"I have read with great interest your work on the Wit and Humour of the Persians (sent for my opinion). The compilation contains some very interesting passages and your translation of them is very accurate. I think that the book will be much appreciated by Persian scholars. Your selection of such elegant Persian passages does much credit to your taste and judgment."

Mr. MOHAMMAD JAAFAR MUKHLIS ALIKHAN MIRZA, Professor of Oriental Languages, Sind College, and Examiner of the Punjab and Bombay Universities, says :

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